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Foreword

THIS is, it hardly need be mentioned, an election year: perhaps it is not too much of an exaggeration to say that it is a super-election year. Since our memories are very short, we are inclined to go about saying that it is the most astounding and spectacular election year that ever occurred. It is, therefore, interesting and sobering to turn back the files of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and find that a century ago political conditions were almost as chaotic, and economic trends equally insecure.

Andrew Jackson, who was still President in 1836, was the founder of the spoils system, godfather of Farleyism and, perhaps, of all our "pressure groups" as well. In his time there were momentous Supreme Court decisions and, like the present President, he fought with the judiciary. As the Court had much less prestige in those days than it has today, Jackson, on one or two occasions, ignored its mandates completely. Immediately after the inauguration of his successor, Martin Van Buren, depression descended upon the country and the banks promptly closed their doors in what may now be regarded as the orthodox fashion. In the great depression of the 'forties, panaceas sprouted like clover and there were millenniums just around every corner. New banking and currency systems, proof against future disturbance, were established; and newspaper editors, such as Horace

Greeley of the Tribune, filled their pages with utopian schemes.

We all know that the panaceas never work, just as we know that systems never beat the bank at Monte Carlo, but we do not know why this is so. Few students of government and economics have dared to set foot on this region which lies beyond the confines of exact analysis. Spengler has come as close as anyone to discerning the fallacy of applying rational solutions to historical problems. He refers a great deal to "form" and to nations or classes which are "in form." His use of the word is much the same as that which may be found in the parlance of any athletic game. Really good players of, say, tennis have good form, a quality which is easily recognizable but which cannot be imparted by rules of thumb, or even accurately described. You can become a fair player by learning tricks and systems, but you will not be able to defeat a player who has really good form. The German constitutional republic and the British parliamentary monarchy afford examples of system and form in government. No Townsend or Tugwell would set up a system as profoundly illogical as the British, but even they would agree that it has stood up very well for a long time.

The panaceas always disappear when prosperity returns. Like mushrooms, they flourish in darkness and shrivel up when the sun comes out. In the present instance, the sunlight of recovery is being aided by the Supreme Court acting as a mowing machine: if present tendencies continue, Franklin Roosevelt will be able to use his 1932 platform over again in 1936 — the intervening aberrations will have been completely obliterated and the New Deal will resemble the proverbial dodo.

It is a pity that the chasm which engulfed the NRA

and the AAA was not vast enough to encompass the American Legion and other "pressure groups" which have replaced Congress in the function of initiating legislation. These legal racketeers constitute the greatest menace to the future of the country: their motives are no more praiseworthy than those of the miserable safe-cracker who at least risks his neck in his petty escapades. The pressure groups are organized by men who have learned the tricks of legalized robbery on a vast scale, and who care as little about the merits of the causes which they espouse as underworld lawyers who have mastered the art of defending homicide cases. They bear the same stripes as the munitions vendor who foments revolutions in order to create a market for his wares. However, these pressure groups may not have the power which they claim, and which cringing Congressmen attribute to them. No politician's career has been ruined by opposing the bonus, but it is more than possible that several will suffer defeat as a result of the part they have played in this disgusting performance.

All candidates for the presidency are now advocating old age pensions because this looks like a very simple method of securing a nice bloc of votes — the entire part of the population which has reached the age of 65. If one farsighted candidate carries the project to its logical conclusion and advocates pensions for all, the others will have to follow (or lose the votes of everybody under 65) and then the trouble will be over. Unfortunately, there is little likelihood that this will occur because it is easier to talk about distributing bounties than to tell the voters that, if they were self-respecting, they would care for their own aged, and that there are already in existence homes for the indigent.

According to the census of 1930 there were 6,633,805

people of 65 or over in this country. Using the "conservative" figure of \$50 a month, it would cost \$3,880,-283,000 to "provide" for them, compared with "ordinary" Federal expenditures of \$3,721,234,634 in the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1935. Whether the 100% increase in the cost of government is met by direct taxation or by the indirect taxation of inflation, the result will be exactly the same — the burden will be borne by the producers of wealth, principally, that is to say, by the farmers and by Labor.

As a matter of fact, the handout system of government never confers lasting power and glory upon its authors because the opposition can always make more grandiose promises — the history of Rome during the *panem et circenses* period was a succession of falling heads. No sooner had an emperor distributed largess to the insatiable populace than an aspirant (why anyone wanted the job even Gibbon fails to explain) out-promised him and the emperor's head adorned a pole. In contrast, Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington, Lenin, Hitler and Mussolini gave their people meatless weeks and breadless Sundays: it must be that the people do not really want to live by bread alone, nor even by bread and circuses.

No enterprise can prosper for an extended period when it is in the hands of an irresponsible management. We all know what happens to a bank when its president speculates with its funds. There is really not a vast difference between him and the Congressman who buys his reëlection with bonuses, pensions, or just plain hand-outs. A suggestion worthy of serious consideration is to pay Congressmen for life, whether or not they remain in office. The Treasury would have to foot a sizeable bill for the salaries of ex-Congressmen — it could, conceivably, run as high as \$100,000,000 a year, since the

tendency would be for our legislators to remain in office for one term only, and then pass their berths along to other worthies capable of capturing the electorate's fancy — but this is a trivial sum compared to what Congressmen spend in their efforts to retain their jobs.

An equally pertinent plan might be to abolish Congress altogether, or at least for a time. There are enough laws on the books to cover every contingency, and the budget would probably be no worse off if left in executive hands. What prosperity the country would enjoy if we were assured that there would be no legislation for ten years!

As a nation, we have failed to cultivate the art of doing nothing. Substituting action for thought, we heap mistake upon mistake in a mad scramble for undefined objectives. There has never occurred a more poignant example than the opportunity which Franklin Roosevelt energetically overlooked. If at the end of his first month in office he had become absorbingly interested in ship models he would have achieved, in historical retrospect, a niche beside Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. By then the sound banks had been reopened and their solvency assured, the budget had been balanced, Prohibition had been abolished, provision for the unemployed had been established and a business boom was bursting its chrysalis. As it turned out, two years of drought — sufficient to obliterate the surpluses of farm products — were in store, so that the frantic and illegal efforts to accomplish the same ends were unnecessary; and most of the other steps taken have proven either unconstitutional or unworkable. Bitterness and discouragement have filled the cup which, today, might have been running over with glorious success.

Just what occurred to the President in the summer of

1933 — why he reversed his position and became enmeshed in so many unnecessary tangles, no one will ever know. The change has been attributed to the condition of his health, the illness of Louis Howe, the unfortunate choice of his advisers, an inflated ego, and countless other causes. It has apparently occurred to no one that the trouble was caused by the President's inability to cope with the avalanche of detail which descended upon him as soon as he had become ensconced in office.

If our civilization ultimately disintegrates and disappears (as all others have before it) the cause will very likely be the inability of its leading men to think while occupying important offices. The pressure of detail is responsible for many of our inexplicable blunders. There is no other ready explanation for the failure of our bankers to see the signs of impending disaster in 1928 and 1929. The fact is that a bank president has hardly a minute to himself, no part of his life is earmarked for contemplation. The ultimate piece of absurdity which, ages hence, will puzzle scholars, is the custom which requires our nation's Presidents to spend countless hours of precious time hob-nobbing with all comers. It is probably easier to meet the Chief Executive than the proprietor of a high class barber shop. His decisions must be made with inadequate preparation and idiotic haste.

Consider the average day of the President, the voluminous mail which actually reaches him and requires time and thought, the transcripts and summaries of letters which have been intercepted by secretaries and assistant secretaries, the telegrams, the telephone calls, the conferences with members of the cabinet, the conferences with Senators and Congressmen, the conferences with the Press, the conferences with political managers, the conferences with almost anybody who is old enough to

vote, the official and unofficial parties and receptions, the preparation of speeches and messages, the perusal of the speeches in and out of Congress of his party members and of his opponents, the reception of delegations of Kansas schoolgirls, Indian medicine men, New York bankers, negro missionaries, California Rotarians, and economists from every city in the world. The wonder is that any of his acts are right.

Aside from the question of constitutionality, the NRA and its many brothers and sisters were unworkable because no one human mind, or even group of minds, could have coördinated their multitudinous activities, above all in so short a space of time. If Franklin Roosevelt had stopped to think, he might never have embarked on this vast campaign of regulation — the risks so obviously outweighed the rewards. He was simply carried forward by the maelstrom of detail.

Is there any solution? The managers of the English steamship lines, appreciating the responsibility which rests upon their shoulders, have intelligently adopted the plan of having two captains for their larger liners. One wears yards of gold braid and gives ceremonious little dinners for important lady passengers, the other navigates the ship. It does not require genius to command a liner or the ship of state: there is a simple, well known course which is easy to follow, but on every ship there are passengers who are eager to gain the captain's ear, for reasons of their own, and others who, from selfish motives, are ready to encourage him even when they see him heading straight for an iceberg.

Artists and scholars, valuing their intellectual and imaginative productions, arrange to do their creative work in seclusion and quiet. What is equally important, they seek unbiassed criticism, and take it seriously when

they get it. Business executives and statesmen, in contrast, allow themselves to be constantly harassed by countless interruptions, and, as though determined to becloud the truth, surround themselves with flatterers and yes-men.

Centuries ago the rulers of Europe appreciated the importance of having in their entourage at least one person who was unbiassed and unafraid: every Continental court had its jester. Many a king may have been saved from acts which would have cost him his throne, if not his head, by gentle reminders of the realities from the court fool. What a jester might have done for Herbert Hoover! If only Franklin Roosevelt had one, instead of all those serious young men!

J. P.

Does Posterity Pay?

FREEMAN TILDEN

A YOUNG man, presumably a college undergraduate, wrote a letter to a newspaper the other day, expressing great perturbation about the rate of increase of the public debts. He concluded his prudent reflections with the bitter comment that the heedless spenders of this generation were creating a huge burden which "posterity will have to pay."

I deeply sympathize with the anxiety of this young man. Other young men and women are revolving the same ideas. Even if their conclusions are inaccurate, as they must be if they depend upon their instruction in that slightly tarnished quasi-science known as "political economy," it is still heartening to know that they are thinking at all. So much cannot be said for all their elders.

But, lest this young correspondent should be losing sleep, which is so important to the adolescent, about the public debts which he believes must be extinguished by taxes upon posterity, I hasten to administer to him a gentle sedative out of my medicine-chest of economic history. He need not be racked about this prospect. I assure him that posterity does not pay. It never did, and never will.

Oh, yes, in a very limited sense, perhaps it does. Some of the stupidities of each generation remain as hurdles for the successors. The sins of the fathers, as was known long ago, must be expiated. But I assume that what our young man has in mind is, that public debts continue to pile up across the years, mounting to greater and still greater totals, and that these debts will sooner or later be paid out of the bone and sinew of the heirs. It is not so. If he

will stop and think a moment, he will realize that it cannot be so. If all the public debt, created and unpaid, of all the nations that ever created a public debt were at this moment still active, drawing interest, and awaiting settlement by "posterity," the total amount would be so absurd as to need no other comment except boisterous laughter.

Let me present a little syllogism which, though probably not logically flawless, ought to indicate well enough what I have in mind:

1. *We* are posterity.
2. We do not pay.
3. Posterity does not pay.

It is obvious that *we*, the present generation, are somebody's posterity. Our progenitors left *us* a rather handsome debt, a public debt composed of national, state, county and municipal obligations. No doubt some of our forbears said it was a shame to leave so much debt for *their* posterity — meaning *us*. But those who had the political numbers necessary to create the situation thought otherwise. They said a number of things about it. Some of them said that good, heavy taxation is always a spur to initiative and industry. That there is a spark of truth in the statement cannot be denied. Well, the next generation ought not suffer from lack of this provocation to labor.

Others said that since they were spending the money (borrowing it first) for improvements and enterprises that would be lasting benefits, it was only fair that their children and grandchildren should defray *some* of the charges. What they really meant was, that the children and grandchildren should inherit *most* of the charges — but it is never good form to declare exactly what you

mean in such delicate matters. And it is interesting to note that those who create great public debts, on the ground that posterity will enjoy the fruits of the expenditures, never think it necessary to wait until posterity can exercise its own choice as to what benefits it prefers to enjoy.

Very well, then, here we are! We are posterity. Do we pay? In a limited way, we do. But it is an extremely limited way. What we do, for the most part, is to keep the service upon the debts from default — and this, most fortunately, we are able to do by reason of the constantly increasing facilities of production, and by modern deftness in the use of credit in commerce. But further than that, we are naturally intent upon spending a little money ourselves. Since it has never occurred to any large nation since antiquity (unless it was in the reign of Henry VII of England) to accumulate a treasure against a rainy day, it follows that we employ the same methods as our forefathers. We borrow against the payment by our posterity. You may be utterly certain that if our posterities are not estopped in some singular way, they will rely upon *their* posterity to settle. And so it goes.

Now, mind you, I am not scolding the young letter writer for being naïve. He is in excellent company. This tenderness for posterity has been the care of bigger men than him. Of national debt, no less a giant than Napoleon Bonaparte said: "It is immoral and destructive, silently undermining the basis of the state; it delivers the present generation to the execration of posterity." And John Ruskin, with his usual brilliant vehemence, remarked: "A nation invariably appeases its conscience with respect to an unjustified expense, by meeting it with borrowed funds; expresses its repentance of a foolish piece of business by letting its tradesmen wait for their money; and always leaves its descendants to pay for the work which

will be of least advantage to them." Literature is bulging with statements of this kind. Even those who were most alarmed at the prodigality of their political masters, have somehow seemed to believe implicitly that posterity would have to pay.

To understand why this pathetic faith in a definite and complete payment of public debts by posterity has lasted through the years, it is necessary to appreciate how the human mind is captivated by engaging fallacies, especially in the field of economics. I say, especially in economics, because this so-called science is so inexact, and so subject to an alteration of the conditions on which it is built, that it is an unusually fertile soil for fallacies to infest. If you will remember how Cambon, one of the greatest financial minds in France in 1793, and unquestionably a man of perfect sincerity, was able to convince himself that the issue of *assignats* was sound, you will not need any further illustration of what I mean. But if there are any pessimists who desire a lush pasture of human frailties in which to browse and gloat, they need look no farther than economics.

Now, the particular fallacy of which I speak — that which presupposes the final payment of public debt by some posterity, or succession of posterities — seems to belong to what I shall call the "non-violence" fallacy. I cheerfully agree that this is not a very good term, but I can think of no better. The fallacy springs from the inability, or unwillingness of man to conceive that a carefully-wrought plan of his own can be destroyed by a relatively unimportant, or whimsical, or unethical circumstance. Yet men know perfectly well that a tiny female mosquito, loaded with germs, can topple the most perfect and healthy specimen of manhood. And the fallacy is abetted by the eagerness of enthusiastic minds to

believe that their ecstasy is shared by their contemporaries, and will be later the delight of their children.

Consider a simple form of this fallacy, the chain-letter. Some zealot conceives the idea that if he writes a letter to ten friends, ordering each of them, under penalty of incurring a curse if they do not obey, to write to ten friends, and those to ten others, and so on — the whole world will soon be acquainted with the vast philanthropy he wishes to publish. Theoretically it would, and swiftly, too. Actually it will not. In his excitement, the circulator of the chain-letter has succumbed to the “non-violence” fallacy. He failed to realize that human beings do not act conformably. They do not even respond to self-interest. They are passionate and rebellious. The chain-letter instigator did not know that there were people who so shrink from writing ten letters of any kind, that they would go to hell first. He did not count on the violences to his scheme arising from those who merely laughed, those who swore horribly, those who put the letter in their pocket and have not yet unloaded the pocket, those who pigeonhole all important documents, and those who used the letter for wrapping a sardine-sandwich.

I will give a nobler instance of this “non-violence” fallacy. When Benjamin Franklin died in 1790, he left one thousand pounds sterling to the city of Boston, and another thousand to the city of Philadelphia, to be let out at interest to young married artificers who had served their apprenticeships honorably, and wished to set up in business. It was a charming legacy from a man who had himself struggled as a journeyman without capital. The principal was to remain intact, in each case, for one hundred years (till 1890) when it would amount, by Franklin’s calculation, to 131,000 pounds. One hundred

thousand pounds of this amount could then be spent on public works, and the remaining 31,000 pounds would continue at interest for another hundred years. At the end of the second century of the trust (1990) "the sum will be 4,061,000 pounds sterling, of which I leave, etc. etc." I owe it to the memory of the sage Franklin to add that he injected the words, "if no unfortunate accident has prevented the operation."

Franklin was half-conscious of this fallacy, but not wholly. Had he been enough struck by it, he would have left no such trust on such terms — unless (and this is possible, because he was a humorist) he knew it wouldn't work, but thought he might, from some other world, peer down here and enjoy the "operation" when it turned refractory.

In the administration of these Franklin trusts, I have never heard imputed the slightest dishonesty. Yet in 1873 John Bigelow wrote: "These bequests have failed to realize the hopes of the testator." The Boston trust had operated more successfully than that in Philadelphia, which showed a capital of something more than \$53,000. If anyone shall believe that in the year 1990 the trustees in either case will have the disposal of the equivalent of four millions sterling, I suggest that he shall be crowned as the world's greatest optimist. The mathematicians will tell you what would be the result today if Socrates had put ten dollars at interest, compounded annually at four percent. But when the mathematicians have concluded their computation, I shall peevishly wreck the whole structure by remarking that financial violences would have reduced the Socratic fund to zero long before the Christian era began.

The modern political economist jeers at the simplicity of the Duke of Orléans, Regent for Louis XV, in naïvely

accepting the scheme of that great projector and faro-bank expert, John Law. He will point out that Law himself probably, and the Duke and Abbé Dubois certainly, were the victims of a great fallacy about money. This fallacy was that money is the cause of wealth, instead of being the effect of wealth. Before Law successfully introduced his mad ideas in France, he had already tried to interest the government of Scotland. The Scotch declined; not because they pretended to know what the fallacy was, or even that there was a fallacy, but because they knew there must be a catch in it somewhere. It sounded too good to be true. There is something about a diet of oatmeal that makes one disbelieve in financial magic. The Scotch will be the last people in the world to tinker with their currency.

The modern economist is right. Law was beguiled by a fallacy. Wealth does not come from money. Money is not even wealth. Money is debt, based on existing wealth. But it is the fortune of political economy, and those who expound it, to wriggle out of one fallacy trap only to step into another. Political economy, whether one calls it a science or not, subsists upon definition. If its definitions are unsound, there is nothing left of it; for nothing is more obvious than that political economy cannot predict concrete results, and can only faintly indicate tendencies. The men who have put together the greatest fortunes, and achieved the greatest exploitations, have never been impeded by any definitions of the rules governing the creation of wealth. Instead of spelling w-i-n-d-e-r, they washed it.

In 1921 the Equitable Trust Company of New York issued a pamphlet, written by the economist, Professor E. R. A. Seligman, called "Currency Inflation and Public Debts." There is much matter of great value in this

pamphlet, but on the very first page there occurs a definition which conceals a fallacy quite as dangerous in its way as John Law's fallacy about money. It hides the error that makes it possible for government to go on borrowing long after the individual, in a similar situation, would be an advertised insolvent. Professor Seligman says: "Public Debts are in reality nothing but *anticipated taxes*."

Here is our old friend, the "non-violence" fallacy, parading in a new uniform! Consider how the investor with money to lend is snared by this plausible thought — that the government to which he lends, and whose promissory paper in some form he takes, is to be impregnably solvent because it is merely borrowing in advance of some taxes which certainly will be collected! As it stands, the idea naturally associates itself with the most innocent borrowing of a municipality, signing a note at the bank in August for a loan which will be repaid as soon as the taxes fall due in December. That is the usual connotation of borrowing "in tax anticipation."

But that is not the chief difficulty. What is fallacious in such a definition is that it ignores the plain fact, evidenced on a thousand pages of economic history, that government borrowing, or public debt, may be an anticipation not of taxes, but of a *levy on capital*, direct or indirect, or of a grand larceny. The intent of the public as borrower, it is true, is not often fraudulent — though there are unfortunately instances of this. In such a swindling operation, the lender is immediately and personally cheated. But the greatest part of borrowing on public credit is done by those who are as ingenuous in their views of the ability and willingness of posterity to pay for dead horses, as are the lenders. David Hume remarked on this simplicity when he said: "So great dupes are the generality of man-

kind, that, notwithstanding such a violent shock to public credit as a voluntary bankruptcy in England would occasion, it would not, probably, be long ere credit would again revive in as flourishing a condition as before."

Dupes is an ugly word; I do not know that it is well earned by those who credit government with a singular responsibility and ethical sense. However that may be, the history of public borrowing since the period when this was written by Hume indicates that the philosopher was entirely correct. Hardly more than seventy years from the time John Law ruined every creditor of France with his wild paper-money scheme, the same trick was worked all over again, from another and quainter angle, and a new set of creditors impoverished. The seeking of surplus for investment seems directed by a blind necessity in economy which can only be compared with the sexual instinct in the animal world. Perhaps there is nothing that we can do about it. But at least we need not deceive ourselves any more than we have to about the facts themselves.

If, indeed, public debts were "in reality nothing but anticipated taxes" — which would mean that posterity did pay all the debts to which it falls heir — the fact would be signalized by the phenomenon of the appearance of a generation which did no public borrowing, being sensible of the fact that its accumulation of debt was all it could handle. No such phenomenon being existent, we conclude that something happens, at intervals, that lifts the load of credit, and permits a fresh start to be made. And it is clear what happens. In creating gigantic public debt, the conditions are also created, at the very moment, for the violent extinguishment of that debt. The selfsame circumstances which convince the public, as borrower, that the debt-load is not too large, are con-

triving to produce a situation where no possibly collectible taxes will suffice to service it.

It is easy enough to see how this works out in the case of the individual. In a boom period like that of 1922-29, private persons ran into debt to an extent which would have seemed madness even to themselves in another and soberer period; well, this very rage was part and parcel of the situation that resulted in their bankruptcy, and a general panic and depression. If it be true of the individual, it must be more true of government, for there the honor pledged is a vague and fragile thing, where no single person feels more than a fractional responsibility, and where the expenditures of vast sums are by deputy from a sprawling control.

The public debt of France, which existed when the Duke of Orléans became Regent, was practically wiped out in the flood of paper money poured upon that country by John Law and his associates. When the Prince of Conti sent his wagons full of paper into Quincampoix Street, and hauled away silver in exchange, the game was up. A sarcastic ditty sung in the streets of Paris in 1720 will seem wonderfully apt to Americans who witnessed the collapse of our own debt-madness in 1929:

On Monday I bought share on share;
On Tuesday I was a millionaire;
On Wednesday took a grand abode;
On Thursday in my carriage rode;
On Friday drove to the Opera-ball;
On Saturday came to the pauper's hall.

The holders of public credit were, of course, ruined in the rout of the exchange — but posterity? Did posterity pay the debts that had blithely been accumulated for them? There was nothing to pay. The debts had kindly erased themselves.

Seventy years afterwards, however, a demagogue was able to rise in the French Parliament and thunder a plan "to liquidate the national debt of *twenty-four hundred millions.*" Very modestly this gentleman, named Gouy, referred to his scheme as "grand, simple, magnificent." What was the operation? Simple indeed. It was to have the government emit twenty-four hundred millions in legal tender notes, accompanied by a law that specie should not be used in the purchase of the national lands which had been wrested from the Church. "This discourse," reported the newspapers of the period, "was loudly applauded."

If the grand, simple and magnificent plan of M. Gouy was loudly applauded by his contemporaries, it should mean nothing less than a monument to him built by a grateful posterity, because that sort of talk led directly to the cloudburst of *assignats* turned loose on the new republic by Mirabeau and his assistants. And this in turn led to the violent extinguishment of twenty-nine-thirtieths of the public debt. In other words the debt that posterity was supposed to pay, or service, was, at the moment of Gouy's inspirational speech, 2,400,000 livres. The debt which posterity really had to meet was eighty thousand. Somebody suffered a loss — but not posterity in the sense of a general public composed of taxable grandsons of prodigal grandfathers.

Without going too far abroad for our illustrations, let us consider our own American financial experience in public borrowing. The story is too long and too involved to permit more than mention of a few instances. The early colonial financial operations, as every student of American history knows, were more or less of a nightmare. Much is to be forgiven the forefathers; they labored in a new country, under hard disadvantages, and pioneering

finance is never sound finance. The men at the helm for the most part meant to be utterly honest, but there was great poverty and deprivation, and taxes were difficult to find.

But let us see the thing candidly, reserving judgment as to the moral issue. In 1690 the Colony of Massachusetts issued paper money to pay the charges of the ill-fated expedition of Sir William Phipps. There was an over issue, with the inevitable depreciation, but by prompt action the excess paper was somehow redeemed, and the notes apparently brought to face value. But the paper, though it survived for a number of years because of the increasing population and wealth, could not bear the impact of the second expedition against Canada in 1710.

Now this paper represented a charge upon posterity no less than interest-bearing certificates would have done. Let us see what posterity had to pay. Dr. Richard Price, an eighteenth century economist, has depicted in a single graphic sentence the story of irredeemable paper currency. "Paper money," he said, "having only a local and imaginary value, can bear no alarm. It shrinks at every approach of danger. Suspicion subverts it, *and when it falls, it gives no warning but falls at once.*" I have italicized this, because it is a peculiar habit of the paper-money sickness that the patient appears for a long time to be not only in good health, but actually flourishing. He goes out some fine morning and falls dead in the street.

This is what happened in the Colony of Massachusetts. The money, when it began to slip, soon became a chaotic welter and brought on a prostration that lasted nearly forty years. Posterity, however, won another skirmish. The debt which it had been planned that the newer generations of colonials should pay, was bought in at the ratio of one to eleven: one dollar in silver for eleven

dollars of paper. When that paper was burned, it was precisely like the joyous burning of the church mortgage, if that is ever done nowadays. The paper was part of the public debt intended to be breezed along to posterity.

Another example out of our own history is rather distasteful, but perhaps it is just as well that we should be candid in the matter of national honor as expressed in public debt. Every country has repudiated, even England — though it is only fair to say that England's record as to obligations, up to the present muddy period of Great-War debt, has been excellent. The default in the period of James II was internal and partial, and the amount involved was not, after all, very great.

But consider an external debt, contracted by the Americans when they were fighting for their independence. In 1776 or thereabout, Silas Deane, one of the colonial commissioners to France, wrote to the secret committee of Congress these words: "I should never have succeeded in fulfilling my mission here without the indefatigable, intelligent and generous efforts of M. de Beaumarchais. The United States are more indebted to him, on every account, than to any other person on this side of the ocean."

This Caron de Beaumarchais, son of a clockmaker, and author of the "Marriage of Figaro," seems indeed to have been a real friend to the colonials in their need. Beaumarchais was pleading the cause of America at the French court with all his vigor and address. By his efforts, supplies to the amount of millions were forwarded to the embattled farmers and, when the war ended, Silas Deane announced that the young empire, freed of its chains, was indebted to Beaumarchais in the sum of "about" two and a half million francs. In the natural course of events, this would be a charge on the posterity

of the new American government, for the government at the moment required all its ready money. But it was a charge that freemen, the posterity of self-freed men, might not only be willing but eager to pay. Did they pay it? Let us see.

Friendships made in war are brittle. They are like any other alliances cemented at a gathering where the refreshments are mostly intoxicant. While the war lasts, the allies cheer each other, play each other's anthems, and utter profuse oratory about undying affection; in the cold gray dawn of expense assessment, sourness and suspicion develop and there is talk about motives. So it proved in the case of Beaumarchais. In 1793 Alexander Hamilton fixed the sum owed by the triumphant American democracy to the French sympathizer at 2,280,000 francs. After wrangling about it for a long time, Congress made a business man's offer in 1835 of 800,000 francs, take it or leave it. Some ardent mathematical spirit figured, in 1932, that if the money Silas Deane admitted was due in 1781 should carry an accumulated interest at five percent, posterity (meaning this present generation) would owe the Beaumarchais family about a billion dollars. But we (posterity) are not paying the Beaumarchais family. The theory has encountered violence. We are incurring a few expenses for *our* posterity.

While American posterity has a rather good record in the matter of meeting the federal debts, having been the only country during the nineteenth century to make real progress in sinking its public obligations, the same cannot be said for the lesser units of government, comprised within the nation.

In 1873 the British were the great creditor nation of the world, and remained so till the World War of 1914 placed that rather doubtful mantle upon the shoulders of

the Americans. Being the greatest creditors, the British were naturally the greatest mortgagees of a great variety of posterities, of all colors, races and religions. In the year the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders was chartered in London for the purpose of wheedling, or bullying, something out of those posterities that were supposed to tax themselves to meet the debts of the fathers who had "borrowed in anticipation" — in that year, a sad survey showed that about sixty percent of all the foreign bonds held in Great Britain, were in default. Of the total amount the American States of Virginia, Indiana, Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and several others were owing great sums of money which a rebellious posterity was loath to pay. There had been other American states in the same position before, in respect to their British creditors, but Pennsylvania and Illinois liquidated their obligations in a satisfactory, if not complete, way. Most of the money had not been borrowed for the direct use of the state governments, but was in the form of guarantees of railroad developments or banking institutions; however, the effect was the same, for the honor and faith of these sovereign states was pledged in every case. In other words, the creditors were promised that posterity would pay.

In the case of Mississippi, posterity was so far from taxing itself to pay the debts of the forefathers, that even after the Supreme Court of the state declared that the debts were valid, and that honor required their payment, the legislature made it almost a fanatical article of a new Constitution that these debts should not be paid. It was said that the money had been wasted by the politicians who borrowed it. "But we lent it to you in good faith," replied the creditors. "Maybe you did," was

the callous reply of posterity, "and let it be a lesson to you. Don't lend any more money to people like our progenitors, who talk rashly about their posterity paying the bills."

It must be distinctly understood that the state debts of which I am speaking are not the "carpet-bag" debts incurred by the southern state governments after the Civil War. Those were dishonest borrowings and hair-brained lendings, and no doubt the speculators deserved to lose. I am speaking of debts incurred long before the Civil War, when the country was in the heat of the great development of its frontiers; and the borrowing was done in Europe after such statesmen as Daniel Webster had solemnly stated to the lenders that it was "unthinkable that any American state would repudiate its obligations." Daniel Webster meant well, but he did not reckon with posterity. He was victimized by that curious "non-violence" fallacy.

The unlucky European bondholders of the defaulting American states will frankly say that because a century has passed since the defaults took place, it is impossible to arrive at exact figures of their losses. Nor is there the slightest expectation that the debts can ever be collected. The Federal Constitution protects the states from suit by foreigners; and moral suasion must be used when memories are much fresher than these are. The total amount which posterity, in eight southern states, has avoided paying is about \$75,000,000 of principal and some \$250,000,000 of interest. The creditors would be glad to forget the interest, if they could get the principal. But, as to that, Benjamin Franklin, who had some backward debtors in his lifetime, said of one of them that "it seemed to be against his principle to pay the interest, and against his interest to pay the principal, so he paid neither one

nor the other." How much more applicable, this, to government debts!

Posterity erases its external debts by repudiation. In 1917 the de facto government of Russia furnished the world with a classic example of what a determined posterity can do in this line. On one day, it was indebted *to the people of France alone* in the sum of 6,738,000,000 gold francs. On the following day, it owed nobody in the world a kopeck. On the other hand, internal debts are abolished by inflation, by jiggling the currency standard, or by a cool levy on capital — which is to say, by a redistribution of the country's wealth. As it is certain that international lending is suffering, and will continue to suffer from a chill, the coming posterities will tend to employ the latter methods.

I make no prediction as to the time. When the astrologers of France were every year foretelling the death of Henry IV, that monarch drily remarked: "These fellows will sooner or later be right about it." I merely take a stand with Henry.

Story about the Mockingbird

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

ONCE upon a time, there lived a mockingbird in the midst of a live-oak thicket in a land that was so sunny and warm that a pendant icicle would have been a rarity more strange and wonderful than a pearl of India, and where only one ancient graybeard who had outlived his three-score-years-and-ten by nearly a quarter of a century, had ever seen it snow.

There the Cherokee roses bloomed even in December. There the winter grass and the winter oats were more green than virgin emeralds. There, finally, the only way that you could tell when autumn had belately arrived, was that the small, clustered scrub oaks were like brush fires; and that the leaves on the sweetgums turned to slightly tarnished bronze; and that the vivid, angry rattlesnake with his flat, viciously fanged head and his handsome diamond-shaped markings, slumbered lethargically in his hole under a pine stump, and did not coil with menace when you approached him, or lift up his tail with twelve rattles and a button, making it sing like a whole hive of much-disturbed bees.

And all summer long, and for a good part of the winter as well, this mockingbird sang. He ate nothing but slugs and worms and grasshoppers and caterpillars and small beetles, but in spite of this earthy diet, his song lifted up to heaven. And he sang variously and richly, and he sang in many ways.

At sun-up, when the dew still was a-glister on the oat awns and on the satsuma trees, he sang as the brown thrush does; and the song was as bright as the dewdrops themselves, and as ravishingly sweet as those waxen,

fragrant blossoms that would one day be round fruit even redder and more luminous than gold. It was shy, too, as the ferns in the woodland where the brown thrush loves to go. At noon, he cawed like a catbird, and it was extraordinary that a bird so melodious could become so harsh. But at that time of the day, all sounds are rasping. The locusts saw back and forward monotonously, and the crows, floating overhead like shadows, say: "Haw? . . . Haw? . . ." more like someone laughing disconsolately, than like someone laughing sarcastically. At that time of the day, only the lowing of distant cattle is musical; only the far "Coo-oo! Coo-oo! Coo-oo!" of the pink-footed, iridescent mourning dove lulls you to sleep. In the evening, he whistled like a bob-white or shrilled like a killy hawk. He had also learned by heart, and he sang when inclined to, the notes of the song-sparrow, and the lark, and the peabody bird, and even the tune of the cardinal, which is just like an old-fashioned music box — if you can imagine that it has been partly broken, so that it only goes go far and then starts over again: tirelessly, persistently, melodiously, but with no chance of getting to the end.

But at night the mockingbird sang his own song — one which he had invented himself. Every night he sang it, but when the moon silvered his oak thicket it seemed lovelier than ever. Then indeed, it was so breathlessly beautiful that it frightened you. It was a soap-bubble of music, batted upward, allowed to fall, and then batted upward again. Just so airy. Just so opaline. And always you were afraid it would break.

Over and over again he sang it, perched on the top-most, small twig of his live-oak thicket, until the sky paled and the stars winked out one by one. Then, in a swift flutter, he went back to his nest.

Everybody for miles around knew this mockingbird. They came to him, or they stumbled upon him, and always he left something graved upon their hearts.

One day a cropper's woman passed that way. She was little more than forty years old, but so hard had been the life she had lived, and so few had been her comforts, that her hair was dry and wispy, and her face bitten into with deep lines.

She heard the bird sing and she listened to him. She listened until he had sung his song through, and then she smiled.

After that, she talked — almost to herself.

"Hit do be so purty," she said, "that I most cain't believe in it. I jest *think* that he's a-singin' there."

But the mockingbird *was* singing, and as long as he sang she forgot everything that had ever happened to her. She forgot that she had borne eleven children, four of whom were dead and under the ground, and one of whom was in state prison. She forgot her long days behind the plough handles when she had been obliged to work harder than a nigger. She forgot her man who went plumb near clean outen his head on corn whisky every time he got a dollar in his jeans, and who then often used to beat her until she was blue all over. She forgot the corn she had to make, and the 'taters she had to hoe, and the cow she had to milk, and the patching she had to do, and all the worriment. She was a young girl once again, and she peered out half shyly from behind a sunbonnet, and was embarrassed because a man looked at her who was a stranger, and she had shabby clothes.

The next person to come along was a preacher. He had on a gray suit but a black hat and a stringy white tie. His soft face was the color of mildewed parchment, and

his thin lips were pinched together into an expression of self-righteous lack of sympathy. His hands were clasped behind his back and he looked downward as he walked. For he was meditating next Sunday's sermon.

"But it shall come to pass," was the text which he meditated, "if thou will not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all His commandments and His statutes, that all these curses shall come upon thee and shall overtake thee. Cursed shall thou be in the city and cursed shall thou be in the field. Cursed shall be thy basket and thy store. Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body and the fruit of thy land, the increase of thy kine and flocks of thy sheep. Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out."

Then he considered how he would elaborate on this text, and his brow beetled with anger, until the veins on his forehead stood out in throbbing, purple ridges; until his face flushed so that you feared an apoplexy.

All His commandments . . .

One after another he enumerated what they were, cutting out, with a kind of savage exultation, every single thing that seemed light and lovely, gay and beautiful, natural and spontaneous, harmless and inevitable. Singing was forbidden (except in the church). Dancing was forbidden. Lovemaking and the responses of youth were forbidden. So was the playing of games. Each one of these things he interdicted individually, giving them the ugliest names at his command. He had a plethora of ugly names and he took — somehow it seemed — libidinous pleasure in uttering them. It was as if he got his lustful delights vicariously, by denouncing the reasonable delights of everybody else.

Next he came to the punishments.

He preached Hell, and he preached it very vividly.

"Have yer ever seen a bresh fire? Do yer know just how hot it would be if you was tied up to one of those slash pines when the fire came a running through the briars and the broomstraw? It would be hot, wouldn't it? Well, Hell's jest that hot only a thousand times hotter. You'd be burned to ashes if you was tied to one of those trees and you'd be burned in a minute. But you won't burn to ashes in Hell's fires in a minute. They'll keep burning forever.

"Have yer ever ploughed behind a mule on a sizzling August day when there wasn't even a strip of shade within a mile? Maybe yer sweated some and maybe yer was right smart thirsty. So yer unhitched yer mule and yer went to a little branch that was in the nearest woods and that water tasted like milk and honey to yer. Well, you'll be thirstier than that in Hell, and there won't be a branch to go to. There won't even be a puddle for yer to dip yer han' in. The rich man was in Hell and he looked across to Heaven and he begged God to let Abraham only moisten his finger and wet his lips with it. But God didn't let Abraham go, for He can be a wrathful God when yer've broken His laws. It'll be like that in Hell.

"Have yer ever? . . ." Thus savagely he was about to go on. But then suddenly the bird sang — clearly, coolly, like a fountain. And a new text came into the preacher's mind, and this time it was a loving text.

"And God blessed them, and God said unto them be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth. And God saw everything that He had made and behold it was very good."

And to the preacher, it seemed very good also. He too smiled and he whistled a snatch of song. It was not a hymn he whistled but a country reel — gay, lively, and

perhaps even a trifle ribald. And he decided that he would not tell the brethern and the sistern that it was sin and damnation to dance and to frolic, for the Lord God who made heaven and earth must have made frolicking and dancing too, along with all the other things which His mighty hands had shaped; and the Lord God Almighty must have given his people the hearts and the feet to enjoy frolicking and dancing; and the Lord God Almighty must have known what He was doing.

It is true that this was only a thought, and that when the Lord's Day actually came the preacher gave his customary sort of sermon. But the one kindly thought that had ever entered the preacher's head was put there by the mockingbird, singing from his topmost twig.

After the preacher, an old negro sauntered past. The wool upon the head of this old negro was as white as are the bolls of cotton when they are just ready for picking; his eyes were watery and brown; and he had only two front teeth and none in back whatsoever. But when he heard the mockingbird sing, he started to skip into the air for sheer joy, and to caper like a young goat.

"Geeee-money!" he cried. "Jest hearken to thet mockingbird a-tunin' up."

Then the old negro reflected. "I expects," he said suddenly, "when I gits home the old 'oman will have a nice pot of white bacon an' collard greens a-skimmering on the stove for me." His mouth watered just thinking about it, and he chuckled until his eyes overflowed.

That was the way the song of the mockingbird affected the old negro.

Of course, every pair of lovers who passed by the place where the mockingbird sang, felt obliged to kiss and hug. But that hardly counts, for all lovers are afflicted with a

strange and unaccountable disease which is perhaps a form of mania. When the sun shines, they feel obliged to kiss. When the rain rains, they feel obliged to kiss. When they have good tidings, they feel obliged to kiss. When they have bad tidings they feel obliged to kiss. And so likewise when they have made money or lost money, quarreled or not quarreled, been given their parents' approval or told they must never see each other again, felt happy, or unhappy, well or sick, or even for no reason at all. So naturally when the mockingbird sang, every pair of lovers that passed his live-oak thicket hugged and kissed. It was the only thing they knew how to do.

But that did not keep the mockingbird from being fully as pleased. In fact, he liked their tribute best of any tribute, for he said it was spontaneous. But he liked all the tributes, and everybody who praised him had, he knew, good judgment.

"I am a great poet," he said, "I must be, since I please so many people. I have the true lyrical gift. And I am versatile. I am not one of those poets who have only one theme which they do over and over again until it has grown stale. I have many moods. And if one does not take the fancy of the discriminate public, another will. After I am dead, I will be remembered. Already I have been reprinted in almost countless anthologies."

His heart bounded as he said this. He flew straight to the top of his live-oak thicket where he swelled his gray throat and started to sing again. And this time he sang sweetlier than he had ever sung before.

But one day there came to the live-oak thicket where the mockingbird sang, a listener who was not moved in any way whatsoever. He did not lose all the cares of intervening years like the worn woman did. He was not

made, all of a sudden, kindly and tolerant like the black-hatted preacher. He did not caper like the old negro. Needless to say, he did not hug and kiss anybody, not even himself.

“Love,” he would have informed you if you had asked him, “is a mere act. It is a mere physical function. As to the souls of lovers, don’t talk tommyrot. What they are looking for is a good —.”

And he named what they were looking for, using the shortest and most explicit words at his command. For he enjoyed shocking the Philistines.

He was a little man, middle-aged, with pinch-nose glasses; not so much bald as running towards the baldish; and with a taut nervous look about his forehead which was etched deeply with parallel, worried grooves. His hands were effeminate, or at least their gestures were, though he wore a manly enough rough tweed suit, and though he smoked a very foul pipe. He did not come from this warm land, but was there on a vacation. He hopped very much like an aggressive English sparrow, and he had an English sparrow’s mannerism of cocking his head to one side. In his arms, he carried a bundle of all the latest books.

He sat down under the mockingbird’s thicket and began to read.

Then the mockingbird sang.

First of all, he sang like a woodthrush, and the notes flowed away from him like water in a small branch that has been filled full to the brim, so that it splashes over lucent stones, making miniature waterfalls, and bubbles under moss-grown sweetgum logs, and glides around the roots of cypresses that seem just as gray as ghosts. Then he attempted the song of the vireo. Next, he took up the notes of the bobolink, and of the robin, and of the chip-

ping sparrow. Last of all, he swelled his taupe throat and started just two or three bars of his own song. After which, he stopped.

The little man looked up. He even went so far as to lay down the book he was reading and to take off his eyeglasses, which he wiped.

"I suppose," he said patronizingly, "that you are under the impression that you are a poet."

"*Tweet*," answered the mockingbird. "*Tirrel-tirrel-tirrel*. Well, sir, I do the best I can."

"Hmm!" thought out loud the little man and a whole dictionary could hardly have said more than that "Hmm!" did.

He took out a pencil, and he tapped with it upon his fingernails.

But at last he spoke.

"Have you ever heard a wild canary?" he asked suddenly.

"No," replied the mockingbird.

"Have you ever heard a nightingale?"

"I'm afraid that I haven't, sir."

"Have you ever heard a bulbul?"

The mockingbird was obliged to respond that he had not.

Then the little man rose, burning with strange joy, and pointed his finger at the mockingbird.

"For your own good I am going to be frank with you," he cried. "You may possibly be on the way, but you have certainly not yet gotten there. Your verse technique is very faulty. In that respect, you are far behind the wild canary, and your feeling is not deep like the nightingale's. As for the bulbul — ah my dear fellow, if you had ever heard the bulbul! Worst of all, you are not even original. Your song simply reflects what you

have heard and the reflection is a blurred one at that. And you are not vital. You have nothing in common with the spirit of the times. The modern tempo is a more strident one. Take the raven, for example, or the screech owl. It is an old-fashioned idea to look for beauty. We must look for life in the raw. And you have no social sense. And you sing simply because you enjoy singing."

After that the little man changed his tone.

"Please do not thank us," he said in his most graciously condescending manner for he had by now completely forgotten he was not writing an editorial, "for offering you this helpful advice. It is our bounden duty as a man of intelligence to call the attention of the reading public to all spurious writing. Besides we are glad to do it. It makes us feel good."

Then he put on his glasses again and went back to his books.

And this time having his pencil ready, he made comments in their margins.

"Rotten!"

"Bad grammar!"

"Puerile!"

"Tripe!"

"Second-hand Masefield!"

"This is inaccurate!"

"Almost bad enough to be a best-seller!"

(It should be noted that the little man had a fierce, almost orgiastic prejudice against anyone liking anything well enough to pay money for it.)

And his pulse throbbed with what he supposed was life.

Now the first thing that the mockingbird did after listening to the little man's attack was to fly into a fury.

"Ignorant ass!" he said. "And what does he know

about singing? And who does he think he is to have the nerve to criticize me? Can he sing himself? I for one would like to hear him."

Next he felt crushed.

"After all, he has heard many songs and he must know his business. I am no good. Nobody but fools have ever praised me."

Then he philosophized.

"But he did say that I am on my way and that I might sometime get there."

After that, he had an idea.

"I am not afraid of work. I will hunt out the wild canary wherever he may be and will learn how he manages his trills."

Then he had a second idea.

"I am not afraid of emotion. I will go to the nightingale and ask him to tell me where he gets his feeling."

Last of all, he had a third idea.

"I am not afraid of wonder. I will find also the bulbul and discover just exactly what his magic is."

Presently he was in the air.

He flew for six days and six nights. First, he flew over wide, red country where black men with dark bay mules trampled under the gay, flowering cotton and the green, tender-leaved tobacco, it having been recently discovered by the wise men that the way to produce wealth in land that has long known want, is to destroy half of what you already have. Then, he flew over a marshy savannah country where snowy egrets rose up out of the reeds and lily pads of a semi-tropical river, and where blue herons beat their wings like storm clouds. Then he flew over the sea.

On the seventh morning, he came to a lapis lazuli island that rose from an ocean which was made of tur-

quoise matrix. The top of this island was a tall mountain that was white the year round, and its base was the slow surf. All down its sides were terraces, and vines, and white houses with red roofs, and more flowers than even the mockingbird had ever seen, and there perched on a bougainvillea was a small bird who was yellow as beaten gold except for his night-black wings.

The mockingbird flew over to him.

"Bird," he said to him, "you look kind in the face. May I trouble you with a question?"

"Gladly," replied the bird.

"Where," demanded the mockingbird, "can I find a canary?"

"I am a canary," answered the small bird.

"Ah then," cried the mockingbird, "ah then, oh canary, will you sing for me? Six days and six nights have I flown over land and sea only to hear you sing. For I have heard there is no singing like to it in the wide world. I am a singer myself, and I wish, canary, to learn your trills and your arpeggios."

The canary swelled with pride.

He fancied his abilities, as most artists do, but he had no real idea that they were known so far from home.

"I would be delighted to," he told the mockingbird.

And he began.

First he trilled a high note. Then a low one. Then he trilled from low to high, and from high to low, and from low to high again. Then he tried three high notes, followed in quick succession by three low ones. Then he tried variation after variation, until the hills and valleys of that lush land, where a steady trade wind blows night and day, and where it is never either hot or cold, was vibrant with melodies; and until all other sounds were hushed; and until the brown islanders came out from

their cottages and listened — the men in white trousers and the women with flowers in their hair — saying that they had not heard the canary sing with such virtuosity ever before.

At last, the canary stopped.

Then the mockingbird spoke to him.

“May I now try?” he asked.

“Certainly,” said the canary.

So the mockingbird began, and note after note he repeated the song of the canary, until you would have said that there were two canaries who sang there, or else that there was a most extraordinary echo. But the mockingbird’s voice was stronger than the voice of the canary, so that when he sang, his song even reached the boats coming back across the bay.

“Listen to the canary,” said the fishermen as they trimmed the tarred sheets to meet a closer slant of breeze. “He must surely be in love. Certainly he has never sung like this before.”

And they, too, thought of their own loves, as they came back across the bay.

When he had finished, the mockingbird turned to the canary.

“Have I learned it?” he asked.

“Every note,” replied the canary.

“Then I must be on my way,” said the mockingbird. “Thank you, canary, for your kind lessons. I will tell all who praise me that you were my master.”

And the mockingbird started to go.

But just as he was poising his wings, the canary asked him a question.

“Why was it,” he asked, “that you were so anxious to learn my song?”

“A man told me,” replied the mockingbird, “that I

did not sing as skilfully as canaries do. In fact, he said that I had no technique. So I made up my mind to learn technique."

"What sort of a man?" asked the canary.

"Small," answered the mockingbird.

"Bald?"

"Yes, bald."

"And somewhat worried?"

"Yes, he struck me so."

Then the canary laughed really loud.

"And did he wear pinch-nose glasses?"

"They fastened to his nose just as crabs might."

"And were his hands effeminate? Or at least did he make somewhat effeminate gestures with them?"

"He did," said the mockingbird.

"And did he wear a tweed suit and smoke a very foul pipe?"

"Yes."

"And did he hop like an English sparrow?"

"Most assuredly."

"And in his arms did he carry all the latest books?"

The mockingbird acknowledged this to be the case, and the canary gave a tuneful peep of joy.

"I know him too," cried the canary. "He came here on a world cruise only a year ago. He had a lot of ladies in tow, but he talked even more than they did."

"Did he hear you sing?"

"Did — he — hear — me — sing?" echoed the canary. "Yes, he heard me sing all right."

"What did he say to you?"

"He told me very frankly that I mustn't get the idea that twittering was the whole thing. 'Anybody can string sounds together,' he said, 'and fool the gullible. What you need is some real depth of feeling.'"

“Well,” continued the canary, “I too must be on my way. So good-bye and good luck to you.”

He flew off to his nest in the blue hills.

The mockingbird next sought out the nightingale. He found her in an old garden, by a white wall on a hill set with cypresses that looked down upon a gracious city, wherein was more beauty than the hands of man had ever assembled in one place — more exquisite madonnas whose robes were flame-red and sea-blue and whose hair was actual beaten gold leaf; more figures of delicately wrought bronze — Perseus’s with the head of the Gorgon, wreathèd Triton’s, shaggy Silenus’s; more breath-taking edifices; more statues of clean white marble, such as the active young man who stood in the central piazza and was called David, though he looked more like the god Adonis, which he probably was.

The brown bird was poised in a hedge of ilex trees and she sang over and over again her ancient song of throaty sorrow.

“Oh, Procne!” she sang. “Oh, cruel Tereus! Oh murdered Itylus!”

And so vibrant was her grief that it seemed almost as though the heart-rending deed which she lamented had happened only yesterday.

But it took place three thousand years ago.

The mockingbird lighted on an adjacent twig and addressed the sweet singer.

“Brown bird,” he said, “I can tell from your voice that you have a warm and sympathetic heart. Will you answer me a question?”

“Gladly,” responded the brown bird.

“Where,” asked the mockingbird, “can I find the nightingale?”

“I,” said the brown bird, “am the nightingale.”

Then the mockingbird knew that the second part of his quest was done.

When he had concluded his business, it was much as it had been on the isle. Two nightingales sang over the city, and the voice of the second one was so much richer than the first one that even in that place where nightingales are more common than sparrows, people paused to listen.

A poet passed by.

“Hearken unto Philomel!” he said. “Surely it cannot be her old grief that she is singing. Surely she must have found a new grief. Perhaps she is in love once again and her new love has not been faithful to her. Or possibly she is sorrowful because it is now spring, and all things are being born anew, and that doth infallibly remind her of death. And there are many other reasons why she might be sorrowful.”

Then the poet, who in private life was a merry enough fellow with an adequate income and a buxom wife of whom he was really very fond, thought up, one after another, all those moving sorrows which a poet ought to have. And presently he began to write a poem.

The mockingbird now prepared to say good-bye.

“I thank you with all my heart,” he told the nightingale. “Is there anything I can do in return?”

“Only one thing,” said the nightingale.

“What is that?”

“Answer me something I would ask you.”

“Cheerfully,” replied the mockingbird.

“Why is it,” asked the nightingale, “that you wished to learn my song?”

“I will tell you,” said the mockingbird. “A man said to me one time that I did not sing with feeling as the nightingale.”

“Was he a small man?” asked the nightingale.

“Yes.”

“Bald?”

“As an eagle’s head.”

“Worried-looking?”

“Certainly he was worried-looking.”

He went through the rest of the description, and each time the mockingbird said, “Yes.”

“I know him,” exclaimed the nightingale. “He spent a whole winter here being scornful about Dante, and if he wasn’t wordy about it!”

“Did he hear you sing?” asked the mockingbird.

“He did,” said the nightingale.

“What did he say?”

“He said anybody can fake feeling, and that sentimentalists had had their day. He said that I was far too fluent. He called me Guido Reni. He told me to get next to life and to be crude and real. He said that I was obvious.”

“What did you do?” asked the mockingbird.

“Kept on singing,” said the nightingale.

And the brown bird flew once again into her hedge.

It was so, too, with the bulbul. To find this dulcet voice, the mockingbird had not only to travel thousands and thousands of miles, but also to enter a world that never was. He found the bulbul in the pages of the Arabian Nights. Nearby was a brass horse that would take you around the world for the mere turning of a nut. In an adjacent chapter was Ali Baba. Close at hand was Aladdin. And there were djinns and genii and there was Haroun al Raschid and Sinbad, and any donkey you treated kindly or cruelly might be a beautiful princess or the eldest son of the Sultan, and any fish you ate for dinner might have in its belly a goldpiece that would buy the world.

And what the little man had said to the bulbul was most severe of all.

“For he told me,” the bulbul said after the mockingbird had learned his magic, “that I was as pure a work of fiction as anything in the pages where I live. He said that I not only did not exist, but that I never had existed. He said that I was nothing but a word and that it was not even certain that any particular species was intended by me. He said that in that respect I was like Homer. He said that even if I had existed, my songs weren’t so much when you came to listen to them. He said that we were all dazzled by the classics, which were really very dull, and afraid to say we didn’t like them. He said that any ordinary mockingbird could sing as well as I did if we were only honest enough to say so.”

“Did he say that?” cried the mockingbird.

“He did,” said the bulbul.

“Why what gall!” shouted the mockingbird. “Why what impertinence! Why the conceit of the man!”

He could hardly wait until he got back again to tell the little man just what he thought.

And yet when he did reach his live-oak thicket, he did nothing of the sort. For the little man — strange as it may seem — was now singing himself, and the mockingbird respected every kind of song.

It was an unusual song, more like a grasshopper’s than a bird’s, and it came not from the little man himself, but from a machine which he manipulated. It consisted of a series of irregular groups of clicks followed at intervals by a clear-ringing bell. Gripped in the mandibles of this machine was a sheet of white paper and every time the bell rang this paper jumped upward a little. On the paper were rows of queer black marks.

The mockingbird read these black marks though it is

not certain that he knew just what was meant by them, and it is perhaps quite as well.

“Shakespeare was no great shakes himself,” said the first of them.

“John Milton was worse lost than his Paradise.”

“Byron by and large was pretty awful.”

“Shelley was pretty soft-shelled, when you come to think of it.”

“Walt Whitman used a lot of words.”

There were other marks too, and they all seemed to be mad at something or somebody. Yet the little man looked almost exquisitely happy.

At last, he appeared to be finished.

“WEEKLY ARTICLE,” he clicked out in black letters that were larger than the ones used before.

Then he pulled all the paper out of the machine, folded it and put it in his pocket.

After which the little man strode off down the path.

As soon as he had gone, the mockingbird flew up into his tree. He tried a bar of song. It seemed to go well. He tried another bar. Presently he started singing just as he had always sung, until the fields rang with melody.

Shortly afterwards the woman went by. Her face lost its cares as she listened to him.

Then the preacher.

Then the old negro.

Last of all, a young man and a young woman. Their arms were twined together and they looked at each other as if no other people existed in the whole world.

When they passed the mockingbird, it was the young girl who spoke.

“It sure is a pretty day,” she said.

“It’s pretty all right,” agreed the young man.

“Listen to thet mockingbird,” said the girl.

“He’s a-singin’,” agreed the young man.

“I don’t reckon I never heard anything lovelier than the way he’s singing,” said the girl.

The young man looked at her.

“Sugar,” he said, “yore eyes are lovelier. And yore heart is lovelier. And you yoreself are lovelier.”

Then he put his arms around her and kissed her.

The mockingbird now knew that everything was as it should be. While they were talking he had flown down so as to be nearer and to hear all they said, but now he darted once again to the topmost twig. He began to sing again. He swelled his gray throat and poured out undiluted tunefulness. Never had he sung sweetlier before.

Littoral Dawn

FRANCES FROST

The full moon burned the western slope of dark,
the shadow of light crept faintly up the east;
and on the shore the wet irregular mark
of water, curving landward from the vast
tides breaking gold on Africa, lay scratched
by gull-tracks; and the breaking foam was white
with moonlight while the delicate unmatched
amber slowly spread behind the flight
of black and silent birds. Slowly the sand
revealed what the moon had silvered secretly —
the weedy litter, the ocean-tarnished hull,
storm-shattered mast and salty-rusted band
of copper, severed crab-claw, fluted shell —
and night and day crossed lances on that sea.

Tomorrow's Broadcast

DAVIDSON TAYLOR

MOST men in radio are beginning to see that they have at their disposal an entirely new medium, requiring a unique approach. It is not enough to transfer to the air the materials of stage, concert hall and lecture platform. The time has arrived when all radio programs must be planned in terms of radio itself. Tomorrow's broadcast must become specifically a product of the medium.

I believe that in the immediate future, serious composers will write increasingly in terms of the microphone. Dramatists will learn to write specifically for the air, and radio will get better authors who will be better paid. Announcing will become simpler and more natural, and eyewitness reports of news while it is happening will multiply. The microphone will restore the poet's vocal contact with his audience, and radio will markedly affect the common speech.

Recently a man brought me an arrangement of César Franck's D Minor Symphony for broadcasting. At first I thought him presumptuous and ridiculous, but he insisted, "If Franck had written for the microphone, he would have scored his symphony differently."

Carlos Chavez, the distinguished Mexican composer who conducts the Orquesta Sinfonica de Mexico, believes that in twenty years there will be no more concerts in the present sense, and that all real musical events will happen on the air. He says, "The old principles of instrumentation have broken down. No composer can consider himself informed if he does not know the microphone. Is it not absurd to compose for two thousand people in a concert

hall when there are two million people listening to your music on the air?"

Mr. Chavez admits that the gregariousness of music-lovers will continue to draw them together for certain musico-social events. But more musicians will come to agree with the American composer Roy Harris, who says, "I am interested in writing for the microphone, because I am convinced that that way lies the future of music."

In the past, composers have written for entirely different acoustic conditions from those which prevail in broadcasting studios. Their audience was visible and numerable, and it was listening in a home or hall where auditory conditions were comparatively inflexible.

With radio, the microphone itself almost becomes an instrument, since it can establish within the orchestra tonal relations unheard of twenty years ago. The sounds of certain trumpet mutes and of a subtone clarinet are useless in a hall, because they are inaudible to the audience. Yet both these tones can be placed so near the electrical ear that they will dominate the whole orchestral fabric. There is no note of any instrument within the audible scale which cannot be employed in any desired relationship to the ensemble. Though one would scarcely recommend it, a concerto can be written for ukulele or celesta, and the solo part be made to drown a symphony's fortissimo.

Some day you will hear broadcast the adagio of a clarinet concerto written entirely for subtone, a new thing of beauty. Roy Harris used to play the clarinet. He is contemplating such an adagio.

Naturally, radio cannot alter the mathematics of music nor the physics of tone, but it has a great deal to contribute toward color and harmony. Mr. Harris also says, "Suppose, in some chord, you want the third to sound:

the man who has that note can stand up in front of the microphone."

It very well may be that operas will be written for broadcasting which will demand that singers use half-voice or less in intimate passages. No longer is it needful for lovers in a music drama to bawl out tender sentiments at the top of their lungs. The composer of the future should not overlook the crooner, who gets closer to his audience than any concert singer. And besides the crooners, there are many other singers who have beautiful small voices which now may have the opportunity they have thus far lacked.

Most of the works hitherto composed for radio have been nothing more than concert pieces commissioned by the broadcasters. Potentially, indeed, the radio companies are the Brandenburgs, the Haffners, and the Esterhazys of today, since they have the funds, the orchestras and the audiences.

But, though there have been a few compositions which were intended for the studio especially, the jazz arrangers are far ahead of the serious composers in writing for broadcasting. Every radio producer, conductor, and arranger knows that certain combinations and figurations do not "mike" well. They all know too that broadcasting demands a new approach to instrumentation.

Radio has been active in adapting itself to the ideas of composers. It now devolves upon composers to create for the microphone.

A good many plays have been written for the air, but the writers must realize that radio is a new form, and it will pay them to learn writing for the ear alone. Had Shakespeare written "King Richard the Third" for broadcasting, he could have found a more convincing way to dramatize the dream of Clarence:

As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears.

Think what an extraordinary sound sequence could be made of the tossing vessel, the falling Gloster, the struggle on the hatches, the engulfing waves.

Radio drama excels in two fields: realism and fantasy. Nothing is too incredible or too spectacular to be made convincing on the air. Beyond all other forms of drama, radio plays call for exercise of the imagination. By simple, economical means, the microphone suggests the crashing of a plane, the passing of an army, the coming of a hurricane, and these things are believable. The realistic simulation of catastrophe may be taken for granted. It is a complex and adroit trickery, embracing the use of peas in a football bladder to sound like Big Bertha on the one hand, and three men whistling in relays to sound like Alice falling down the rabbit hole on the other.

I do not think that any medium surpasses radio drama in its ability to convey horror. Grand Guignol is coming on the air, and it will certainly be successful.

Let us single out a radio drama in which the listener was compelled to experience the sensation of terror. Irving Reis, a radio engineer, adapted for the air "The Half Pint Flask" by DuBose Heyward. In the story, a scientist who collects old glass takes a bottle from a negro grave on an island off the Carolina coast. A voodoo spell invoked by the natives conjures up an apparition which lures him almost to his doom.

To indicate the voodoo influence, Mr. Reis devised a

stylized sound effect consisting of a discord hummed by chorus, followed by two taps with dried sticks. The pitch and volume of the discord were raised gradually as the spell began to work, and the tempo was increased. When the evocation appeared to torture the scientist, a woman's voice was imparted an eerie quality by acoustic and electrical means.

Both these devices sound ordinary enough, but they were almost unbearable set against the small talk of two men in a camp and the human sounds of clinking glass and wheels on sand. Though I produced the broadcast, and had rehearsed the play all day; though all the actors were my friends; though I could watch them through the control room window, and though I had helped devise the mechanisms, the supernatural episodes were still a terrible bewitchment. The hair stood up along my neck. Some listeners dreamed about "The Half Pint Flask" for nights on end.

To my knowledge, only one program has been projected purely on a sound effects basis — a fifteen-minute play in which the story is related by sound alone. The tale will be a simple melodrama; a man opens a door stealthily; he walks across the floor; he shoots someone, who falls from the bed with a thud; he hears somebody coming, and hides in a closet where he kicks some shoes and knocks down a box from a shelf; the body is discovered while the murderer breathes stertorously inside the closet; the police are whistled in; they open the closet door and clamp the handcuffs on him.

The plot is a little more ingenious than this, but the author is not at all sure that the audience will understand what is going on, no matter how simple he makes it. Sound effects are supplementary, words and music are primary. Some radio writers are too much in love with

sound effects, and the effects drown out the dialogue. They must learn to convey the action by the words.

The trend in announcing seems to be toward simplicity. No longer is it considered axiomatic that the public must be punch-drunk before it buys, nor that the English language is most articulate when it is most academic. The vogues for forced heartiness and perfect "diction" are on the wane. Announcers are aware that a man who starts fortissimo and presto has no crescendo and accelerando. Executives are coming to feel that language is created not by lexicographers and grammarians, but by the people who speak it.

The immediate reporting of news in the making will increase in radio, though it cannot seriously threaten to displace the printed word. A man with a pencil and a nickel for the telephone can report a murder. Radio cannot cover the event better unless the murderer announces his intention in advance and proceeds to massacre on schedule. The formality of type may be foregone if the event is predictable, localized and punctual. In most cases, it takes more time to set up radio equipment and establish connection with a station than it does to telephone a story, have it written and get it on the street. But the radio reporter (as distinguished from the reading announcer or news commentator) is a professional eyewitness, and he is constantly becoming better trained. If his report is less mature, it is also likely to be less editorial. Probably the most exciting broadcasts to hear, and certainly the most exciting to make, are news broadcasts from the field — the gridiron, the stratosphere, the corridors of Congress, the Polar caps, the battle front. "News," said a newspaper man, "is any fracas." Radio is developing the habit of being on hand at all important fracases.

The microphone has enormously increased the poet's audience, and gradually he is regaining the privilege of addressing his public in person, as he did in the days of the minnesingers and the troubadours. In time, new minstrels will speak their rhythms in the homes of those who can be moved by poetry. A great many poems are impotent when mute. They will be given tongue one day.

Vachel Lindsay used to read his poems "to any human who would listen," and he read them over and over until they "sounded right." He objected to having his verses set to music, because, he said, "I furnish the tune myself. Musicians would set my swan song to chipmunk music, and my chipmunk song to swan music." On the margins of his poems, he provided directions for reading them aloud — a device at least as old as the Psalms. It is unfortunate that Mr. Lindsay did not live to sound his rhythms on the microphone.

The nature of the medium has given radio the widest audience ever reached by speeches, poems, news and drama in audible form. The power of the spoken word has never been so great. Radio will eventually affect the style of modern speech tremendously. Many of the locutions which have crept into the vernacular from a radio origination are catchwords of comedians. However, you will scarcely find a listener, no matter what his intelligence, who has no favorite turn of phrase heard on the air, or who will not offer impromptu imitations of a noted radio voice uttering a characteristic phrase.

It is observed that President Roosevelt is much more effective in his "fireside chats" than in his speeches which are broadcast. The "fireside chats" are especially written with the medium in mind. A good radio style resembles a good newswriting style, but it must have another element which newswriting need not invariably possess — rhythm.

Perhaps in no other form of writing is prose cadence so important.

By means of radio, it is possible to form an opinion not only of a statesman's utterances, but also of him as a man. So long as both sides have their say, radio is an implement of democracy. But since virtually the whole electorate may now hear public figures speak, the listener is both menaced and protected by the microphone. Leaders can marshal their followers to meet a national emergency overnight. In time of war, a single speaker might sweep the country into militant hysteria during half an hour. The broadcasters guard their weapon, for it would cease to be a utility if it fell into the hands of any single group with a cause to propagate. Radio fully realizes the danger of bias. No hydra ever had so many ugly heads as a coast-to-coast network controlled by demagogues would have.

The radio medium is worthy of the best creative attention. It has been busy revivifying things old, and discovering things new. An ascending cello tone can convey the sensation of anaesthesia; music by Orlando di Lasso and the timbre of the viol di gamba have been on the air of late; little known stories of Hans Christian Andersen, who loved to tell his tales to friends, are being translated for the microphone; John Mulholland has a program of aural magic, which he developed working with the blind, ready to take the air; the Grand Guignol series may have started when you read this.

Radio has passed over some firm ground. If you heard Heifetz play the Brahms Concerto for Violin with Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony, or the nightingale who sang from his nest in Pangbourne Wood, all unconscious of the microphone nearby, or the end of the last game between Notre Dame and Ohio State, take courage for tomorrow's broadcast. It's likely to be good.

Agriculture and the Constitution

SAMUEL LUBELL

CAN the nation's agricultural problems be solved within the framework of the constitution, or is a twenty-second amendment necessary? That is the question flung into the faces of the American people by the Supreme Court's Dred Scotting of the AAA.

Liberty Leaguers and Save-the-Constitutionalists may rejoice that once again the Court has preserved "the American system," rebuked the "would-be dictator" in the White House, and reaffirmed the sacredness of States' Rights and the privilege of the farmer to scrape as much wheat as he can from his thinning top-soil. All of which makes inspiring material for Republican editorials, but which brings us no closer to a cure for the ills that have racked the farmer for more than fifteen years.

The tide of recovery may prove sufficiently strong to check a fall in farm prices for some time — particularly since current supplies of the basic farm commodities, excepting cotton, are not excessive. However, dust-storms swirling through the mid-west, the million-odd farmers on the dole, and the billion and a half tons of top-soil swept away each year through soil erosion, are ample evidence that agriculture is organically sick, apart entirely from the industrial depression that began in 1929. None but the most ostrich-minded, Pollyanna-worshipping whistler in the dark could seriously believe that a do-nothing farm policy can be persisted in for long. Even if the gay, freebooting days of the late 'twenties could be prestoed back, those were depression years for the farmer. Fettered with debt, and groaning under the double trib-

ute of selling at world prices and buying in rigged domestic markets, the farmer cannot possibly hope for more in a return of Coolidge "normalcy" than a change from the bed of the paralytic to the crutches of the cripple.

Something must be done to replace the AAA. Probably by the time this article is read a substitute agricultural program of doubtful constitutionality will have been enacted. No doubt highly polished and alluring farm planks will be carpentered by both political parties for their presidential platforms. Yet it would be wasted effort to attempt to weigh individually the many schemes that will be proposed, the varied plans for export debentures, equalization fees, price subsidies and whatnot. Simply because the issue at stake is not a question of method but of cost — that is, for how much and for what kind of relief will the nation be willing to foot the bill? Or, to put the question more bluntly, do our politicians *dare* devise a program of agricultural relief that would even be *different* in essentials from the AAA?

In the light of the Supreme Court's decision, the phrasing of that question does seem ominous. Before debating the possible cures, let us see what the diagnosis shows. To persist in bedeviling the AAA as a bit of Rooseveltian diabolism, brewed by an un-American and impractical brain-trust — as was the fashion with G. O. P. leaders before the Court's decision — is as ridiculous as maintaining that the cause of Hitlerism was the birth of an Austrian house-painter. Dictatorships are born of the chaos that precedes them. To appreciate why the AAA came into existence, and the constitutional implications involved in the struggle to devise a substitute for it, we must first chart the whirlpooling surge of post-war agrarian forces from their origins, and rehearse agriculture's abrupt commercialization and the farmer's cruel ex-

posure to the crushing impacts of revolutionary changes in productive technique, economic nationalism and big business monopoly.

One fact must be faced. Agriculture has been the Germany of our domestic Versailles, and the AAA was the Hitlerism generated by a system of injustices.

SIGNIFICANTLY it was around a multitude of small, self-sufficient farms that America's original conceptions of constitutional government revolved. Free, fertile land mothered a bristling, pioneering independence. A man had only to select a strong woman, bundle their belongings into a covered wagon, and go West where God was high above and governments far away. Mistakes could be committed and the soil abused with relative impunity, for rising land values quickly healed economic scars. Besides, if the earth turned barren and stubborn under exhaustive cropping, or if creditors grew too exacting, an unexploited, debt-free frontier beckoned beyond the horizon.

That was a century ago when the nation's population was three-fourths rural not urban, when farm homes housed handicraft factories, and rural families "lived at home." With the Homestead Act and the introduction of the reaper, simultaneously the last of the farmer's frontier heritage was signed away and his scale of operations expanded. From then on, agriculture steadily acquired new rigidities, with each generation becoming more firmly enmeshed in the evolving industrial and commercial mosaic. Before 1850 the agricultural picture was one of rustic simplicity, unconfused by tractors, combines or automobiles, agricultural colleges, county agents or synthetic fertilizers, Liverpool prices, coöperatives or even free silverites. By 1930 the average farmer

was buying one-half his food in the market, instead of of raising it himself.

Swift as was agriculture's technical advance in the latter half of the nineteenth century, it remained for the war finally to shatter the self-sufficient farm unit—traditionally “the mainstay of American individualism.” It was as if a film unrolling at normal speed were suddenly quickened into a jumbled rush. With all Europe clamoring for food at exorbitant prices, few farmers could resist forsaking self-sufficing for more profit-promising methods. Feverishly, to purchase land at war-inflated prices and to specialize in money crops, they plunged into debt. Mortgage indebtedness more than doubled. Turned under the plough were forty million virgin acres that became “surplus” as rapidly as Old World peasants returned to their farms. And, if the anger of the gods was still unappeased, there was America's overnight conversion from a debtor to a creditor nation, and the revolution of productive technique precipitated by the development of tractors, nitrogen fertilizers and “ersatz” chemistry.

The war-inflated land bubble burst of its own speculative pressure. What the revolutionary advance in productivity that followed did, was to wipe out those fictitious war “values” permanently. Land has traditionally been the farmer's bank. Into it he has poured the sweat of his toil, the fertility of terrific, grinding thrift. Rising land values represented the interest he drew on those deposits. With the volume of land strictly limited, and the pressure of population swelling the demand for good soils, as was the case in Ricardo's day, rentals were bound to rise. But, precisely as scientific metallurgy made possible the utilization of low-grade ores, so cheap fertilizers and power machinery rendered millions of marginal acres

potentially productive. Abruptly the farmer's savings — the fertility that he had accumulated in his land through years of thrift — were reduced to the value of the cheap printing-press fertility turned out by the chemist and technician.

Of more far-reaching significance, since it was now physically possible to elevate the productivity of even the most marginal soils to a par with the best, prices replaced land supply as the determinant of production. Whether or not a particular plot of ground would be cultivated depended now upon whether or not the price level warranted the capital investment required to make that soil productive. A price level geared to guarantee wartime land values was obviously doomed as a mechanism for regulating production and preventing the accumulation of ruinous surpluses. Specifically, twelve cent cotton meant an inevitable expansion of competitive production abroad, for at that price the natural advantages of the South could be overcome with ease.

Thus the commercialization and industrialization of agriculture had two revolutionary results. By drastically reducing the differential superiority between good and bad lands, the 1920 mortgage debt of almost eight billions was rendered impossible of repayment. Second, by elevating capital and equipment to a position of primary importance in the farm economy, the farmer's economic existence was made inescapably dependent upon prices. Done for was the era of speculative rises in land values. Henceforth, farm prosperity, like that of any commercial enterprise, would depend upon annual profits.

The disastrous impact of a revolutionary productivity upon a capital structure rooted in the shifting sands of scarcity land values and already tottering from war excesses, with the consequent failure of orthodox deflation,

is the root of all our agrarian ills. For agriculture to have thrived commercially, to have adjusted itself to the post-war price collapse, and to have kept pace with the steady rationalizations in production, a financial structure permitting the swift write-off of debt and obsolescence and the easy purging of the marginal producer was essential. Unfortunately the farmer's transition to the new commercial world was woefully incomplete — like a Rastignac adrift in Paris, still clinging to a rustic morality.

Where factory producers could slash operating costs, curtail production and exercise some control over prices, the farmer's major costs of production were fixed charges that swelled like a sponge with each dip of the price level. He had no choice save to expand his output in the hope of reducing the unit cost, a process of adjustment that worked havoc with farm prices. Aggravating the resultant disparity between farm and industrial incomes, were the industry-weighted tariffs enacted in the immediate post-war years.

Fifty years before, such terrific deflationary forces would have made for swift adjustment. The farmer's immediate reaction would have been the same — to grow two ears of corn where one sprouted before — but his potentialities for rationalization would have been speedily exhausted. Diminishing returns would have ground out marginal producers, and the reduced supply would soon have been balanced by the quickened demand of a rising population.

In the 'twenties, however, birthrates were slackening and consumption shifting; protectionism was further reducing effective demand — while there seemed to be no limit to the extent of productive expansion possible. It was like using a bucket to bail out a cellar being flooded

by a tidal wave. From 1919 to 1927 in the United States, four million fewer persons were engaged in farming, nineteen million acres were withdrawn from cultivation and 76,000 farms abandoned to weeds and speculators, yet production increased by 25 percent.

When a sick man fails to purge his system of waste materials, the poisons spread, infecting hitherto healthy organs, and complications ensue. Similarly the inability to rid agriculture of marginal producers dragged farm returns wholly out of line with industrial costs. As the farmer's share of the national income dwindled steadily from 18.5 percent in 1919 to 11.1 percent in 1925 and 7.8 percent in "prosperous" 1929, the economic existence of even the most efficient farmers was menaced and the pressure for protectionism swelled ominously.

As early as 1925 the slogan "protection for all, or protection for none" was heard in the Mid-West. Threats to reduce the tariff, however, were made solely to scare industrialists into supporting some measure of farm relief. Not only was the significance of this country's conversion from a debtor to a creditor nation still unappreciated, but there was the stubborn economic fact that farmers dared not contemplate a reduction of their debt-paying power. Lower industrial costs would not ease their burden of fixed charges. If debts were to be paid, only higher prices could afford relief. And higher prices in the post-war world meant intensified protectionism. In just that fact lies the essential contradiction of the New Deal. So long as higher prices remains the administration's goal, lower tariffs are impossible.

What made this quest for higher farm prices so tragic was that almost every major nation made a similar choice, and all in the face of a revolutionary heightening of productivity. Everywhere the immediate post-war

years brought a disparity between farm and industrial prices, and everywhere, instead of tariffs being lowered, protectionism was expanded to include agricultural products. If domestically the spur came from the fear of reducing the debt-paying power of the farmer, internationally the major cause was a parallel mania for maintaining the balance of payments and preventing the derangement of national currencies and price levels. To pay war debts and reparations, debtor nations had to restrict imports, expand exports or do both. Significantly it was Germany that inaugurated the post-war trend towards agricultural protectionism in 1925. The following year, Mussolini, who had seen the lira tumble because of a bad wheat crop that necessitated excessive imports, launched his Battle of Wheat.

Since there were too many farmers in the world, partly because of the war-time expansion of overseas acreage and partly because of the advance in productive technique, for one nation to adopt protectionist measures automatically aggravated the plight of unprotected farmers. Efficient producers were unspared, for the struggle for existence was not of individuals within a freely competitive international economy but of national agricultures, of the European peasant system versus the new overseas machine technique. With the collapse of grain prices in 1929, the agrarian war assumed a more violent phase. As nation after nation scrambled to maintain domestic farm prices above ruinous world levels, tariff retaliations, both industrial and agricultural, resulted and the sweep of nationalism gathered force.

A few facts will illustrate the completeness of this breakdown of orthodox deflation. Ten years after the war, 67 million more acres were being cultivated; from 1923 to 1931 world wheat stocks mounted by 90 percent; while

the mortgage indebtedness of the American farmer actually continued to increase until 1928. Some reduction was effected in succeeding years, but by 1932 mortgage interest due was still 210 percent of the pre-war index while farm prices had dropped to 37 percent of the 1913 level. Translated, those figures meant that after twelve years of agricultural depression the farmer's mortgage load was still four times too heavy for the prices he was receiving. Three-quarters of his indebtedness could be written off, and then — and only then — would agriculture have shown a profit at prevailing prices.

What such a terrific write-off of farm indebtedness (i. e. capital) would have done to the credit structure of the country is revealed in Iowa mortgage studies of the State Agricultural College. From 1925 to 1930 the reduction in mortgage indebtedness was effected principally at the expense of second and third mortgages, with first mortgages remaining comparatively untouched. By 1930 the liquidation of these junior mortgages was fairly complete.

With the violent drop of farm prices in 1931, first mortgages took the center of the stage. Roughly three-quarters of these foreclosures were accounted for by insurance companies, Federal Land Banks and joint stock land banks. In 1925 this group had held only 17 percent of the foreclosures. Obviously from 1925 to 1931 a very fundamental shift had taken place in the mortgage situation. Where the earlier liquidation of indebtedness had been concerned principally with junior mortgage claims of *private investors*, by 1931 the basic values upon which the nation's *financial institutions* rested, were imperilled. It had become a crisis not of creditors versus debtors, but of credit institutions; not of individuals within the system but of the system itself.

That the equilibrium between farm and industrial prices which prevailed before the war could not be restored through laissez-faire deflation was admitted by Republicans as early as 1929 when the Federal Farm Board was created. The Hawley-Smoot tariff was an even more vicious defiance of orthodox economics. By impeding the payment of international debts, it aggravated the financial difficulties of debtor nations, forcing them to intensify their efforts to reduce imports, expand exports, or both. As the glut of exportable surpluses mounted, domestic and world prices see-sawed apart, spurring domestic production anew and making it ever more difficult for exporters to market their produce.

Thus, ironically, the world-wide attempt to maintain domestic farm prices above world levels that was launched in 1929, served only to force prices ever lower, to perpetuate the marginal producer and to spread the poisons of disparity and uneconomic production. In some countries like Italy and Germany, artificially high grain prices disrupted livestock production; elsewhere as in France, production was spurred to such an extent that traditionally grain-deficit nations found themselves burdened with unmarketable surpluses; while in the United States and Danubian countries, price-supporting meant the loss of foreign markets. But everywhere, the net result of these efforts to keep farmers producing at a loss was the dissipation of capital that normally would have been invested in more remunerative enterprises. And everywhere the spread of economic waste was paralleled by the expansion of government intervention, by the "planned" taxation of Peter to subsidize Paul.

The significance — and danger — of this almost unconscious shift from laissez-faire to "planned" government intervention is ably summarized by the Inter-

national Institute of Agriculture in its report on the agricultural situation in 1932.

The advent of planning is nothing short of the beginning of a new economic era in which equilibrium, hitherto the idle goal of the competitive system, always striven for, yet never achieved, becomes the cornerstone of an economic structure carefully planned in advance.

Yet with the only exception of Russia . . . planning is not . . . being adopted with . . . some deliberate scheme of reconstruction (in mind) but is being forced upon both governments and producers by their critical conditions. . . . Unless and until some of the problems created by the transition to a planned economy find a satisfactory solution, the reverse (to a higher standard of living) is more likely and standards of life will be lowered as compared with those under the competitive system.

ON THE basis of this diagnosis of our agricultural ills, it is possible to disagree violently with the nostrums suggested by New Dealers — but certainly not for reasons advanced by Republicans. G. O. P. leaders persisted in condemning the AAA as a malicious, Moscow-minded assault upon American institutions, and Roosevelt as a would-be dictator intent upon regimenting the farmer to satisfy a knavish craving for power. Yet if any criticism could have been leveled at Roosevelt with ample justification, it would have been that his New Deal resembled too much the old; that the AAA savored too strongly of the Federal Farm Board; that instead of retracing the muddling steps of Hoover, he followed along in the same direction — albeit with greater courage and speed.

Basically the cause of our farm crisis is agriculture's shift from a self-sufficient to a commercial base, a transition that has been evolving steadily ever since the signing

of the Homestead Act and the introduction of the horse reaper. One possible alternative would be to restore the farmer to his pre-Civil War self-sufficiency, to the half-slave, half-serf economy that was shattered by the rise of northern industrialism. Unless Republicans wish to undertake this task of turning the clock back a hundred years, they must recognize the significance of agriculture's commercialization, namely that the farmer's economic existence has been rendered inescapably dependent upon prices, and that it is around prices that any program of relief must center.

Now a "prices" solution, whatever its form, can mean only the establishment of a price level that will regulate the volume of production to insure a farm income sufficient to pay the interest due and part of the principal on the farmer's mortgage. That is, prices, production and indebtedness (or invested capital) must be brought into an equilibrium that will net the farmer an annual profit.

How is the trick to be turned? Are prices to be raised, production curtailed or indebtedness scaled down? Hoover with his Farm Board tried the first and succeeded only in aggravating the crisis. When the Board wound up its operations, after a loss of more than \$350,000,000 of the taxpayer's money, prices were lower, production greater and indebtedness reduced only slightly. Farmers had fewer foreign outlets for their surplus produce, and protectionism was intensified throughout the world.

Had Hoover dared, he probably would have supplemented his price-raising policies with crop reduction. As it was, he sought to induce cotton planters to destroy every third row voluntarily. Where the AAA differed from the Farm Board was that it provided a mechanism for effecting crop curtailment. Chiefly because of the drought, carry-overs were wiped out and prices raised

somewhat. However the limitations of production control and price raising were recognized last fall when Secretary Wallace admitted that any further rise in farm prices would have to come as a result of general business improvement. Yet, at that time, the conditions for a sound, efficient agriculture were still lacking. Marginal producers had been given a new lease on life, competitive production abroad had been spurred by artificially high prices, while nationalism and big business monopoly never seemed so strongly entrenched.

Clearly the key to a balanced national agriculture lies in the reduction of farm indebtedness and the elimination of the marginal producer. Price tinkering and crop destruction can be defended as emergency measures, but a sound rural economy cannot be reestablished until the farmer's debt load is reduced to a level that will make profitable prices low enough to discipline production and prevent the piling up of ruinous carry-overs.

In the sense that the AAA retired several million acres of sub-marginal land, reduced farm interest rates, and assisted in refinancing a small part of the nation's rural indebtedness, the New Deal recognized the vital problems of agricultural adjustment. Yet, in its major features, namely crop control and price raising, the AAA represented a compromise, a stop-gap device to postpone and dull the sharpness of the inescapable deflation that confronts American agriculture.

In the final analysis, whatever its legal form, a program of agricultural relief must fall into one of two categories. Either it tries to raise prices or to reduce debts. And there lies the dilemma of Republicans and others who would devise a substitute for the AAA. The Federal Farm Board and the experiences of every other nation that has resorted to similar price stabilization schemes,

demonstrate beyond a doubt that a program designed exclusively to raise prices encourages production and defeats itself. The only alternatives to a price-subsidy program are the essentially conservative scheme of combining with it national crop control (as in the case of the AAA), or the far more drastic program of removing probably two million farmers from the market, of retiring from production forty to one hundred million acres, and of arbitrarily writing off of from three to five billions of farm debts.

The first of these alternatives has been declared unconstitutional, while the second would obviously transgress the due process clause so sacred to Liberty Leaguers and Save-the-Constitutionalist. Southern slaveholders rejoiced when the Supreme Court nullified the Missouri Compromise, only to lose all in the bitter struggle that was precipitated by the Dred Scott decision. The voiding of the AAA compromise may prove as hollow and ruinous a "victory" for the "money" interest.

Words of Earth

JESSE STUART

The words of earth turn over from my plow.
I notice every shining mellow word
As it rolls over from my white mold-board.
You'd laugh to see the chattering black-birds
Following the furrows, picking at my words —
They understand the mellow words somehow.
Dirt words are words no printer sets to print
For they will never lie on the clean page.
Dirt words will never be the peoples' rage.
Dirt words will lie on pages of the world,
And speak through tender blossoms first unfurled
About the last of March or first of April —
When men go forth to plow the green-tendril,
Green words of earth are speaking to the world!

Who Was the First American?

EDNA MULDROW

IN SOME fields of research — economics, for instance, and medicine — the layman expects controversy; while archaeology and anthropology, those sciences of the remote past, he is inclined to view as fields of peaceful activity. Peaceful? Only to the superficial eye. Over the one question of the date of the arrival of the first man in America, the scientists have been at war for nearly a hundred years. Did he appear in 2000 B.C.? Yes, was the safe answer. The anthropologists who said that perhaps (just perhaps) he had arrived earlier than 15,000 B.C. were chastised in the scientific periodicals with such words as "quack" and "charlatan," and if they stood their ground they risked their reputations.

Within the past year a discovery has been made which will go far to restore the professional standing of men who during the last seventy-five years have gone down in disgrace for their belief in the antiquity of man in America. In 1935 J. D. Figgins, until a few weeks ago Director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, located through his agent, J. C. McKinley, near Folsom, N. M., a human skeleton identical in degree of fossilization with bison bones known to date from the glacial age, which closed more than 12,000 years before our era. These are the first human remains to be offered in proof of the existence of the mysterious first man to inhabit America.

This man has been definitely known to archaeologists only since 1926. In that year nineteen lance points of a design unique among all primitive flint cultures, were found near Folsom, New Mexico, in a deposit containing the remains of thirty flat-horned bison, a species extinct in

our era. This discovery was the first episode in the complete revision of the conceptions concerning the antiquity of man in America. It reversed all previous theories of the problem, and put scientists of that field into the position of historians who might turn up indisputable evidence that Columbus discovered America not in 1492, but in 800 A.D.

After the Folsom discovery, archæologists ceased to look for traces of primitive art only in geologic levels of recent times, 3000 B.C. and later, but extended their explorations into strata laid down during the recession of the last great glacier, twelve, fifteen, or twenty thousand years ago.

This first American, called "Folsom man" from the place of his discovery, made a sensational entrance on the scientific scene, and he remains the most baffling subject in American archæology. After ten years of search, science does not yet know much about him, nor can it explain satisfactorily how he might appear in America at a time when the northern hemisphere was wrapped in an immense ice sheet; or why he later vanished, leaving no trace.

Yet these questions are no more distracting than the story of Folsom man's inch-meal discovery. Before 1926, conservative anthropologists, scientists who concern themselves with man and his environment, believed that man did not appear in America until about 2000 B.C. The man of this date was the Basket Maker, whose culture was so archaic that he did not know the bow and arrow or the art of pottery, who cooked by dropping hot stones into stew contained in the closely woven baskets that have given him his name. The Basket Maker first dwelt in the caves of New Mexico and Nevada — at about the time when Abraham led three hundred and eighteen

men into Canaan, when Hammurabi, the Semite, established himself in Babylon, when Ur fell, when Egypt was ruled by the twelfth dynasty, about seven hundred fifty years before Tutankhamen. In England, neolithic peoples were burying their dead in dolmens (table-shaped tombs formed of large rough stone blocks). In Crete the Minoans were building their vast palaces. The Basket Maker, the contemporary of these old civilizations, lived about six thousand years after the last glacial period had ended.

Scientists agreed that with the end of the glacial or Pleistocene period (15,000 or 20,000 years ago), came the disappearance of all the giants of the Pleistocene—the Imperial elephant, the giant sloth, the antique, the occidental and the flat-horned bison, the Texas horse, and the Camelops, although there was no definite line of demarcation. But had these giants of the ice age shared the American continent with man? There the scientific world split in two. For seventy-five years paleontologists, who deal with all forms of life as revealed in fossils, have been open-minded about the possibility that man and these extinct beasts dwelt together on the American Plains. In their removal of fossils, they often met such evidence. Anthropologists, on the other hand, concerned as they were only with the relics of man, found less ground for believing in this possibility. There were no monuments nor tenements left by any glacial man, no vast burial places for anthropologists to excavate. Accordingly, they refused to credit any of the forty-two discoveries made by paleontologists between 1846 and 1926 that indicated this co-existence.

They insisted that man in America could reach no great antiquity since no bones exhibiting primitive characteristics, such as the Neanderthal, the Piltdown, the

Galley Hill, the Rhodesian man in the Old World, had been found. Before Figgins's discovery, in America every human bone unearthed in associations with glacial animals might have belonged to a modern type. The anthropologists reasoned that if the animals of the glacial age developed into new species or became extinct, any man of the glacial age should have done so likewise.

And then, in June 1926, Frank M. Figgins and Carl Schwachheim, working under J. D. Figgins who was then Director of the Colorado Museum, while digging out skeletons of the flat-horned bison from a high mountain arroyo near Folsom, found beneath their feet, in the rubble from their excavations, a finely chiseled point. It was of dolomite, a dark, reddish brown, of a workmanship rarely equaled. The flat-horned bison was supposed to have been extinct ten thousand years before man entered America. Yet that javelin point, among bison bones, was evidence that man had killed the bison and must therefore have been contemporary with the bison. But the point was already loosened from its matrix. Figgins and Schwachheim knew that the "die-hard" anthropologists would never believe that it came out with the excavated material. They would have to show that the point had an actual connection with the bones of a prehistoric animal, that it had killed or wounded the living beast. The two men had had this proof under their hands a few minutes before, but now it was too late.

Director J. D. Figgins had coached Figgins and Schwachheim in what they should do in case they made such a discovery. So, at the sight of the flint, they communicated with Figgins. Then, the three made up their minds that if it was possible they would find another point and would find it in place.

They worked from June until the end of the season

before they located a second point. This, too, in spite of all their care, had been loosened before it was found. It seemed as if an artifact *in situ* was impossible to obtain. Then the digging tool struck hard upon a triangular fragment, one-fourth by three-fourths inch in size, wedged in by bison bones, a rib, a toe-bone, and an atlas, the vertebra that supports the skull. They removed bones and all in a block. In the laboratory they cleared away the débris. And, most amazingly, the fragment proved the original position of the second point. The red streaks that crossed the gray background of the second point matched perfectly the streaks on the fragment which had been found *in situ*. Director Figgins was so sure that he had at last proved the co-existence of the flat-horned bison and man that he spent the next winter in the East, carrying his trophies from museum to museum.

He was no more welcome than his forty-two predecessors. "Our shelves exhibit points like these," museum officials pointed out, "and our records show no such association. Some recent Indians have buried a cache of arrowheads in the bison material. Maybe a landslide mixed old material with new."

In vain Figgins protested that the anthropologists' records, so called, were sketchily incomplete descriptions, such as "surface find," and that the Folsom stratum, where the flint had been discovered, gave no indication of having been disturbed since ancient man had stacked the bison there.

"A find cannot be authenticated," his opponents insisted, "until three unprejudiced anthropologists of unimpeachable reputations see the artifact in place."

Unprejudiced! Director Figgins was discouraged. It was plain that his eastern associates classed him with others they had called "charlatans," "vultures," "shy-

sters," "harpies," "swindlers," "quacks," and other archæological billingsgate. It was, moreover, too much to expect the deposit to yield further evidence. Out of all the museum officials that Figgins approached, Dr. Barnum Brown, of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, was the only one willing to risk his professional standing by joining the Colorado Museum in further investigation.

The next digging season, the combined parties removed several points but none in direct contact with the bones. It was not until late in August that they found a point lodged between two bison ribs. Before it was completely uncovered, Figgins notified Doctor Brown and wired all important museums, asking that they send representatives to witness the removal of this bit of evidence. The Smithsonian was the only institution that responded! It had a worker, Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., attending the Southwest Archæological Conference at Pecos, New Mexico, and instructed him to go to Folsom.

When Roberts arrived, he was so impressed that he called Dr. A. V. Kidder, preëminent archæologist of the Southwest. It was thus that Figgins obtained his "three unprejudiced men." But he had done more. He had convinced three of the canniest workers in the United States. They became his champions. Brown and Roberts reported favorably on the find before the American Anthropological Association the next winter.

Even with this backing, the anthropologists were not persuaded. They said an earthquake or an avalanche had thrown two deposits together. They commandeered a whole series of uplifts and subsidences. They even said that the arroyo wall had been used as a target by later Indians! To them, anything was more plausible than the existence of glacial man.

Again, in 1928, the American and Colorado Museums were at the site. Again they struck pay dirt. Again they wired for representatives from all important museums. This time the response was cordial and swift. Once on the ground, the skeptics became enthusiasts. Figgins was vindicated. Early American man was admitted as a probability. He was named "Folsom man" after the location that had proved his existence.

Eventually, nineteen blades were discovered imbedded with thirty bison, testifying to a big kill ten to fifteen thousand years ago. A large proportion of the skeletons, it was revealed, lacked tailbones, presumably removed when the animals had been skinned. Here was another indication of the handiwork of man, for only man skins his prey.

But the anthropologists had still a trick or two in reserve. They now declared that if Folsom man dated with the prehistoric bison, then the bison had lived to a later period. Rather than admit glacial man, they would change all the other dates.

In 1932, E. B. Howard of the Philadelphia Academy settled that. He found a Folsom point four feet below a Basket Maker burial in the Guadalupe Mountains, and with the point were charcoal and the split bones of a musk-ox. It indicated that centuries before the Basket Maker, man and musk-ox had lived together on the fringe of a glacier that spread from the Rocky highlands into southern New Mexico. No one had quite the nerve to assert that the musk-ox had remained in this region after the retreat of the ice. A man in America at the time the last ice sheet was rolling northward was accepted.

But that did not clear the air. If man was here at this time, how did he arrive? He could not have crossed Bering Strait, even if the fifty-mile water gap were land,

for to get to the isthmus he must then have crossed two thousand miles of glacial ice in Asia, and as much again in North America, to reach habitable land. Such an exploratory tour would have been impossible.

He must then have come at a time when the ice temporarily had receded, during the interglacial period. But that was hundreds of thousands of years ago. That would mean that in America there were men capable of chipping beautiful laurel-leaf flints at a time when in Europe man had reached no higher than the brutish Neanderthal, capable of only crudest stone work. This seemed as improbable as the four-thousand-mile journey over ice and snow.

Folsom man couldn't have crossed the ice. Yet he was here before the ice had fully retreated. He couldn't have come in the last interglacial period. He wasn't that primitive. How then did he get here? Science had to find a route, a boat, or a new home for man. She chose the route as the most likely. Dr. Ernst Antevs supplied it with his weather chart of the past. Doctor Antevs is an exact scientist, working in an exacting medium. He knows the weather of the past as well as if aboriginal man had kept a weather record.

His record is the one made through the ages by the alternate freeze and thaw at the southern edge of an ice sheet. During the summer a glacier melts, releasing quantities of coarse gravel it has gouged out of the foundation rock. This gravel is carried a short distance by the river that in summer flows from beneath a glacier to a lake that stands in front of the ice, and is deposited on the lake floor. During the winter, both glacier and lake freeze. Beneath the ice of the lake, the fine silt held in suspension by the lake water settles slowly to the lake bottom, forming a thin layer of very fine sediment.

Thus, a cross-section of an old lake floor is made up of alternate layers of fine silt and coarse gravel. These layers are called "varves." If the winter is mild, the silt layer is proportionately thin; if the summer is long and sultry, the gravel layer is proportionately thick; and vice versa. By finding enough lake-floor cross sections and matching varve to varve in the successive lakes that follow in the wake of a retreating glacier, Antevs has dated, year by year, the last great glacier, from its present location in Northern Canada to as far south as New York, Cincinnati, Madison, St. Paul, and Des Moines, where it turned northward into the Dakotas to meet the Rocky Mountain glaciers near Edmonton in Alberta.

He found that twelve to twenty thousand years ago, a warmer climate set in. The Edmonton rift melted like a line of fracture in an ice cube. A migration corridor opened northward from Edmonton into unglaciated Central Alaska, the basin of the Yukon. At the same time, the warmer weather melted the great glacier in Northern Siberia so that it deserted the shores of Okhotsk Sea within the arm of the Kamchatkan Peninsula, leaving a long narrow corridor between the sea and the Stanovoi range to the west.

Coincidentally, a migratory urge stirred the tribes of Central Asia. Perhaps it was the result of the milder climate; perhaps it was from overpopulation caused by the crowding together of animals and men during the era of ice. At any rate, a superior culture swept westward into Europe, where it climaxed in the Solutrean, the horse-eaters, whose discovery site at Solutré, France, gives its name to a characteristic flint technique. And at about the same time it appeared in America — the Folsom type.

In Asia, when the snows began to melt, this migratory

man must have pressed upon the retreating glacier and gained the plains of what is now Kamchatka Province, bordering the Bering and Okhotsk Seas. Moving ever to new game fields, he eventually entered Chukots Peninsula, where it nearly touches Alaska. There he sighted the shore of Bering at a line one hundred feet lower than it is today. So it is likely that the first American crossed Bering on land now under the sea, and built his first home on part of the continental shelf now submerged. On Kodiak Island Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, America's anthropological wizard, thinks he has found the remains of such a settlement, accidentally on higher ground.

If this man moved up into the Yukon region, his trace is still frozen tight in the ice and muck of some river terrace as yet unlocated. Yet it seems that he must have made some such move, or he would never have reached the tundras of the lower Mackenzie swollen from its burden of melting snow. For a thousand years, maybe two, maybe four thousand, he tracked the upper reaches of the northward flowing stream, made portage to the Peace that drains Alberta and British Columbia; and so from lake to lake he drifted south to more and more pleasant lands, following the herds of musk-ox that hovered under the eaves of the ice.

He entered the High Plains, a hollow trough puddled by lakes. To the northeast, ice wastes stretched as far as Labrador. To the west, mountain valleys were choked with flowing ice and snow. But between was a land teeming with wild life. In the jungle at the lake edges, the Imperial elephant trumpeted defiance to the newcomer. On the higher veldt flourished the Texas horse, the eight-foot camel, the flat-horned bison; in the caves, the giant sloth. And over all the district Folsom man hunted, leaving his distinctive spear point in every state of the Plains.

region. There they are found today, in deep canyon crevices, on the surface where they have been whipped out of the soil by the terrific western winds, in the beds of the sand-choked waterways, strataless and therefore ageless.

This javelin point is the one indisputable evidence of Folsom man's existence. It gauges the mental superiority of its inventor; its superb workmanship, the steady strength and true eye of its makers. It is the identifying mark of a man who except for this one achievement would have been lost to posterity.

It is unique in primitive manufacture. No other people in all the world have ever evolved one like it. The shape is that of the laurel-leaf, the sides parallel, and the tip gently tapering in a rounded curve to the point. It has perfect lateral balance, for down the center of each face is a longitudinal groove so that the flint might be slipped into a socket made by splitting the end of a bamboo dart. All other peoples mount points by tying them to the side of the fore-shaft.

The flaking is as outstanding as the design. The blocking is bold and sure, the retouch minute and even. In fact, the technique rivals Europe's finest, the Solutrean, which it resembles. In common with the Danish and the Egyptian of 2000 to 3000 b.c., the Folsom workman left stone knives sculptured in diagonal grooves laid down as regularly and evenly as boards in a floor. The grooves may be an inch and three-fourths long. Imagine gouging out trenches of flint by the steady strength of the fingers. It is almost unbelievable. Its accomplishment is an art lost to man.

The new inhabitant of the Plains, thus superlatively armed, prospered. High under extinct Capulin he killed thirty buffalo, skinned them, and left the carcasses to freeze and rot. At Russell Springs, Kansas, he left five.

He left a point still imbedded in the vertebra of a giant bison at Fort Collins, Colorado. The point undoubtedly caused the death of the animal. He dragged a dead Camelops into a cave shelter in the Oklahoma Panhandle and left a point with it. Close by, he left a cache of five four-edged knives on an old winter campsite. He mined his "flint" from dolomite quarries six or eight miles north of Amarillo, Texas. Near Dent, Colorado, and near Angus, Nebraska, he slew the massive elephant.

Did he daub his skin in barbaric design, or incise on rock, bone, hide, or some other transitory medium his symbols, his art? Perhaps. At any rate, some ancient Folsom woman dropped her duffle-bag in an ancient swamp near Fort Collins, Colorado. From the place, Roberts retrieved a palette — a rounded stone saucer — and an abundance of gravers — irregularly shaped flints with sharp points.

The home of Folsom families, except for Howard's cave in the Guadalupes, was an open hearth, a fire in a clearing surrounded by teepees or hogans of some unenduring material. The sites where such homes have been are near Clovis, New Mexico, near Boise City, Oklahoma, near Abilene, Texas.

Accidental death overtook one member of the clan, eight miles east of Folsom at a site that is now a bank of the Cimarron river — Figgins's 1935 discovery. The skull is decidedly pre-modern, and most resembles the Brunn and Predmost skulls of Moravia, the large-headed, big-faced mammoth-eaters of Central Europe, who represent one phase of the Solutrean culture and an off-shoot of the Cro-Magnon race.

Descendants of the Folsom people spread east of the Rockies into every state of the United States and into every province of Southern Canada, leaving a derivative

and degenerate point, a more generalized, less precise one.

And there the story ends. Where did they go, these superior men armed by superior javelins? No man knows. There is a great archæological blank of eight to ten thousand years between the exquisite blade of the Folsom man and the uninterrupted genealogy of the Basket Maker. Did some great calamity sweep away the first American, and with him his giant contemporaries? The huge vegetarians of the glacial age died out in their racial prime, not, as might be expected, when advancing ice crowded them south but when retreating ice released them to new pastures. The reason for it is as much a mystery as the disappearance of Folsom man.

Did a new migrant, some fierce Tartar from the Asiatic steppes, swing down from the north and annihilate his predecessor? Or did Folsom man simply forget the flint tradition of his fathers and adopt the lateral fastening and point of that newcomer? Or did he merely adapt and adapt his point until its changes are lost in the archæological maze? Six camp-sites and one skeleton are not enough evidence for any definite conclusion. Will some hearth as yet undiscovered make plain what we now see only darkly?

Will the clue be a Solutrean point in some ancient rubbish heap in a frozen land? Or will it be a point whence both Solutrean and Folsom were derived? What upheaval in mid-Asia started both these wanderers? What ancient feud or terror split that first small world, and sent one stream moving westward into Europe and the other simultaneously north and east into America? By what slow route? From what first, most ancient source did he come, this first American? These are some of the mysteries which modern archæologists have yet to solve.

A Common Ground for Peace

DAVID FIGART

THE charge of oversimplification may too easily dissuade us from facing disagreeable facts. As we review the various movements for military and economic peace throughout the world, the one thing that stands out is the lack of any clear-cut principle on which a lasting peace could be based. Far from assuming that there must be a community of interest somewhere on which we could get together, statesmen and diplomats have neglected even to search for such a community of interest.

The first problem we are up against is that God, for reasons we cannot understand, saw fit to people this earth with men of different colors and different beliefs, involving the existence of nationalism of varying degrees of intensity. Of course, there is a sound and laudable basis for preserving and advancing the interests of a homogeneous group of people. America has been a melting pot, but this was in spite of national loyalties, not because of them. Political and economic oppression abroad forced the emigration which gave rise to the birth and growth of America.

While the autocrats of history have frequently exploited their peoples, today all governments of civilized nations avow a purpose of increasing the general welfare of the governed. In monarchial England, as in republican America, individual welfare occupies itself with individual liberty. In Soviet Russia, in Fascist Italy, in Nazi Germany, the leaders hold the individual liberty incompatible with individual welfare. Yet we know the goal in each instance is essentially the same — a rising living-standard for the individual. This suggests that here, per-

haps, is a real common denominator, a starting point from which to seek a common solution to some of the world's problems.

There is no need to examine the legacies of the war to determine how many injustices they involved. It is sufficient to note that many participants in that war believe that gross injustices ensued, and now seek to right them. A common form of this striving is expansion — the taking of more territory to meet so-called "pressure of population," the acquisition of sources of raw material supplies, the forcing open of world markets.

One example of this is Japan. Having annexed Formosa, Korea and Manchuria, she seeks still more. But if the possession of these countries, which Japan has never colonized and may never colonize, has not brought her prosperity, is the conquest of China, or of the East Indies, or of the Philippines, likely to do so? We can see how absurd such a premise can become when we remember that tragic depression did not pass by Britain, the world's greatest Empire, or America, the world's greatest republic — each possessing vastly rich territories containing all the resources needful to man's comfort. It takes something besides territory and raw materials to prevent poverty.

Trade follows the flag. The flag means military and naval establishments. To achieve expansion we must withdraw millions of the prime of our manhood from productive enterprise, build them into military machines, and thus make them public charges, drawing a respectable dole. How can nations increase their wealth by drastically reducing the number of men engaged in producing it?

It would be an interesting economic study to attempt to discover whether England, as a country, has really

benefited from her colonial possessions. To the cost of British-made goods sold abroad, for example, we must add the indirect costs of the British Army and Navy, and the cost of Britain's administration of her possessions. To this, add also the investment of British capital in these possessions. In terms of the welfare of the individual Englishman, apart from national pride of Empire, it seems doubtful if all this has been profitable. Perhaps there really was a "white man's burden." One wonders what would have happened had the marvelous qualities and energies of the British people been devoted from the start to the production of wealth for their own use.

Statesmen are now discussing a reapportionment of the sources of raw material supplies of the world. Perhaps they will ask England to do something about rubber and tin, or the United States to do something about oil or wheat or cotton. Just what shall we do? In peace time England is only too glad to sell all the rubber she can, and we canvass the world for markets for our cotton. Everyone wants to sell what the other fellow wants to buy. The source of supply is always safe enough in times of peace. But what guarantee can anyone give that it will be safe in time of war? Certainly no reapportionment of the world's resources will meet that situation. So long as goods are transported from one country to another, interruption of that transport remains a war hazard. Were Britain to cede Italy half the Malay Peninsula, just how long would Italy's supply of rubber and tin remain safe if these two nations became involved in war — whether they were on the same side or not?

The possession of territory alone does not guarantee a nation's safety in time of war; and no guarantee is necessary in time of peace. Nor does the possession of any amount of natural resources guarantee a nation's pros-

perity, either in war or peace. If prosperity is what we are after, if we are really sincere in wanting to increase the general welfare, it is clear we can get nowhere by reasoning in terms of preparation for war, which is destructive of wealth.

Behind some expansion policies lies the belief that expansion provides fields for profitable investment. But the question is not so simple. Obviously, when we invest money in other countries, and it is not repaid, that is not good business. But is it always good business to invest money abroad even when it *is* repaid? The problem is easier to understand if we think in terms of wealth, rather than in terms of the money used to exchange wealth. For fundamentally, we do not save money; we save goods. Our savings are registered in money, to be sure, and when goods rise in price before we spend our savings, we are actually losing some of the potential goods we had saved up. But it is still goods, or the power to buy goods, that we save. In a similar way, although banks lend in terms of money, beneath the money are the goods that the borrowed money permits us to buy. In this sense, then, banks lend goods.

So when we talk of foreign or colonial investments, while we think we are investing money, actually we are investing goods. And the only time we can really afford to invest goods abroad, is after we have satisfied our own wants at home. When the war broke out, we in America talked of idle funds for investment — though half our population was living on the verge of poverty. Today, again, our financial institutions are loaded down with idle funds, representing potential goods of some kind. Shall we seek fields for “profitable” foreign investment, with 10,000,000 of our countrymen deprived of the right to earn their daily bread?

When it comes to the question of tariffs versus free trade, not many would argue against free trade in theory. If it is good business to trade with a man so long as he is on one side of an artificial line, why should it be bad business to trade with him the moment he steps over the line? That, of course, does not make sense. And once you draw the line, you need guards posted along it to protect it, a complex government bureaucracy to administer it, and armies and navies to back up the government. This wholesale withdrawal of men from productive enterprise naturally depresses the general standard of living — though the theory of the artificial line is to raise it.

We have attributed our own prosperity in past years to the possession of natural resources. The impact of the greatest depression in our history, bringing poverty because of overabundance, has stunned us into the realization that something is terribly needed besides natural resources. Yet we unquestionably possess the basis for a real prosperity. What have we that Europe does not have? An area in Europe equal to the United States would include raw materials, industrial equipment, and skilled labor comparable in amount to that of our own country. If we concede, for illustration, that the living standard here has generally been higher than in Europe, it must follow that it is less attributable to the one tariff around our borders than to the lack of multitudinous tariffs within our borders. Would the most extreme protectionist advocate the cutting up of the United States into a score of political units, each bounded by tariff barriers? And the organizing of a score of armies and government bureaucracies to administer and protect them? If this is true of North America, what particular circumstance makes it untrue of Europe?

Let us examine the alleged need for tariffs. We, here in

America, hold the economic belief that high wages result in low costs because they stimulate the best efforts of the workers. Even the depression has not seriously shaken this belief. If it is correct, why do we need tariff barriers against low-wage countries? As a matter of fact, it is often the other way round. England, with a lower wage rate than America, erects tariff barriers against American goods. India, with a lower wage rate than England, erects barriers against British goods. If we feel the pinch of competition from low-wage countries, it is probably because of unwise management of our own industries — over-capitalization, cut-throat competition with all its accompanying evils — all of which means extravagant distribution costs, and less ability to compete with foreign imports. Hence the demand for tariff protection in a country where tariff protection may not be in the least essential.

There are, of course, instances where tariffs are necessary; but cost of production, or price, would not seem to be the proper basis for determining what such tariffs should be. Cost, for example, is a matter of juggling figures. Books can be kept in such a way that costs will be high or low. Management may pay low wages and compensate labor through profit-sharing. Or it may pay high wages and show no profit at all. In the first instance, the cost of production is low; in the second instance it is high. Yet the same labor has been employed, with the same degree of efficiency. This shows why international trade relations cannot be built on such arbitrary and artificial foundations as price and cost.

To fix tariffs intelligently we need some measure of efficiency — such as "man-hours of production." If a foreign country can produce a certain article with less of our "man-hours" than we can, then it is distinctly to our

advantage to import that article, and devote our own labor to channels in which we are more efficient. But if an American manufacturer can produce this article with the same or less labor, we are justified in excluding the foreign-made article, even though its price may be less at the moment.

Here again our habit of thinking in terms of money instead of goods traps us into economic fallacies. It would seem that if we can buy an imported article for less money than a domestic article, we stand to gain — even though the imported article may have been produced much less efficiently. We overlook the fact that the price of an American-made article sold to the American public is important only insofar as it represents efficiency in production. As a spur to increased efficiency, lowering prices serves a good end. But otherwise it has no real significance, since price to the consumer is only the reverse of wage to the producer — meaning by “wage” the combined remuneration of labor, management and capital. The gross sales (or turnover) of any business — whether the unit prices of the products sold be high or low — go first to pay labor and management, and then accrue to stockholders to be paid out in dividends or put to reserves. So that if an American-made article is priced higher than a similar foreign-made article produced with equal efficiency, it simply means that the American labor engaged in producing the article is paid better for its work and has a relatively higher purchasing power. So long as we must have tariffs of some sort, they should be based on efficiency of production, not on price or cost.

Now, while the primary object of levying tariffs against unfair foreign imports is to protect our own standards of living — and as a nation we have as much right to protect our citizens as we have individually to

protect our families — yet the consequences of an apparently selfish policy like this might well be extremely beneficial to the nations at which it was directed. In the first place, if such a policy leads to greater prosperity within our borders, as it should, it would mean an increased ability to buy the goods we want from other countries. In the second place, the closing of our market to under-priced foreign-made goods must inevitably lead to the development of their own home markets. In other words, the goods that other nations would force on us below their real value, with economic loss to themselves, they would now seek to distribute at home. To their people would be restored the right to consume the goods they themselves produced. The result would be a higher standard of living. We have had a striking example of this in the case of Great Britain, whose position in the export trade is traditional. With forced readjustments after the war, we find her experiencing a marked industrial recovery through the simple expedient of sharing with her own people the goods she formerly sent abroad — “broadening the home market,” it is called.

We are told that we must build up our export trade, and there is some justice in this contention. But what kind of export trade should we build? It was reported not long ago that a leading manufacturer of American motor cars was selling his products at a loss in Canada. German steel manufacturers export their products to other countries at a loss. In terms of money, this may not look so serious; we are, in fact, accustomed to it. But consider its significance in terms of goods instead of money. The sole justification for any American manufacturer being in business is to bring together capital, labor and management in such a way as to produce wealth for the American people. The manufacturer is a trustee of our welfare.

If his efforts create a certain quantity of wealth in an efficient manner, and distribute this wealth for consumption to the community, he is fulfilling his trust. But if he should arbitrarily take a portion of that wealth and donate it to the people of some other country, it is clear that he would not be fulfilling his trust. But that is exactly what happens when an American automobile manufacturer sells cars in Canada at a loss. That is what happens when any American firm sells abroad at a loss.

Doing business at a loss anywhere is not only unfair to the local community, where the products are made, but it is unfair to the community where the products are sold. It is not fair to British motor car manufacturers for American manufacturers to ship cars to the British market and sell them at a loss, because this disrupts the British industrial system. If we reverse this situation, and consider the effect of British manufacturers selling their products in America at a loss, competing unfairly with our own factories, we get the significance quickly enough. Delegations of our manufacturers would soon be hot-footing it to Washington to file their demands for tariff protection.

On the other hand, if Britain can produce certain kinds of goods more efficiently than we can, or of higher quality, it is simply wasting our own energies to combat this natural ability, and it is uneconomic to place any barriers to trade of this kind. In following a policy dictated by our own self-interest, we are at the same time helping British labor by providing a market for their products. This principle is true whether it applies to manufactured goods or raw materials, and regardless of geographical setting. The only possible justification for fostering uneconomic industries is to make a nation self-contained in the event of war; but that violates the premise of our discussion.

So now we find that, as Americans, we are harmed if

our manufacturers sell at a loss to other countries products made by our own labor; and at the same time we find such trade harms the peoples of those countries where the products are sold. If that is true of us, it is equally true of the British, of the Japanese, or of any other nationality. We inevitably reach the principle that for any country to sell its products to other countries at a loss is fundamentally wrong; and what is wrong should be stopped.

The real significance of this problem of international trade — and international relations depend upon trade — is how it affects the action of individual citizens of the countries concerned. It is clear from the foregoing analysis that if the individual American manufacturer, or British manufacturer, or Japanese manufacturer, fulfilled his obligations to his own community by producing goods efficiently and distributing them to those entitled to consume them, the problem of unfair competition in international trade could not arise. And instead of obstacles of all kinds being thrown in the way of the smooth exchange of goods internationally, such an exchange would find itself fostered by every possible means.

What shall we in America do about this? Shall we build up our army and navy, and then call disarmament conferences to force Britain or Japan or Germany to reconstruct their internal economy to meet our demands? What would be our chances of success? Or shall we reconstruct our own internal economy, in justice to our own citizens, and show our neighbors by example how it pays to do this?

This is not so difficult as it would appear, since the key to effective action is the close control exercised over our industrial system through the great corporations. We are apt to think of the farmer as the strength of the country — and in the sense that he feeds the country, that is true.

But the smooth running of a modern industrial society depends on industry, not on the farmer. So long as factories are working, and men are employed making goods, those goods have to be transported, bought and sold, traded for farm products. Everyone is busy. But when the factories start laying off men, production of goods falls off and transport, buying and selling, and the demand for farm products are all curtailed.

Any business man will tell you that he is in business to make profits; but as a matter of curious fact a great deal of the world's business is done without much regard for profits. Corporate management is oftentimes dominated by motives entirely divorced from community welfare — corporate or personal aggrandizement, industrial jealousies. Of course, business men indulging in warfare of this kind always hope to profit from it some day after their competitors are driven out of business — but the trouble is that competitors will not be driven out without a fight, and the policy often ends by being mutually destructive. Meanwhile, large amounts of the community's savings, held in trust by corporate management in the form of surplus or reserves or working capital, are wilfully destroyed in the process.

If business men — whether they be American, or German, or Japanese, or any other nationality — are compelled to do business at a profit, we will be well on the way to solving not only the world's economic problems, but its political problems as well. For a profitable business means a business whose policies are formulated with the welfare of the community in mind, else the community will not support the business by buying at profitable prices. The simplest way to make business profitable is to deprive corporate management of its arbitrary control over surplus profits, compelling the dividend or

similar distribution of the surplus (above legal earmarked reserves) to the community which made the surplus possible and where its real ownership is vested. Then business men, without vast reserves of the community's savings to fall back upon, would be deprived of the privilege of engaging in uneconomic warfare at home or abroad. Yet the field for wise and constructive leadership would remain wide open to those who could point to a history of earnings under their direction.

It is impossible to reason clearly unless we cease thinking in terms of money, and begin to think only in terms of goods. We can see what would happen if all the factories around us began suddenly to pile up inventories in warehouses, instead of distributing the goods to be consumed as rapidly as they were produced. Such a policy would quickly lead to general shut-downs and unemployment. But that is exactly what happens when corporate management builds up huge reserves in its balance sheet, forgetting that such reserves represent unconsumed goods and capital equipment, and not simply so many dollars of accumulated profits. Corporations do not have dollars in reserve; they have goods and plant in reserve.

What profound wisdom is contained in the old Proverb: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." Apply it to world conditions today. The more widely we scatter purchasing power, the greater will be the demand. The greater our demand, the greater will be that part of domestic production consumed at home. The more we produce to meet this demand, the greater will be our efficiency. The greater our efficiency, the less need for tariff protection. With lessening surplus to sell abroad, and with the gradual abolition of tariff barriers, there will be fewer causes for friction.

Better international relations lessen the need for armies and navies and all that goes with them. The reduction in public forces releases to productive labor those non-productive citizens who are now economic parasites on their brethren. Since wealth lies in production, increased labor to produce wealth makes increased wealth to be consumed. Growing consumption is reflected in growing demand for raw materials — whatever their source. And the reduction of barriers to international trade makes available such raw materials.

Are the nations of the world willing to sit down around the conference table and state frankly that they are out for national aggrandizement, or military glory, or "grandeur" of one kind or another, or the maintenance of the "status quo"? Or will they insist that what they really want is the welfare of their peoples? On the basis of the former premises, striving for world peace is a waste of time. On the basis of the latter premise, it will not be so difficult to reach harmony in international relationships.

But Spring is Lovelier

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

Here we shall walk, and here the early spring
Will come, looking at us like a shy child
Whose words are budded and whose slow laughter
Breaks from a tremulous, secret mirth.
With time the tenderness of brooks will sing
A deeper melody in sun and shade,
And the young grass will deepen and grow sweet
Beneath the richer garment summer wears.
But spring is lovelier, and lean and tall . . .
Hungry from winter and the winter wind,
A girl whose mouth holds back the smile it knows,
Whose arms are thin and wind-swept like new trees,
Whose hands are the first flowers after snow.
And when we look again upon her face
We shall remember some forgotten dream,
And dreaming . . . take the path along the hill.

Under the Musical Crust

JACQUES JOLAS

I HAD better admit at the outset my firm belief that the standardization of "music making" throughout this country should be smashed. The selling pressure of business interests, the million-dollar gate, the activities of great trusts of concert concerns, the insidious existence of commercial musical papers and, above all, the mistaken search of the vast majority of students for a "career" should be wiped out if music is to be permitted to take its place as a fragile art. The noisy stampeding towards making this nation "music-conscious" is not in line. Ballyhoo has no place in an art which is primarily an intimate experience. Provinces now looking toward New York for their musical wares should dig instead into their own soil, for a really musical community demonstrates its worth and value by what it can produce itself.

These thoughts and feelings spring from many years of experience — many of them wearily spent in attempting to work with the musical commerce as it is now organized in this country, and many more of them eagerly and enthusiastically spent in working with local communities where the hunger and thirst for music, as it should be, marks the beginnings of a revolt which may become (which I hope will become) nation-wide.

Suppose we look first at the commerce as it is. The life of the barn-storming musician is today still a lure to thousands of students filling the music rooms and conservatories from coast to coast. That this sort of career is a racket, intricate and pitiless, stretching its web through the salons of the great cities, studios, offices of managers, radio stations, music houses, music papers, and music

clubs seldom dawns on the student himself, nor on the influential musical hostess as she sheds her evening wrap, assorts her dinner guests, and blandly peruses the program and appraises the people around her.

The stories of the monarchs of the concert field are of all too common knowledge to the music student. Nor do the reports of the delirious audiences, special trains, and fabulous fees fail to swell the ranks of those striving for an unattainable career. Never in the history of the world have there been such huge sums devoted to the cause of music. The world has never seen an effort on so gigantic a scale to persuade and cajole a nation toward a love of music. Yet the unknown artist, because his ambitions have been directed too high, waits in vain to be heard. In all honesty, he cannot even hope to make an adequate living out of his adopted calling.

The worst of the trouble started with the perfection of the recording machines and the boom of radio. Up to this time, the national piano industries had been basking for years in a comfortable state of prosperity. Then radio and records jolted them. Their effort to recapture lost ground on gigantic national lines, added to the existing din of bringing music into the home. The diminishing ranks of the amateur, added to a false standard of perfection that discouraged persons hitherto content to strum out a tune, and the constantly swelling number of students stumbling toward imagined careers, combined to create a crisis in the concert field that further disorganized the musical industry.

We must look back a few years. Prior to the mechanized transmission of music, the student (particularly the piano student), after having completed his studies, had no difficulty in finding piano houses willing to furnish an instrument for his use, and at least to divide expenses

with him for printed advertising material, circulars, etc. Today, the huge subsidies calculated to keep artists on the staffs of piano houses are a thing of the good old times, and the leading concert managers have been forced to form a trust which sells its wares with the efficiency of high powered salesmanship.

That strange oddity, "music appreciation," sweeps the country. In the schools an army of supervisors teaches the young the first mysteries of an art; but how few realize that it is not enough to know the bare rudiments and facts about a subject in order to instill curiosity and love! A magic that defies rationalization becomes chained to verbose inanities that seek to explain imperishable works in yokel terms. Yes — music is being sold in a thousand devious ways: it is being canned in factories; it is being shouted from the roof-tops; it is put at the service of selling the fair name of a city; yet, incredible as it seems, music still goes on her way, softly humming a lonely tune.

I have said that the false search of the student for a national career is a menace to the real development of music. It is not unlike the false hopes of many a college student that his "education" will, of necessity, make him a master of men. Suppose we trace what happens to the student under present conditions, to the so-called "extraordinary talent" which follows the imaginary road to glory. Back in his native town, carefully fostered by an admiring teacher, he is the apple of her eye. She trots him out for every contest. He finds a wreath of adoring local melody-maniacs at his feet. He has made the Society Column. One meets him everywhere. In every home he carries his nostalgia, straining to get away, and with only one thought, the big city, the great teacher, the *début*, and then (although he does not know it) oblivion.

I remember sitting in a famous restaurant in a southern city, lunching with the president of a local musical society. A trio of violin, piano, and cello was playing in one corner. The violinist had uncommon finesse and beauty of tone. The dear lady-president sadly nodded in his direction. "That is all that is left of our endowment fund," she said. It seems the club had picked him up where he was now playing, had sent him to New York, backed by their money and fond hopes — and after a few years of extensive lessons with a foreign teacher, he had returned home, to the dismay and disgust of his backers. Nevertheless, he did play good music well, and I felt, as a great certainty, that he was much happier than a piano salesman I knew down in Texas who had given up the ghost after a few years of study in Vienna to return to selling pianos, holding an undying grudge against music and musicians.

Having at his command the traditional baggage of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and one or two concerti, a happy student, backed by local money, reaches the big city and joins the exclusive clique of young geniuses, the insouciance and freshness of whose playing might well strike dismay into the hearts of the experienced older artists. How different all this seems from conditions in the past when only the great talent fought itself to the front, carried by the weight of an extraordinary personality, aided and abetted by a few discriminating individuals, glowing in a contest bitter but exhilarating because it knew its direction!

I recently encountered a nest of fledglings from one of the endowed schools, sent out under the careful tutelage of a chaperon to give evidence of a music meticulously learned and stunningly performed. But what of it? Where will they find their audiences of the future? The sheltered

years of study are soon over. Each season sees a few, sometimes great, talents launched on their careers through the protection of some endowment which gives them the fame of a sensational start. There are hundreds of others besides who indulge freely in New York recitals, carrying the enormous financial burden themselves or, if lucky, backed by rich believing friends. Studios in Carnegie and Steinway Hall and others are haunted by the sad-eyed throng, persistently in quest of the master who will perform the miracle for them. The instrumentalist is at the mercy of innumerable teachers, claiming this and that as a particular achievement toward perfection, and more often than not baffling the poor bewildered student.

Nevertheless, before his eyes hangs always the glamor of study abroad. The traditional road leads to Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Milan. In the years between 1920 and 1925, Europe was alive with American students. It was cheap then to give concerts over there. They believed that to return to America with a European reputation was all that they needed for a career in this country. There were some who indulged in veritable orgies of concert tours from one end of Germany and Austria to another. The expense of a concert was negligible in American dollars. The fact that, for the most part, there was no audience did not matter. The conscientious critic was on hand, and the war, the miseries of inflation, and the magic of the dollar had miraculously taken the sting out of his writing. The baggage of clippings would look well in America.

The next step is the New York concert and the manager. The latter is always willing to arrange an appearance. His rake-off is at least one hundred dollars. A page advertisement in one of the musical magazines costs the paltry sum of five hundred dollars. For that sum one's

name and picture can appear there often enough; reports of activities are always favorable, and the review is read in every hamlet of the country. Thus, the first New York recital, aside from the hire of a hall and other items, costs in the neighborhood of six hundred dollars. Ticket sales are not much of an offset. The handful of friends present for the occasion punctuate every effort with enthusiastic applause. They are loyally poised for the great rush toward the stage at the end. The manager has papered the house, but the critic has fled after the first group that was distinguished by the usual signs of nervousness, bad pedaling, a generous supply of wrong notes, and bad pitch or vibrato.

After all this, if the performer is sincere with himself, he realizes that he is not ready for the task. There are heart-aches and dramas not revealed in the perfunctory press notices the next day. If a complimentary phrase has slipped in, it is eagerly pounced upon, cut out, and cleverly quoted in the circular of press clippings. After that he waits for the engagements that do not come. The manager can do nothing with negative press notices. The music clubs will not buy artists who fail to get the enthusiastic approval of the New York press. There follow one or two appearances in the home-town and vicinity, and that is the end of the fabulous career.

But there is something emerging beneath the tragedy of all this. The provinces are coming back into their own. They contain vast resources of inherent talent and a fermentation of natural musical desire. Up to the present moment, there is still an all-engrossing dependence on the metropolis, on its orchestras, on the scope of its opera, and a perpetual emphasis on big names and stars. All of this is misdirected energy, but it accounts for the failure of the provinces up to the present to evolve their own

salient musical life. Fortunately, the encouragement offered to local musical development by some of the large foundations is helping to effect a hopeful change.

To be sure, the artist who has toured the provinces is a little bewildered by the contrast between the small groups who need no apology, and whose equipment and background equal the best abroad, and the occasional amusing incidents which might give cause for despair. In one place, for example, the local music critic gets his information mixed and welds two compositions together — the Scherzo by Aaron Copeland, "Cat and Mouse," and the Lizst Rhapsody No. II — by speaking in enthusiastic terms of the latter as the Rhapsody with "the famous cat-and-mouse theme." Or one recalls a piano playing contest at Rochester, New York, where a youngster, obviously talented but badly taught, sailed with great assurance through the C-Sharp Minor Sonata of Beethoven — constantly distorting the symmetry of phrase and of rhythm, but talented enough to remain consistent and by spontaneously restoring the balance, creating a caricature, both ludicrous and amusing.

In the provinces, the old "professor," that delightful relic of the past, is slowly disappearing. In his place there has come an army of sleek young men and efficient young women, conversant with the teaching of Isidore Phillip and Tobias Mathay. Here and there one still finds the professor. He holds fast to his ideas, which are violently opposed to anything written after Beethoven or, at the most, Schumann. In northern New York, I once encountered a professor who represented the period when sham and cheap trappings went hand in hand with the profession, and when irresponsibility, so-called artistic temperament, and æsthetic hokum were the order of the day. He called on me after the recital and presented his

credentials. Among them was a circular, obviously faked, of a picture taken with Anton Rubinstein. The discrepancy in age was immediately apparent.

The bulk of good teaching, particularly of the piano, is however in excellent hands. It is here that we find those who finally abandon the career of their dreams. They now surround themselves with a class of industrious students. Often they fight lone battles in the midst of hopeless mediocrity. Even today they are still haunted by the vision of eventual personal triumph on the concert platform — yet their real opportunity is enormous if they are interested in giving their locality a musical profile.

If they would forget the distorted visions of a musical career entirely, they could, if they would, become leaders helping to bring about a renaissance of music that would touch every phase of the art, and that would find in the eagerness of the community itself ample opportunity for experimentation. Their work would no longer be a catering to the great gesture or to the colossal. On the contrary, it would be in proportion to equipment and needs; it would bring life to the innumerable musical works of the past and of the present.

The comparison with the provinces of Europe is inevitable. Over there, towns of less than one hundred thousand inhabitants successfully support their own symphony orchestras, operas, theatres, choral organizations, besides ventures in chamber music. They have audiences which have come for years as a matter of course. Yet I seriously question that these audiences are more discriminating or intelligent than American audiences in similar communities. In fact, the American audience insists upon a higher standard of performance. The young musician in this country who is content to abandon the "glorious career" for hard work and better

coöperation with his community will find a rich solace in his older years. Rather than start from the outside in, he should build from the inside out. He should abandon the plan for huge events and work modestly and without gesture. Let him build a local field for the young and highly talented performer who is begging to be heard, and whose music would give pleasure equal to many performances given by big names of the musical world.

This is not a fanciful suggestion. There is actually today a gratifying increase of small orchestras being organized throughout the country. The foundations, as I have said, are devoting resources to this end. There are good players and good singers and receptive audiences — not mammoth audiences come to see a star, but audiences eager for music. If the musician will really look over his local field, it will be surprisingly easy for him to find his players and his singers, enough of them to permit going out of the beaten track and exploring the vast library of chamber music, song, and opera. In working toward a more informal, spontaneous, and intimate conception of music, we can do the most effective thing to fight its present curse of standardization and ballyhoo. The would-be barn-stormer of the past, and the musician with his eyes still foolishly cocked toward Carnegie Hall and worshiping crowds, can surely find in the provinces fertile soil for ability, courage and imagination.

I am not speaking of a wishful dream of my own; I am speaking of things I have both heard and seen, of something which is growing up independently of the great cities of the east; I am speaking of something which will in time thrill to the lonely beauty of music rising in its own strength, and disengaged from names. This I think will be the **true** musical life of America in years to come.

Why No Nicaragua Canal?

JAMES R. BROWNE

WHY is it that in these times, when we are looking for vast relief projects, no one has revived the Nicaraguan Canal project? Why, when we have expended huge sums on road improvements, modernistic post-offices and small bridges, have we not considered this large-scale, ready-made undertaking which would offer advantages of the greatest importance to the United States in three separate fields, namely — in relief, commerce and economics, and military and naval security?

Why don't we do something definite about this inter-oceanic canal which has been talked about since 1550? The United States has been surveying the route since 1850, and has spent lots of good, hard-appropriated cash to figure out the best line to follow. By the Bryan-Chamorro treaty, we have paid to Nicaragua \$3,000,000 for the exclusive proprietary right to build such a canal whenever we feel like it; we have persisted in our confidence in its feasibility and usefulness, even while taking over, finishing, and operating the Panama Canal — and yet in all this time no more than a mile of channel has been dug, and that was done by a private enterprise.

The United States Army surveyed the route from 1929 to 1931. Its report shows tremendous advantages in favor of a Nicaraguan Canal — and still nothing has been done. Why should this be so, especially now, when the present Administration is spending large sums on public works to relieve our hard times?

Let's consider the Nicaraguan Canal as a relief project. The estimated cost of \$722,000,000 couldn't really be what is retarding the plan, when you stop to realize that

for the sum appropriated last April for public works, at least six Nicaraguan Canals could have been built! Nor could it be for any lack of data that the project is left on the inactive list. In fact, on the contrary, it has all been planned from one end to the other, from deep water at Brito on the Pacific, to deep water at Greytown on the Caribbean, including in between all the lock, channel, and dam arrangements. None of the penalties of hasty planning, none of the overlapping and duplication so evident in much of the relief program, would be encountered here. Instead, here is a ready-made project only waiting to be taken up, a challenge to American enterprise.

What would it mean with regard to employment? Naturally, its value as a relief measure would not be so great if other than American labor were used on it. Why shouldn't CCC personnel be put on this job? These organizations have a reputation by this time for being skilled in their work and accustomed to struggling against the forces of nature. And the selection of this personnel would not only furnish experienced men for the job, but it would create vacancies for more unemployed to fill at home, in keeping up the CCC camps.

The writer realizes that he is apt to stir up a hornet's nest by suggesting that white men labor in the tropics. The superstition has seldom been challenged that no one but the lowly native is capable of hoisting any weight heavier than a long, iced drink. But this ancient belief, of which the writer has been skeptical since he first viewed the tropics in all their pristine hocus-pocus, has been dealt with in masterly fashion by the explorer and engineer, Earl Hanson. In his article entitled "Are the Tropics Unhealthy" in *Harpers* for October 1933, Hanson discusses three essentials to health in the tropics

— the right psychological attitude, plenty of work or exercise, or both, and all the vitamins you can get from fresh, local vegetables.

“Those who go to look for work instead of getting away from it are healthy,” he says, and brings out plenty of evidence to prove it. Or again, “If a man moves to the equator with a fixed idea that he will die if he tries to work and that he must let the natives do his labor for him, and if he finds plenty of natives whom he can hire cheaply to do his labor, the chances are that he will spend the rest of his life without ever having an opportunity to change his opinions.”

Referring to the statement by a Robert de Courcy Ward that the tropics have a tendency to reduce the haemoglobin content of a man’s blood, Hanson says “The implication is that some mysterious quality in the climate, over and above the malaria bug, tends to make a man anæmic. If this is true, the Indians of the South American tropics should be the most anæmic people there. But I have yet to hear of a single investigator who has ever concerned himself with determining the haemoglobin content of the blood of wild Indians.”

Nothing in the pages of Hanson’s article, or in these pages, is intended to convey any sanguine theory that the tropics are a sort of neglected health resort. Malaria and dysentery are not illusions. But it is undeniable that a lot of notions about the tropics are preconceived. Many are the result of human self-dramatization, and it is pretty well established that a white man can work in the tropics if he follows a wise policy of industry and hygiene, rather than some philosophy that came out of novels. He can thrive in the tropics if he gives himself half a chance. The Army report refers to the high morale of its personnel “whose labors were arduous” in Nicaragua. The “ardu-

ous labors" probably had a lot to do with their high morale.

What about the number of personnel that could be employed on this project? It is so large as to overshadow any other employment figure of the time. The Passamaquoddy tidal-power project in Maine is viewed with pride because it would employ 7000 to 8000 men. The Nicaraguan Canal, for a construction period of ten years would be employing 72,389 men in the tenth year; and for an eight year construction period this number would be increased to 90,486. The undertaking would also, needless to say, bring about plenty of indirect employment in the industries allied with construction.

Now what about the economic advantages of a Nicaraguan Canal? First of all, let's see what it would offer in the way of time-saving. In the Army report it is stated that no less than two-thirds of all the traffic now using the Panama Canal would save time by using a Nicaraguan Canal.

Reduced sailing times, and therefore reduced shipping rates, would benefit the commerce of our coastal regions and certain parts of the interior. They would stimulate shipping between the eastern and western states. The gulf ports would benefit from being brought closer to the Pacific Coast and the Orient. Moreover, the flow of middle-western products to the Gulf would be facilitated since the Gulf ports, through reduced shipping rates and increased activity, would be able to dispose more readily of products. Still another benefit of such an isthmian route would be felt on the Pacific Coast, where a Nicaraguan Canal, "coupled with many improvements in refrigeration, should make it possible to ship West Coast fruits and vegetables in increasing quantities to Atlantic Coast markets."

Would all this time-saving by using a Nicaraguan Canal make the Panama Canal a useless utility, a forgotten monument to America's engineering skill? Certainly not, for remember that one-third of the interoceanic shipping would have nothing to lose by using the Panama Canal, and might have something to gain if it were found advisable to offer a slightly lower transit rate through the Panama route. The two canals could supplement each other, or to quote the Army report — "The commercial mission to be accomplished by a canal through Nicaragua is, in conjunction with the Panama Canal, to care for the needs of shipping requiring interoceanic transit during the present century."

These are some of the economic advantages of a Nicaraguan Canal. There is also a definite need for it, a need which is revealed by the phrase "during the present century" — for the present canal facilities are insufficient for that entire period. The locks at Panama, 1000 feet long and 110 feet wide, are not big enough to take care of all the ships that will be plying the interoceanic trade between now and the year 2000 A.D. Tables have been compiled, based upon the growth of ocean vessels during the past, and from this data predictions may be made about vessels of the future. An increase of 50 feet in length and 5 feet in beam, per ten year period, is considered to cover the probable growth of the largest vessels that would use the isthmian routes. From the present dimensions, it can be seen that ships are going to outgrow the Panama Canal. But the locks of the Nicaraguan Canal, as planned, can take care of this growth. Their length of 1200 feet and width of 125 feet will amply contain any vessel designed for the interoceanic trade, built in the present century.

A Nicaraguan Canal then, presents definite economic

advantages due to the trade development that it would bring about, and it would not destroy the usefulness of the Panama Canal. It would, instead, augment the latter. But as an alternative to the Nicaraguan Canal, a third set of locks has been offered at Panama. These locks would be large enough to take care of the future shipping of the century, and would cost \$140,000,000.

The question of whether the advantages of a Nicaraguan route would warrant the expenditure of \$722,000,000 would almost seem to be obviated by this proposal. The extra locks at Panama would settle the point of canal capacity. But they would not offer the saving in time, with all its attendant stimulation to trade, that is such an attractive feature of the Nicaraguan route. And to come right down to a concrete argument, when they needed overhauling, the big shipping for which they were purposely built, would be stopped.

THREE is another disadvantage to this third-lock plan, and that is in connection with the military aspect of the whole problem. The reason for it will be seen in a moment.

Important as are the relief-measure and economic aspects of the Nicaraguan Canal, the military and naval advantages are overwhelming. Our national security would be benefited to an extent that cannot be measured in terms of dollars and cents. For it is a vital matter to the United States that, in case of war, her Atlantic and Pacific fleets be able to combine — and the Nicaraguan Canal would assure such concentration. The deductions for this statement are simple. We have two coasts to protect. We cannot afford two Navies; therefore we divide the one we have. If war occurred, we would have to have the combined strength of our entire Navy. The destruction by

an enemy of a single canal would be a fatal blow to our national defense. Therefore two canals instead of one are highly desirable for our national security.

Let's suppose that war has been declared upon the United States by some foreign power. The war of the future is going to be declared swiftly, according to expert prognosticators as well as to the authors of scientific fiction. The declaration will be followed by immediate attack upon some vital point of the enemy organization. An enemy air fleet could, it is admitted, cripple the Panama Canal by damaging the locks or by sinking a ship in the locks. The Panama Canal, we must admit, is vulnerable; or to quote the Army again — "Since the construction of our first canal at Panama the weapons of attack against canal structures, particularly the airplane, have increased in power, in effectiveness, and in the strategic element of surprise. The Panama Canal is not so invulnerable now as it was at the time of its completion."

This is not to overlook the fact that anti-aircraft fire has developed to an extremely high degree of accuracy. Captain W. F. Kernan of the U. S. Army, writing in the American Mercury for June, 1935, is fully justified in the pride with which he views the modern anti-aircraft equipment, as fine an assortment of mechanical gadgets as the technical brain ever designed. There are the 50-calibre Browning machine guns, the 37 millimeters, the 3-inch, the 105 millimeters, the Sperry-Wilson data computers, the 60-inch searchlights each throwing a beam of six hundred million candlepower, and the MI Exponential Sound Locators. With all these devices operating smoothly, rapidly, and automatically, Kernan doesn't give the plane much chance.

But there is something of the diehard in the attitude that the plane is simply a "new weapon," an attitude that

is held even by some of its advocates. It is *a new method of warfare*, and since it has never been employed on a large scale in a major conflict, it is full of possibilities at which we can only guess. It has made war three-dimensional in the fullest sense of the word. A hint of how this can "revolutionize" war may be seen in the submarine warfare of the World War — when Britain held control of the surface of the seas, but was being starved to death by the enemy's navy!

You might say, how in the first place could an enemy bomber get within striking distance of the Panama Canal if the U. S. Navy is on the job? How indeed! No one knows. But we must be prepared to admit that an enemy carrier of some sort could get close enough to launch an air attack. And we must be prepared to admit that a bomb could strike the Panama Canal and put it out of commission. We cannot by any sort of reasoning or self-delusion assume that the air defenses of the canal, or the anti-aircraft defenses, can guarantee complete and absolute safety to the canal. What happens then to the effectiveness of our naval forces, if we are going to rely on this one route and find ourselves sometime with a national emergency on our hands, facing the staggering news that it has suddenly been destroyed?

The proposal for a third set of locks was mentioned a moment ago. A third set of locks might in some respects be the equivalent of a second canal. But it would be the same as though the two routes were placed side by side. And if the Panama Canal is vulnerable, two canals placed side by side would be just as much so. An extra set of locks (without the time-saving advantages of a Nicaraguan Canal, remember), costing only \$140,000,000, would be desirable from the economic point of view; but why spend a sum even of that magnitude on a half

commercial, half defense project, when the defense value is liable to destruction in time of war? For an amount that is not alarming in these days of large expenditures, we can separate the two routes and have a greater degree of security. In view of the extreme importance to our national defense of getting our fleet concentrated in the theatre of operations, is it wise to take a chance on getting everything through the Panama Canal?

This would be the biggest military reason for our having two canals. There are, however, other factors which would add to the strategic value of a Nicaraguan Canal. For example, supposing that one of the canals has fallen to the enemy; "after conquering and garrisoning one of the defenses the attackers would have to have a sufficiently large force remaining to attack the other, with the further handicap that the possibility of a major surprise would be lacking." This is assuming that the worst has happened, and that we have only the one waterway left. But if both are intact as the hostilities begin, two canals are so much velvet, for the flexibility of the fleet is greatly increased. It has been suggested that the battle elements of one or other of the fleets could be hurried through one canal, while the auxiliaries could be put through the other. Or again, two canals would permit a feinting operation, thereby increasing the assurance of a safe transit.

Then there are other advantages, such as that the difficulty of defending two canals is not double that of one, since the defensive air forces could be mutually supporting; or that the Nicaraguan Canal would be even nearer than the Panama Canal, for reënforcing planes from the United States.

All in all, the Nicaraguan Canal would be more than justified from the military and naval point of view, if not

actually vital to our national security. An extra set of locks at Panama *might* be almost as good for peace time, and wouldn't cost as much, but when it comes to a national emergency, which would you rather have?

THREE is one more desirable result which the Nicaraguan Canal would present, mentioned by the Army report, and that is, it would improve our central American relations. Nicaragua has long been a political storm center in the affairs of our western hemisphere. A steady influence is badly needed in that picturesque, but unhappy country. It can be reasonably expected that an American-operated canal through Nicaragua would have a stabilizing effect on the government of the country. And it can be reasonably expected that this effect would be felt in the other Central American governments. Economic conditions and diplomatic relations would improve generally, and the trade and commerce carried on with the United States by all Central America would expand as a result.

Of course the minute you say that an American-operated canal through Nicaragua would have a stabilizing effect on the government of that country, you are inviting the bitter criticism of North American subversives and Central American "patriots." These gentlemen are always on the lookout for a chance to scream "Imperialism! Imperialism!" Pay no attention to them. Our Central American policies were not worked out without deference to the opinions of such statesmen as these countries have produced; they have stood the test of time pretty well, and they will probably continue to do so in spite of agitators, bandits, and poets. Those who see the United States only as the armed invader, perhaps have such a far-sighted, prophetic vision they can't see

close at hand any benefits of American enterprise or protection. But anyone who has ever been to Nicaragua and has seen the native housewives waiting at the edge of a city dump for the Marine garbage trucks to drive out, will know that Nicaragua can stand a little American progress.

These are briefly some of the advantages that would derive from the construction and operation by the United States of the Nicaraguan Canal. Let's summarize them here.

First of all, the Nicaraguan Canal would furnish a first-class relief project. It is a ready-made plan, and it would afford employment to a vast number of men, both directly and indirectly.

In the commercial field it would save time for two-thirds of the traffic now using the Panama Canal, with resultant stimulation to shipping and industry. It would take care of the big shipping which will have outgrown the Panama Canal before the end of the century.

A third set of locks at Panama would cost less than the Nicaragua Canal, and would be designed to accommodate the big shipping; but the service through them would be interrupted completely at intervals, there would be no time-saving value, and the all-important military consideration of having two separate routes would not be met. The Nicaragua Canal would lend greater flexibility to the fleet; its air defenses could be coactive with those of the Panama Canal; it would improve Central American relations, and lend an impetus to commerce with that entire region.

With all these advantages, why is it that we don't take some definite action on this project? At the end of its report, the Army reaches this conclusion: "A lock canal across Nicaragua as described in Section VII is feasible.

It presents no problems of design, construction, or maintenance that are not capable of ready solution by a nation that has built the Panama Canal." Well, what are we waiting for?

The Army report says, not yet; or, in its own words, "Since an increase in interoceanic canal facilities for commercial traffic is not now needed, it is recommended that after business conditions have returned to normal, with the consequent readjustments in world trade, the question be considered as to the time when present canal facilities will need to be increased."

Why wait until that time, when this construction would help the economic situation right now? Why wait until that time, when it is taken for granted that business conditions are going to improve? Note that the Army says, "after business conditions have returned to normal"; and everyone else says, "when business gets better." No one says, "if business gets better." When there is so much certainty, why wait? The estimated construction period is ten years, plus two to five years for legislation and treaties. If business improvement is so definitely on its way, why wait until it strikes and then begin something that will take twelve to fifteen years more to complete — especially when the construction would help along the recovery?

We may reach the end of our civilization without ever having started the second mile of the canal, for according to Spengler, we are scheduled to witness the utter decline of our age somewhere around the year 2000. Thus is the end of our great western civilization cheerfully predicted, of which the principal hallmark has been a high development in techniques.

According to this book, no civilization has ever escaped its destiny when its time came. Can we, who have

the benefit of all the past, avoid it? Without going too far into the realm of philosophical speculation, is it not worth a suggestion that one reason for the present-day signs of decadence may be a lack of big enough jobs for our highly organized techniques? So much of our skill and knowledge has been applied to trivialities. Electromagnetic waves in all their cosmic significance are the bearers of tooth paste slogans, while conversions of energy between light and sound are made to regale us with the adventures of Mickey Mouse. How about applying our techniques to building the Nicaraguan Canal? That would be a big enough job. That would take the best we had in us.

Alberta, and Social Credit

WILLIAM AND KATHRYN CORDELL

THE great white hope of every economist is to secure a laboratory in which he can apply his theories regarding his abstract guinea pig, the "Economic Man." These savants of economics have long envied the workers in the physical sciences their well-equipped and efficiently operated laboratories, where their hypotheses can be subjected to experiment. The economist finds himself deprived of any chance to test his views in the crucible of experience simply because any experiment in economics calls for manipulation of that most eccentric of all animals, man as an individual, not to say anything of man *en masse*.

In consequence of the intransigence of his experimental material, the economist in despair has created out of the figments of his imagination the Economic Man, and in the act of creation has equipped this abstract guinea pig with the superlative experimental virtue, docility. He has then set up a laboratory in his mind, and putting his creation through the paces (albeit working sometimes, it must be admitted, in a vacuum) he has been able to reach some conclusions and to formulate certain laws which he has been pleased to call a *science* of economics. Like the sculptor he has tried to breathe life into his creation, and in many cases he has come to believe that his Economic Man, and man as he is, are one and the same.

Apparently content with the actions and reactions of his abstraction, the economist has nevertheless secretly desired and striven to place his Economic Man in the arena of actual life, and to demonstrate to his fellows that

his particular creation (for of course there are as many of these Economic Men as there are different economists) is the champion, the Saint George who will down all the dragons of mankind's ills, economic or otherwise. But the policy of *laissez faire* interdicted actual experimentation until the Golden Bubble of Prosperity burst. Since then, the economist has come into his own. At long last the majority of mankind, made desperate by the depression, has not only become amenable to the idea but even insists on some sort of experimentation looking toward the replenishment of its purse and even its dinner pail.

While it cannot be said that the world has been completely metamorphosed into one gigantic laboratory for the economists, it is certain that the pendulum of events is swinging in that direction. To the spectacle of Fascism (which someone has defined as capitalism gone nudist) in Germany and Italy, of Communism in Russia (which is economics running amuck), has now been added a curiosity in Alberta, a western province of Canada, called Social Credit (which is the big bad wolf of capitalism disguised in the lamb's skin of social welfare). Whereas the principles and workings of the personal dictatorship under Fascism and the dictatorship of the proletariat under Communism are fairly well-known in this country, comparatively few people had ever heard of a dictatorship of the consumer, as the Social Creditors call their system, until the recent victory of that party in the provincial elections in Alberta last August.

Led by William Aberhart, for twenty years principal of a high school in Calgary, the Social Credit party promised the Albertans a speedy return to prosperity by payment to every bona-fide citizen of the province a dividend of at least \$25 per month. In the words of the victorious Aberhart, the movement "spread like mea-

sles," securing fifty-seven of the sixty-three seats in the provincial legislature. With a clear mandate from the people, the leader promised to establish his system within the next eighteen months. Meanwhile the rest of the depression-ridden world has settled down to watch the progress of this experiment, which has been made possible, according to Aberhart, "by a revolution not of bullets but of ballots."

In London, Major C. H. Douglas, an engineer-economist who formulated the theories back of Social Credit as early as 1918, watches with anxious concern this test of his brain-child, fearing to come out in the open and officially claim it as his own until he can see how it behaves under the tutelage of the gray-haired foster parent and teacher, William Aberhart.

FOLLOWING the war Douglas, who enjoys an income from royalties on his inventions and books, became interested in economics. He observed the great disparity between the amount of goods produced, or that could be produced with the world's industrial system, and the amount of goods that was or could be bought and consumed under the system of financial capitalism. After a study of conditions Douglas reached the conclusion, by no means original, that the chief problem of modern economics is not one of production but one of distributing the abundance of goods produced. Differing with the Socialists who proposed to nationalize and then intensify production (which could, of course, be done only after a long evolution or after an immediate and violent revolution) Douglas maintained that the problem of distribution could be solved without any disturbance of capitalism, by a frontal attack on the modern financial system which has immobilized consumption.

This immobility of money, i.e. the failure of the mass of people to secure sufficient money to purchase goods of mass production, he explained by his now famous A+B theorem, which his disciples claim has never been refuted. In the A+B theorem, A represents the flow of purchasing power to the masses through wages, salaries and dividends. These all go into price. The second class of payments entering into the financial or cost price is represented by B, which includes all payments such as bank charges, overhead costs, taxes and raw materials. It is then asserted that if A+B represents the cost price under the financial system, the rate of flow of purchasing power to individuals must be less than the rate of flow of prices in the same period of time. More succinctly, the rate of flow of price cannot be less than A+B, nor can A (that is, salaries, wages and dividends) purchase A+B (that is, the total cost).

The main virtue of the A+B theorem, basic to the program of Social Credit, is that it describes with a fair degree of accuracy the process whereby money is not only concentrated upward but is actually created and destroyed by the banks. This process of credit creation and destruction by the financiers works in the following manner. A manufacturer wishing to secure financial backing for plant enlargement approaches a bank for a loan. The banker agrees to finance the project, and makes a loan to the man by crediting his account with the desired amount, say \$50,000. Actually no currency has passed hands, but the money of the bank depositors is there to back up this credit account against which the borrower can check at any time. Instead of the banker finding himself with less money on hand, he actually has more, for his deposits have been increased by the \$50,000 in deposit credit just created, against which he can make

additional loans. Against these in turn, when credited to a deposit account in his bank, he can issue still other loans, etc., etc., until the financial superstructure gets too top-heavy, as just before the crash in October 1929.

Now about nine-tenths of the finances of the modern world exist in the form of credits, with actually a minimum amount of coin and currency ever entering into any save small retail transactions. Pointing to this power of the bankers to create what actually passes for money by a simple and inexpensive system of bookkeeping, Major Douglas insists that private bankers have usurped one of the chief functions of the state, the control and issuance of money.

Now, returning to the A+B theorem of finances, one can see that the repayment of this loan plus the added interest charges enters into the final cost price. As soon, however, as the loan is repayed the credit is destroyed; that is to say, the bank's books are cleared. Thus the banks not only receive a profit from the transaction for a small cost of bookkeeping, but can remove the money before the articles produced have reached the market. The Douglasites contend that the amount of this destroyed money is an unwarranted cost carried over from a previous stage of production.

Because of his introduction of this so-called time-lag of goods behind credit idea, Major Douglas has been hailed by his followers as the Einstein of economics. However, it is about this time factor that most of the disputes between the Douglasites and economists of other schools are centered. The Marxist explanation of the failure of demand to equal present or possible production scorns the idea of the time-lag as being the culpable party in producing want in the midst of plenty. Marx insisted that a depression is the inevitable result of draining too

much money from the mass of consumers into the security market for investment in capital goods. The resulting anarchy of production makes for increased plant and production facilities, but progressively declining purchasing power. Investors demand profits; profits can be had only by increased production and lowered wages in a world already overflowing with unbought consumers goods. The inevitable result, according to the Marxists, is that profits begin to diminish, liquidation of securities follows, bringing successively severe panics until the final débâcle of capitalism.

In no respect has Major Douglas ever questioned the value of capitalism as a system. Indeed, he and his followers insist that Social Credit is the only hope for preserving capitalism from the evil machinations of financiers whose stranglehold on credit facilities has brought about its present impasse. They insist that their plan of releasing credit for the good of society will make the rich richer, the well-to-do more well-to-do, and the poor — well, at least better off than they are now on the subsistence dole level.

The program of the Douglasites calls first for the government to recover its control over the monetary system. To do this, the activities of banks and other financial concerns will be limited to their original status of providing a secure and convenient system of depositing for checking accounts, for the maintenance of which they shall receive a fee proportionate to the services rendered. The government would take over all credit-creating facilities and functions. The result would not, the Douglasites hasten to insist, constitute nationalization of the banking system by any means.

Following the resumption of control over the financial system, the government would make a survey of the real

wealth (somewhat similar to the Energy Survey proposed by the Technocrats) of the nation to serve as the basis for issuing Social Credit to every person in the form of a dividend. This real credit, as distinguished from the financial credit created by the bankers through bookkeeping, is defined by Major Douglas as "the correct estimate of a nation's ability to deliver goods and services, as, when, and where required." These dividends for all, guaranteed by real credit, would be conveyed in the form of non-transferable credit slips. In his Plan for Scotland Major Douglas has estimated that the annual dividend could, measured against the average wealth per family, be as much as \$1500 per family.

To prevent the expected upsurge of prices following the issuance of a national dividend, the state would have to establish a "just price." This just price would be determined by a committee of experts who would assess the actual costs of production and add to the total a fair profit for the producer. (When he first conceived the idea of Social Credit, Major Douglas suggested that credit should be made available to the consumer in the form of a scientifically determined discount on retail price when a sale is effected.)

Since the dividends for all are issued against the real wealth of the nation, it is contended that with the release of increased and increasing purchasing power, the capital assets of the state will consequently be expanded. It is expected that production of wealth will maintain its lead over the total of national payments, so that dividends shall continue to be issued at all times. To see that this is done, the state will make money available to bona-fide projects with no interest charges for expansion or construction of new plants as needed. The state will also pay to producers the difference in cost

price and the just price at which the goods are sold through entries in book credit or in new money.

Against a charge such as that made by Upton Sinclair that "Social Credit is just like printing money," a Douglasite would deny that this is similar to fiat money created out of thin air in the midst of a system of financial capitalism. Such fiat money is outright inflation with none of the backing which Social Credit certificates would have, issued against the assessed and increasing wealth of the nation as a whole. At any rate, if financiers owning little real wealth create credit money, they insist that the government can surely do what the bankers have done with no more disastrous results.

Major Douglas further contends, in his various works, that modern governments confronted by the problem of unemployment have had to resort to devices such as the dole, and work relief disguised as public works, in order to solve the immediate problem of dearth in the midst of abundance. Even worse, the governments have had to borrow the money for their relief activities from private sources, who have used their credit-creating facilities to conjure up money for the purchase of government bonds. This process of money creation by non-governmental agencies for the use of the government — which supposedly enjoys the sole power of money creation — appears to the Douglasite to be the final *reductio ad absurdum*.

Just how closely Major Douglas's ideas will be followed by the Alberta Social Credit Party will be demonstrated within the next few months, provided the legislation of the Provincial Parliament is not declared contrary to the North America Act. In his campaign speeches and in his platform, Aberhart's program follows in the main the three basic principles developed by Douglas: (1) social-

ization of credit; (2) national dividends for all; and (3) the principle of a just price, bulwarked by government subsidy. The present tendency of Major Douglas to shy away from an outright acceptance of the Albertan experiment is probably due, first, to his dislike for the unorthodox manner in which his economic principles were handled in the rough-and-tumble game of politics and, second, to his feeling that Alberta is too small a laboratory for a careful test of an economic system he regards as more likely to succeed on a national scale.

ALTHOUGH at first Major Douglas was optimistic about the immediate acceptance of his plan by capitalists as well as laborers, he has since realized that his theories will encounter much resistance from both groups, and that much preliminary work will have to be done to remove obstacles to the establishment of a state functioning on social credit lines. In Alberta, for example, there was a considerable flight of finance capital following the elections.

Despite quibbling over terms, any assumption by the government of the power to create credit, social or financial, would be tantamount to nationalization of the banking system in this modern world where the provision for deposit accounts constitutes only a small part of the banking system. The bank envisaged under the Social Credit plan, restricted only to deposit functions, would be no more a bank than the Postal Savings department is at the present time. In regard to the establishment of a "just price" to the consumer, it is claimed by the followers of Douglas that this is not price control, necessitating police or strong-arm enforcement, but merely price regulation. Of course, it is evident that some distinction between regulation and control of prices may

be maintained in theory, but in practical application regulation and control would appear one and the same thing to a manufacturer of goods who would have to sell his product at an established price.

So far the objections to the Social Credit dictatorship of the consumer have all been taken from the plane of the everyday political and economic realities inherent in our capitalistic system. The most valid arguments against this promised panacea for all the ills of capitalism can be taken from the field of economics and psychology.

With regard to economics, the so-called invulnerable $A+B$ theorem, while in part descriptive of conditions, can be demonstrated to be in the main inaccurate. A , representing the income through wages, salaries and dividends, presents only a part of the picture. This income is supplemented by a part of B , which represents overhead expenses, bank charges, taxes and raw materials. These items are by no means frozen after payment, but are returned in great part to the consuming public, that is, into circulation, by payment as rent, utility bills, stenographic and office expenses, clerks' salaries, salaries of Civil Service and other governmental employees; while the money spent for raw materials, such as cotton, is widely distributed. If then the total cost is represented by $A+B$, of course A cannot buy $A+B$, but supplemented by some income from B (although by no means all) A plus a part of B can purchase a greater quantity of goods costing $A+B$ than Major Douglas's original theorem suggests as possible. The remainder, unbought or unsold, can be attributed not in whole to the time-lag of the sale of these goods behind credit-issue and credit-recall, but to the fact that the realization of profits demands a share of the final price. All of these profits if not immediately spent again — and some of them are — accumulate over

a period of time. This accumulation of unspent profits, only a part of which ever reaches the coffers of the bankers, is eventually invested in securities and frozen as far as the creation of continued effective demand is concerned, except insofar as it is released by government relief to business and the unemployed, as it is being done under the various New Deal alphabetical agencies.

Another objection to the A+B theorem is that which dooms all formulas in the attempt to make hard and fast categories, unless supported by rigid definitions of the various items represented by the symbols of the formula.

The most fundamental objection to the Social Credit plan lies in the domain of psychology. Although psychology cannot be called a science in the sense that physics is, nevertheless its postulates are at least as well defined as those of any school of economics. However man may have come to accept the belief, he nevertheless holds a deep conviction that money is no better than the majority of men think it is. Based on this obsession is the idea that money is a commodity and, as a corollary of this, that price is the expression of a proportion of goods to a proportion of gold. Irrespective of the conflicting ideas as to the value of a gold standard, "Gold, gold . . . Yellow hard and cold" is still the fetish to the minds of the majority of mankind, and in the final analysis this belief in its value is the *ultimate test* of the value of any money viewed as a commodity.

As a consequence of this firmly entrenched belief, the more money there is in existence, the less valuable it becomes. Thus any issuance of credit certificates against the real wealth of the nation, as distinguished from the supply of gold possessed by the nation, is inflation even if disguised, and is subject to the same inexorable

eccentricities of inflation as occurred in Germany and Russia following the World War.

Perhaps the contention that the man power, machine power, industrial equipment, natural resources — in a word the infinite possibilities of man for the creation of material goods — constitute the real wealth of a nation is true; but human nature (or shall we say conviction?) being what it is, still insists on gold as the basis for its money, despite its manifold disadvantages. Before Social Credit can hope to succeed, its advocates will therefore have to educate mankind out of its irrational belief in gold as its final monetary standard, and re-educate it into an acceptance of real wealth as a guaranty for its medium of exchange. Meanwhile it would be well to provide for educating the governmental officials — who will determine the "just price," lend money without interest, and issue the credit certificates against the assessed wealth — in the principles of super-bookkeeping methods and in a sense of restraint in the use of powers.

Analyzed against a long-term perspective, the dictatorship of the consumer proposed by the Douglas theories has little to offer a despairing humanity. It differs little from other plans that are devised to save capitalism in spite of and from itself. It envisions a collectivism toward which humanity is undoubtedly moving; but either in shame or fear refuses to call itself such. Its successful realization would be of inestimable value in the upward surge of mankind to the good life, but because it fails to take into account man as he is, postulating in his place an abstract Economic Man, the Social Credit experiment is doomed from the start.

Much can be learned, however, from such experiments as this one to be inaugurated in Alberta. Undoubtedly finance capital has usurped too much of the govern-

ment's (that is, the people's) power to create money. Perhaps valuable lessons in the control of the banking system can be learned from observing the Albertan project. But perhaps the greatest lessons will be negative: We may learn from its mistakes and almost certain failure that the attempt to make man into a creature guided by economic motives alone is a denial of the spirit of humanity itself. Out of a cumulation of such lessons, some day there may develop a true science of economics, incorporating a knowledge of the human spirit as well as of man's material impulses.

Ambition on a May Morning

KILE CROOK

To waken quietly; to hear the lull
Of ripples slogging on the craft's low hull;
To rise when the clean eastern sun invades
My bunk and flashes on the Palisades;
To straighten up the cabin tidily
And then, with buckets full of Tappan Zee,
To swab the planks. Perhaps I might enlarge
My acquaintance, visiting the 'longside barge —
A grain boat, light and bound for Buffalo;
I might climb gingerly about the tow.
But I'd prefer to sun myself on deck
And learn the hills from High Tor to Breakneck;
To see the captain of the *Elsie's* wife
Hang out her wash that leaps with windy life
Above the weathered blue and rain-blenched gray
And russet fleet which stands up Haverstraw Bay;
To feel the passing day boat's waves and swales
When blunt bows lift and dip like tired whales;
To mark on Dunderberg where dogwood grows;
To feel a cooling shade from Anthony's Nose;
To watch the clattering trains for Albany
Speed by with envy of the tow and me
Who slowly trail the tow-line, long and slack,
Past Danskammer's Light and through Lange Rak.

. . . The tug will shudder on and time stand still
Past Cruger's Island, Catskill, Vosenkill . . .
For tows and May are on the Hudson now.
But I, — I captain neither soul nor scow.

The Golden Age

MARY ELLEN CHASE

IF ONE of them should sit with me," said Miss Elizabeth Warren to herself, "I really don't think I could stick it!"

She referred to any one of fifty girls who streamed through the day coach of the local train about to leave the railroad center for the college town twenty miles distant.

"In fact, I *know* I couldn't," she continued, and straightway prepared herself to combat any such possible disaster.

First she put on her most forbidding classroom expression and enhanced it by her heaviest shell-rimmed spectacles. Then, balancing her briefcase on her knees, she drew therefrom a pile of manuscript, calculated, she well knew, to repel even a Phi Beta Kappa aspirant. Her fountain-pen came next, and with it an air of complete concentration.

In a way she regretted the necessity for such intrenchment. She would have liked during the familiar half-hour journey to look at the snowy valley, the blue, tumbling Berkshires, the dark line of the half-open river bordered here and there by great, gaunt clusters of willows. She would have liked to watch for the college spires, which were surprisingly good for American architecture, and which always reminded her pleasurable of her two years at Oxford. But she was tired from a long journey in a Pullman car, from the shallow, dressing-room confidences of voluble, nondescript women in silly negligées, and she wanted to be let alone. If she looked unoccupied now, it was more than likely as the car filled and seats became

scarce that some girl would engage her in conversation; if, once they had started, she gazed idly out of the window, she felt terribly sure that she must sacrifice her peace to news of a houseparty at New Haven or Williamstown, or to amateur observations on a Broadway play.

For (and Miss Warren gave herself this confidence, modestly enough and with entire truth) she was not one who repelled students either by her learning or by her appearance. She was not one who, because of herself, discouraged study as a pastime or teaching as a profession. She did not wear side-combs or long skirts, corsets or high shoes. She did not totally disregard her hair or her complexion. She was not one who walked the campus in an abstracted fashion, the easy prey to automobiles or bicycles. Tremendously interested though she was in classical learning, she was interested also in clothes. She was not at this moment unaware that her recent appearance on the platform of the Learned Society before which she had just given a paper, had had quite as much, yea, *more*, to do with the impression she had made as had her acknowledged erudition concerning the poet Vergil. At thirty-five she still liked men, companionably if not sentimentally.

"I don't want to marry," she said often to herself, "and I'm perfectly happy. But it's wholesome to have men around."

In short, at normal times she was quite approachable. Now and then she gave teas in her attractive apartment, teas with gay cakes, up-to-date teas with expensive cigarettes. And not for a moment did her books piled to the ceiling discourage or dim the fact that she was a woman as well as a scholar!

But this was no normal time. She was disgruntled and

dirty. Triumphant as had been her reception by the Learned Society, to whom she had given proof that women could successfully compete in scholarship with men, it had been likewise wearing. She was tired, and *she was not going to talk*. If looking out of the window with safety was denied her, she would gaze upon her manuscript, ostensibly deep in Latin, in reality mulling many things over in her mind.

For just at this hour life seemed unusually complex and complicated to Miss Warren. She was tormented by questions impossible to answer, by the conviction that nothing and no one were really what they seemed to be, by the knowledge that everybody, herself included, played a game with previously loaded dice. She wondered what was going to be the future of women in her profession. Even the recollection of the plaudits of the Learned Society could not blind her eyes to serious and stubborn stumbling-blocks in the way of her sex. She wondered what was to happen to colleges anyway, now that silly, mindless girls came in such hordes to them, bent on everything but education. She wondered, too, how in these days of depression positions could be found for those more seriously concerned with their futures. She wondered how she could possibly continue throughout this new semester to teach Vergil and Catullus to girls like Jane Williams, to whom she had recently given the *F* she so richly deserved. She wondered if life had ever been really as simple as Vergil pictured it in his pastorals, when a poet sang "while he wove a basket of slim, mallow shoots," if people were really as artless in that faraway and golden age. She wondered if ever in all the world there had been such a chaotic, hopeless time as the present.

"All I want really," she told herself, "all I want in the

world is to be *sure* that everything and everyone isn't all mixed up!"

At last to her intense relief the train began to move. She closed her eyes to Vergil and her ears to laughter, and withdrew still farther into her corner. The coast seemed clear from annoyance and interruption. About to assure herself fully on her success, she felt rather than saw a man settle himself into the unoccupied half of her seat. To say that she was disturbed would be a gross understatement. She was vexed beyond expression.

The feet of the man told her that he was not young. The overcoat which he was removing with such deliberation confirmed her knowledge. Well, perhaps after all things might have been worse. He would at least not talk to her, and she could quietly watch the hills just now coming into sight beyond the outskirts of the city.

But she had reckoned without even the tacit coöperation of her companion. Hardly seated, he began to manifest signs of extreme restlessness. Nor did he seem in the least anxious to control its manifestations. He pulled up the knee of one trouser's leg and then the other; he crossed and recrossed his feet; he straightened his tie; he pulled down his waistcoat; he procured his handkerchief and flecked some dust, real or imaginary, from the toe of a carefully polished shoe. Finally, concentrating his attention on his coat-sleeves, he began a kind of rhythmic twitching of them, first the right and then the left.

Miss Warren bit her lips with vexation. Yet, annoyed as she was, she could not conceal from herself the surprise she felt that anyone could be so unconscious of the effect he was producing, could so naturally give expression to whatever was troubling him. In spite of her determination to keep herself strictly to herself, she looked at him.

She saw a middle-aged man, perhaps fifty years old, with gray hair and a close-cropped gray moustache. From his profile she could not see the singular wideness in the setting and the character of his eyes. But this she was soon to discover; for, after gazing interestedly at the girls who crammed the train, he turned suddenly toward Elizabeth Warren and addressed her quite as though it were the most normal, not to say inevitable thing to do.

“They’re nice girls, aren’t they?”

“I hope so,” said Miss Warren. She spoke not at all pleasantly, and with a deliberate skepticism calculated to forestall all other advances.

He continued to divide his interest between his coat-sleeves and the girls. Then, after the shortest possible interval,

“Aren’t you a teacher yourself? Perhaps at the college?”

“Yes,” said Miss Warren. Annoyed as she was, she was forced to admit his charm and her own curiosity.

“I was sure of it the moment I sat down by you. What do you teach?”

“Latin,” said Miss Warren. “They find it very dull.”

He turned full face toward her. It was then that she saw the singular and ingenuous wideness of his blue eyes.

“Dull!” he cried. “Dull! But that’s impossible! I still read Latin a bit myself. Not that I’m a scholar — dear me, no! I never even went to college. The fact is, I’m a farmer, like a good many of the ancients. But I went to a good school — one of the best — and I kept right on with my books. I read Vergil especially. One needs him, don’t you think?”

Miss Warren’s fortifications fell with a crash. Was this, indeed, the golden age? Had it once more returned, free of intricacy and chaos?

“I’m sure farmers do,” continued this strange classicist,

disregarding her failure to answer him. "You remember,

'O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norant,
Agricolas!'

It's true, too. The farmers are the happiest people in the world in spite of all they say about hard times on the land. And what could be better when the ploughing's on, or the harvesting for that matter, than to read a bit of Vergil in the evenings?"

"Nothing," said Miss Warren with a fervor that surprised herself. "Perhaps you remember, too, how he said he walked in the blossoming way of lowly Quiet and Peace while other greater ones went to war and ruled nations."

His childlike eyes glowed with pleasure.

"The very thing I quote to my daughter when she wishes I were anything but a farmer. Only there was none greater than he in any age or time. I forgot. I have a daughter in college, and she studies Latin. She's terribly interested in it, she writes me. Maybe she puts it on a bit, knowing my own enthusiasm, but she's a nice girl."

"I'm sure she is," said Miss Warren with even added fervor. "Perhaps, I know her. What's her name?"

"Jane Williams. Now can it be possible — ?"

Miss Warren was conscious of a sudden and painful mental readjustment.

"Jane! She *is* nice. She's in my Latin class."

"Then you're Miss Warren. Well, well! Now this *is* a pleasure which I hadn't counted on." Turning in his seat, he extended his hand. "I do hope Jane does well for you. She says she thinks she's pretty good — or *gets by*, at least. That was her term."

"Jane," said Elizabeth Warren, feeling for her words,

"Jane has a rich imagination and — and real humor! She — she *is* a nice girl."

"She is. Thank you for discovering it. She's like her mother, though sometimes, as I tell her, she puts people off the track, deceives them about herself. Perhaps all girls do. You see, her mother is dead, and I've brought her up myself, all her life. It's not been easy always, but I've done my best."

"Oh, I'm sorry!"

"Thank you," he said again and turned for a moment to his neglected sleeves. Then,

"It's a great relief to me to have met you, Miss Warren, just like this. With all Jane has told me about you (and knowing my interest in Vergil, she's been very generous) I feel that you're an old friend. Now I wonder if you'd mind if I asked you a really personal question?"

She had ceased to be surprised. In the face of artlessness such as this she merely waited.

"Not at all," she assured him.

He bent nearer and lowered his voice.

"It's this. I trust you won't think it's too informal. You see, I've never been to see Jane before, and I'm — well, I'm a bit anxious she should be proud of me, showing me to her friends and all. I've been worrying about this suit. I had it made a week ago, especially for this trip, and I've not been sure it sets as it should. I'm sure you know. You look so nice yourself."

As Elizabeth Warren turned to inspect the suit, she told herself that this was not the graceless year 1936, but some former, simpler age, and she was more sure of it when her companion suddenly rose and stood quite unconcernedly for a moment so that she could view his back also.

"I'm sure it's perfect," she said. "That nice Oxford

gray." Incredulous, she heard her own voice adding, "And it's vastly becoming with your hair and eyes."

"I'm immensely relieved," he said, resuming his seat and abandoning all attention to his sleeves. "I was anxious. And there's just one thing more. It may seem foolish to you, but it's important just now to me. These girls, you know!"

Reaching into a pocket of his coat, he drew out a small parcel.

"I bought these ties this morning between trains, and I'm not sure which is better. Now if you think this blue one more becoming than the green I've got on — if you think Jane and her friends would like it better — I've still time to change."

"Don't think of it," said Miss Warren with a sudden tightening in her throat. "That green one is perfect. Green is awfully good this year, you know."

"I can't tell you how you've relieved my mind," he said, returning the parcel to his pocket. "The suit was a bit of a luxury — I don't usually indulge myself this way, but one does so want his daughter — well, you understand."

For a moment Miss Warren felt murderous toward Jane and all others of her thoughtless sort who, if by the slightest chance they were blessed with fathers like this, doubtless did not know enough to appreciate them. And then the awful realization of Jane's recently acquired *F* began to weigh upon her mind like a load of the heaviest metal. Her companion was speaking again.

"And now since you and Jane are friends already, and we all three have a common enthusiasm in Vergil, I'm sure you'll lunch with us."

To refuse him, she thought, would be like disturbing something placid and still.

"I'd love to, but there's Jane. She might rather see you alone."

"Not at all. She'll be honored."

As Miss Warren knew only too well, any honor Jane might have felt was not sufficient to banish a sinking feeling when she saw her father helping from the train her Latin professor. Grades had been out for three days, and Jane knew the worst. But she conducted herself with an ease possible only to her immediate generation, and Miss Warren did her best to follow after.

"Father, you're perfectly darling in that new suit! Isn't he, Miss Warren?"

"Miss Warren has already reassured me on the train, my dear. I made so bold as to ask her."

Jane flashed a look at Miss Warren, who was relieved to see that it contained less an apology for her father than an understanding of him.

"And you'll be pleased, Jane," he continued, "that Miss Warren is to lunch with us."

"Jolly!" said Jane. "Suppose we say *The Blue Bowl* if that suits you, Miss Warren? I'll show father around the campus this morning." Did the second look which she flashed her Latin professor implore concealment, or was there in it only a resigned acceptance of her fate?

Elizabeth Warren spent the two hours intervening in careful preparation for lunch. There was no little thinking necessary in view of Jane's *F*, no easy stilling of her conscience once she had irrevocably decided that she could not under any circumstances reveal the news to Jane's father. And for some reason, which she could not take time to analyze in view of her perturbed mind, she wanted to look her very best. No girl, she decided, could be ashamed of her, as a teacher or as a friend, when she was once arrayed in the smartest of early spring hats and

the most stylish of suits. And she presented herself, not without satisfaction in her appearance though with some mental misgivings, exactly at one o'clock.

Luncheon was fortunately without accident, though once complete shipwreck threatened.

"I suppose it might be a bit personal, my dear, to ask your grade right here in the presence of the donor."

"Absolutely, father. I'll tell you later before you — "

"You can't," interrupted Miss Warren then, trying her utmost to appear facetious to one and admonitory to the other. "You really can't tell him, Jane, for as a matter of fact I've not made my final computations."

Did she at that moment feel beneath the table a grateful pressure against her ankle?

"I'm not at all worried," he said, resting his hand for a moment against his daughter's sleeve. It was a long, thin hand with sensitive fingers. Miss Warren suddenly saw it holding Jane's grade sheet, and she felt all at once queer and empty. "Jane never really fails me. Of course, some times — but then she's getting a lot from college and, as she says, study isn't everything. Though as I tell her, I've found books better to live with than most people."

"Jane is writing me a very interesting paper," said Miss Warren. "It's on *Vergil as a Prophet of the New Age*. Her first draft was — was original, but as I told her too — too sketchy. If your father really isn't staying over, Jane, you might come and see me about it tonight."

JANE came at eight, bearing with her a long box which, opened, revealed poets' narcissus and violets. Within was a card: "Vergil's flowers from the Golden Age."

"Nothing would do but those," said the girl, standing a bit embarrassed among Miss Warren's books. "He

wouldn't consider any other kinds. Miss Warren, you've been awfully decent. Really now — ”

“I think,” said Miss Warren, flushing a little in her turn, “that we'd both be more comfortable if we had a cigarette, don't you?”

“Thanks. These are nice. I can't afford them.” From the depths of a big chair she looked a bit more at ease. “You see father's such an old dear, but he just oughtn't to be in this world at all. He's too — well, *simple*. You know.”

“Yes,” said Miss Warren, “I do. I know exactly. But the point is, not that he oughtn't to be in this world, but that we ought to be a bit more in his, don't you think?”

“Maybe,” said Jane. “But it's hard to escape with this one about your ears so. I guess perhaps if you're placed in it, you have to stick it — noise and all.”

“Perhaps,” said Miss Warren. “But it's awfully refreshing and new, don't you think, to find someone who's out of it — at least in his mind?”

“I guess 'tis, now I think about it. I'll admit this life gets pretty thick sometimes.” She sat up in the big chair and stared defiantly at her Latin professor. “You don't think for a moment that we like it this way, do you? — That we don't get confused, too, with all this noise and hustle?”

“I didn't know,” began Miss Warren. “I guess perhaps I thought you didn't mind it much. As a lot, you're rather — gay.”

“Well, the others can speak for themselves, only they won't. I hate it most of the time — everything piling up on you all the time, everyone always going some place or other — no chance for the things you *really* want to do. But I'm not publishing the fact around these parts. It isn't done.”

"You needn't mind me," said Miss Warren. "I'm safe."

The girl jumped to her feet. She had already said far more than she had meant to say, and yet she had not broached the subject nearest them both.

"I'm — I'm no end grateful to you for saving my life the way you did at lunch. It was splendid of you." She hesitated. One must beware of showing too much appreciation to the faculty. That, too, wasn't done. "At least," she finished, "I don't have to tell him for a week, and by that time he'll be back on the farm and won't take it so hard."

She moved toward the door, but Miss Warren interceded her.

"You're never going to tell him," she said. "I just can't have him disappointed in you. The course is a year course, and there aren't any final grades till June. Tell him that. It's not actually a lie, and if it was, I shouldn't mind. And if you will work that paper over and do with it what I know you *can* do, I'll raise your grade with a free conscience."

"Work!" cried Jane in her turn. "I'll make Vergil a major prophet. I'll do *anything* to save father from knowing what a lazy fool I've been. You see, I just never *got* him quite as I have today."

She paused with her hand on the latch. The college clock was chiming the half hour.

"I forgot to tell you," she announced, gazing in some confusion at the flowers already in a silver bowl below the bust of Vergil, "I forgot to tell you that Father offered to send me to Italy this summer on a Vergilian cruise for students. He said he'd like to reward me for working so hard and taking such an interest in my Latin! He said he hadn't realized how good I was until he'd talked with you! But I told him I thought we'd be happier, he and I,

right on the farm by ourselves at home. I haven't been with him a summer for years, and after all a farm is the best place for Vergil, isn't it? Of course, he, poor dear, will be thinking of Vergil and I'll be thinking of the *B* I shall earn from you in June. But anyway I've made up my mind. We settled it today, and he *was* pleased."

Elizabeth Warren sat for a long time after Jane had left, and even after the moonlight, flooding her window, had silvered the violets and the poet's narcissus. She hated to go to bed, and even more to wake again upon a mundane world with people playing everywhere their little rôles. For, through a chance encounter on a local train, herself all undeserving, the Golden Age had come again, and for a brief season she had walked as the poet himself had done in the blossoming way of Quiet and of Peace.

Book Reviews

NORTH TO THE ORIENT. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt Brace, \$2.50.

IT WAS, of course, a foregone conclusion that any book published over the signature "Anne Morrow Lindbergh" would be certain of some, and probably of a very large degree of success. But "North to the Orient" deserves, on its own merits, all the acclaim it has received. A delightful book, it reveals charm and a swift sense of humor, as well as quick and generous sympathy, intelligence and sensitive response. It has, too, that quality which can only be called friendliness. Reading it, you feel that you have learned to know and to like Mrs. Lindbergh.

There is a preface in which she explains her object in writing the book as being an attempt to recapture some of the magic of the truly marvelous contrasts of that adventurous airplane journey—contrasts of primitive and ultra-modern conditions. Three hours' flight took them from civilization to the solitudes of Baker Lake, never before visited by a white woman. As they passed high over the gray, isolated wastes of Victoria Land, radio kept them in touch with the great cities of the world. Like a fairy-tale, yes; but in common with other fairy-tales, it has its giants and witches and ogres. The plane soars up into the clear blue sky and overhead the sun is shining; but beneath the fog has closed in, hiding those malevolent giants, the mountain peaks, and the fuel will last just so long and no longer. Fog is the special demon of Mrs. Lindbergh's narrative, and the most exciting passage in the book is the vivid, dramatic account of the flight over the Chishima Islands, when once and again Colonel Lindbergh tried to find a landing place, "like a knife going down the side of a pie-tin, between fog and mountain," and she found herself wondering whether this flight were not destined to be their last. How ironic then must have seemed that "Welcome to Japan!" which had but recently come to them over the radio!

Of all the beneficent genii who helped them to make a success of their thrilling journey, none was more active or more

important than this same radio. But it was a genie who claimed heavy dues of service. When Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh decided to travel — like the adventurers of old — “North to the Orient,” they faced two especial difficulties. The first was the question of supplies: the plane could carry a weight of only a certain number of pounds, and they were going to the Arctic and to the tropics. At any time, moreover, they might be compelled to make a forced landing in some wilderness, and they must have food enough to last for many days, besides tools and equipment for emergency repairs. And if they hoped to return in safety, they must have radio, and know how to use it. Mrs. Lindbergh very amusingly describes her struggles with the Morse code and “the theory of regeneration in the vacuum tube.” She passed her examinations, equipment and supplies were arranged, but neither she nor her husband realized half they had done until the newspapers told them all about it the morning after the plan for their trip was announced. “Our routes, stops, distances, and fuel consumption were all accurately planned out for us”; while someone had “gleaned all the statistics for years about weather, winds, and flying conditions across the Arctic,” not to mention a number of other things. They received information in abundance, but Mrs. Lindbergh gently hints that much of it was about as accurate as the description of her costume given his audience by the radio announcer on the broiling hot morning of the start, when, glancing at her where she stood bare-headed in a “sticky cotton blouse,” he blandly remarked, “Mrs. Lindbergh is wearing a leather flying helmet and leather coat.”

The book is one of impressions rather than any systematic account of a journey. The little group of men at the trading post at Baker Lake, so pitifully eager for news from “outside”; the arrival of the one boat which comes each year to Atlavik — these are the things of which she tells. In Russia, the Lindberghs did “all the things that one is supposed to do”; but what remains real and significant to her is the memory of the two women in Karazinski “smiling over my baby’s picture,” and of the men “tipping back their chairs and laughing at our crossing the date line” without realizing it. Japan to her is the exquisite hospitality of the fisherman’s hut, the charming

ceremonial of the Tea House, the grace and appreciative vision "which saw beauty in the smallest things" — which shone through and illuminated even "the paper and string of life." The memory of Japan is a memory of the "singing sailors" who came to help when help was terribly needed, a memory of beauty and the most gracious courtesy, but the impression of China is tragic. For when the Lindberghs arrived, the Yangtze River had risen and flooded all the surrounding country, bringing indescribable desolation as well as incalculable loss of life. Their plane was the only one in China with sufficient range to survey the outer limits of the flood, and their time was spent trying to chart the extent of the damage. In that "starving, dying and devastated land," Colonel Lindbergh attempted to carry medical supplies and two doctors to a flood-beleaguered city, an attempt which very nearly ended in tragedy.

"One could sit still and look at life from the air," remarks Mrs. Lindbergh — and that is, in the main, precisely what this book is, a look at life: life in ice-bound settlements, and paper-walled houses; in moments of comedy and moments of tragedy; in the sure, joyous flight of the plane, and in the fear-stricken moments when fog shrouds the world and the danger of crashing against a mountain-top becomes imminent. There is more, a good deal more, than charm in Mrs. Lindbergh's book, more than an interesting, often exciting account of experiences and surprises and adventures; there is wisdom and sensitivity, modesty and simplicity, the courage of a rare, a valiant and a sympathetic spirit.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

OLD JULES. By Mari Sandoz. Little, Brown, \$3.00.

A QUESTION is why this book should have been written at all, why printed, why so widely read. We have here what is nothing less than a full-length biography — detailed, elaborate and illustrated — yet about whom? A discerning daughter, who was under no illusions as to her forceful father, only indicates his identity by the nickname, Old Jules.

Not only was Old Jules a forgotten man. According to the standard of precedence laid down in the most democratic

edition of "Who's Who," he deserved to be forgotten. What great thought did he express, whether in prose or poetry? What secret of nature did he discover? What of truth or beauty, here or hereafter, did he visualize? What social service did he render, as social service is usually defined? No virtue was conspicuous in Old Jules. He was not a pleasant — certainly not a polite — man to meet. I do not find him to be a pleasant man to read about.

The Trader Horn of Nebraska pursued one absorbing occupation. He was among

"the pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran."

Of civilization in Switzerland, he was impatient. Forth he wandered from that Egypt of restraining indulgences into a wilderness where he wandered for the rest of his life.

The customary course of society is from simple to complex — what General Garfield would have called from log-cabin to White House. The Goths who invaded Rome, the Norsemen who were a terror to England, the Moguls who descended on India, were, all of them, barbarians by comparison with the communities that they ravaged. The peculiar experience of the European colonist reverses racial evolution. Men turn not from tents to roofs but from roofs to tents, not from caravans to cities but from cities to caravans. Old Jules started life in a medical school at Zurich. He lived that life, using metaphor, in a covered wagon. The urban reverted to the nomadic, the civilized to the primitive.

Thus do we see men and women returning from art and culture and even faith, to nature, the actual physical struggle for life itself against the elements of the universe — not savages, not animals, in the main, but wind and water and lack of water, cold and heat, the soil that yields little food unless it be subdued by human hands. This book is of the frontier, not only the frontier of the wild and woolly west, but the frontier where life is aligned with death.

Appraisals of personality in these days are classified according to the generation to which we belong. Some are psychologists, others are pre-psychology. In the youngest and least tested of sciences, the older amongst us are primitives and

the younger are patriarchs. Over Old Jules, there can hardly fail to be agreement. His pioneering was an urge towards self-expression. It was self-expression that drove Livingstone across Africa and marooned Grenfell in Laborador. So with Sandoz of Nebraska.

All of these three men were equipped with medical experience. All handled situations best to be described as nudist in their rough realism. But there was otherwise a distinction between them. Grenfell and Livingstone were animated by what satisfied them as a gospel. They expressed the life that they wanted to live. Their chief criticism of environment in Britain was that it had not been extended to the Arctic and the tropics. Old Jules, on the other hand, was a rebel — not against environment as such, but against the authority of affection within the environment. He was an exile from the family, a bitter insurgent against his own father. His gospel was grievance.

Within man, there is what we call the will and the won't — the inner prerogative of being by which man can choose not indeed his circumstances, nor his capacities, but his way of adapting them to his inward purposes. Old Jules had a strong will. He forced that will on himself and others. He was a leader.

Old Jules, as he advanced "o'er moor and fen and crag and torrent" became a mass of bruises. In mind as in body, he was battered black and blue. The bruises may or may not have been his fault. But they benumbed his finer senses. He was a bruised son, a bruised husband, a bruised father, a bruised citizen within the community. He did not try to behave, except as a brute. He was not uncivilized but decivilized.

His daughter might have detested such a parent. She has preferred the nobler opportunity of understanding, and, in these pages, civilization has a sweet revenge. Around Old Jules, there is woven the silken shroud of simple and elucidating language. He is not defended — there can be no defense. But he is revealed, and to know all is usually to forgive. In these confessional pages, Old Jules is shriven of his many sins, and is admitted again to Nebraska — this time as a paradise, and for us a library of regional archives.

SILAS CROCKETT. By Mary Ellen Chase. Macmillan, \$2.50.

THE notable efflorescence of regional literature in Maine during the past five years is one of the most striking literary phenomena of the times, and constitutes a significant phase of the whole movement in this country toward the study and evaluation of the American past. In its more romantic and sentimental aspects, the trend may perhaps be explained as an extreme unrest in the present, and an attempt to swing the mind backward into happier days; but the best writing it has produced is of more lasting importance than it could be, if it were merely embodied nostalgia.

Certain of the regional writers, among them Mary Ellen Chase, are not so much filled with a yearning for another time — the Golden Age that has always fired the fancy of mankind — as they are concerned with the survival of fine and lasting traits of character that have come down to us as first-hand evidence that not quite all we know about the past lies in the realm of the imagination. In other words, they are writing inspirational literature — translating into human terms the spiritual content of the past, and are showing us how strangely and how strongly, good qualities survive from one age to another, even though they may seem at times to be lost through a general sense of changing values.

Every effort that is made to recapture the past is looked upon by the superficial as no more than an attempt to evade the present. This is particularly true when a new literary movement springs into being — such as the rise of the proletarian cult in fiction in this country, which has taken place alongside the regionalistic delving into our past, and which is essentially contemporary, because most of its followers either disregard history or reduce it so completely to economics that its lessons are worth nothing in any other field. Novelists like Miss Chase are fundamentally for people who believe in the changeless things of the spirit.

She began her contribution to the reconstruction of Maine history with an autobiography, "The Goodly Heritage," which was almost a novel in form, although its incidents were all taken from life. The title was significant, and will serve, I suspect, as a sort of general title for all her work. At least it

might easily take in her first novel, "Mary Peters" and her second, "Silas Crockett." The first was a full-length study of a woman, a chronicle in which the emphasis was upon character, the strength to face up to whatever trials life may bring. The second has a similar theme with a considerably more varied cast of characters and background.

In fact, as "The Goodly Heritage" was the history of a Maine woman's life from infancy to the middle years, and "Mary Peters" the equally vivid, equally fine and penetrating history of another Maine woman, "Silas Crockett" is the history of a family through four generations, or, to put it another way, the history of Saturday Cove over a period of a hundred years, from 1830 to the present. It is, therefore, a chronicle novel, in which Time supplies the forward motion, and in which the emphasis, as Miss Chase says in her brief foreword, is "purposely placed more upon setting and character than upon plot and incident. The strength and appeal of the chronicle novel depend upon the successful re-creation of the past, its re-vivification, and at this Miss Chase, quite obviously without taking any liberties, exhibits notable skill.

Men readers will find her discussing ships in full detail, and if it is not ships they happen to love, but houses, writing of one of those marvelous early American artisans as if she had known and talked to him. Women will find that there is nothing missing from her description of a wedding feast — what valiant trenchermen those ancestors of ours were! — and fully informed about all the changes in styles from one period to another. It is not difficult to guess the amount of loving research that has gone into such a novel as "Silas Crockett." But there are no museum trappings in the novel — only the settings for understandable, real people, able to reach out and touch lives with ours.

It was Thomas Winship, father of the Solace whom Silas Crockett married and took to sea, who built both ships and houses. A ship's carpenter who had traveled the seven seas, he came home to put all the good architecture he had seen into his meeting houses. About one of these Miss Chase writes:

In it Sir Christopher Wren lived again, Samuel McIntyre, Charles Bulfinch, and other builders now nameless, whose homes and churches and public buildings Thomas Winship

had studied with an eye to shrewd and reverent emulation. For the New England meeting-house in its best and noblest form is an incorporation, a unification, a synthesis of the art and the architecture of many centuries, many lands and many peoples.

The four panels which make up Miss Chase's historical screen of one century are the lives of Silas Crockett, his son Nicholas, his grandson Reuben, and his great-grandson Silas Crockett II. Silas the first came along in the opulent 'thirties and lived on into the even more opulent 'forties when money was easy for men who could sail ships. Nicholas went to sea, but lost his life when he had to become a fisherman to support his family. The best Reuben could do was to find a job on a coastwise steamer, the Searsport, and, when she was finally laid up, on a ferryboat. There was no more sea for Silas II, and we leave him working in a herring factory.

In other hands this downhill course of a family might have come out as a study of degeneracy, but as I have already said Miss Chase is showing us people who do not yield to change and misfortune. And behind each of the men is a woman fit to be his mate, from the lovely Solace Winship, who married Silas I, to the brave and modern Ann, whom we leave ready to marry Silas II.

Miss Chase is too intelligent to write a sentimental line; it is merely that she knows, which some other novelists do not, that there are, and always have been, good and strong people, and that they are worth writing about. If there were not these devoted and instinctive fighters of chaos, we should have gone under long ago, and it is worth while to spend time in the company of as many of them as we can come to know in life or fiction.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

RED SKY IN THE MORNING. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Macmillan, \$2.50.

DOWN in Maine, winters are long and bitter hard, and summers are as brief as opportunity; and the folk who dwell there have perforce learned to live warily and frugally, following proved and tested ways, avoiding experiment and waste and every folly. To survive, it has been necessary for

them to be thrifty not only of substantial things, but even of emotional expenditures.

Under this enforced parsimony, the lusty blood of the old Maine families too often has run thin and pale, flowing nowadays through the veins of a generation a little afraid of love and life, shrinking from marriage, secretly feeling that there is something scandalous in the bearing even of lawful children. The remark of the old lady, one of whose younger acquaintances had just presented her husband with a second baby in three years — “I declare, I always thought Mary was such a lady” — epitomizes this attitude of mind with sufficient completeness.

The Princes who lived on Whaleboat Island and Men-haden, the people in Mr. Tristram Coffin’s book, “Red Sky in the Morning,” derive from generations of sea captains; but the old stout blood, salt-seasoned, in them is become pale and flavorless. Frank, the chaste bachelor, is in other respects a wise, sane man; but he cannot bring himself to plain speech about simple physical things, even to save the boy he loves. Rupert Prince boasted that he was a libertine, that he had loved many women and been loved by them; yet his boasts perhaps were lies, set up defensively against the accusation that he had not dared to marry. Daniel Prince in hot youth had married and bred two sons before, as his blood cooled, he became ashamed of the immodesty of fatherhood, and hid his shrinking fear of a repetition of that indiscretion behind a mask of loudly-vaunted jealousy.

One of his sons was Will; and “Red Sky in the Morning” is the story of Will’s mind just before and just after puberty. The story is told by recording the boy’s emotional reactions to what he observes of the sex impulse in his elders. The shrinking fear of healthy flesh is strong upon him. He is ashamed of his own body, ashamed of seeing the bodies of other men. He is embarrassed and miserable when Rupert Prince wears only trunks for swimming, and is hairy on chest and thigh. He is uncomfortable in the consciousness of his father’s bulk and strength; finds something disturbing even in the mustache Uncle Frank wears. And he is most ashamed of all when in tenderness his mother touches him. To Will the most hideous part of the hideous dream which precedes the tragic conclu-

sion of his story, is that in the dream he saw his father naked.

As a child, lying awake at night in his small room in the small mean house on Whaleboat, he heard his father jealously upbraid his mother. Those half heard, half understood accusations obsess Will afterward, sharpening his perceptions, leading him to watch his mother and Rupert, the braggart libertine, with a preternatural acuteness. And all his thoughts are colored and controlled by the fact that he loves his father with a love essentially feminine, that he shrinks from his mother as the true Prince menfolk shrink from all womankind.

Will plays in this book the part of spectator. He acts only once, but when he does so it is with that complete and passionate conviction that what he does is the right and necessary thing to do, of which only a child is capable. The result is a climax as grandly satisfying as that of a classic tragedy.

Mr. Coffin's people are Maine folk; his scene the harsh, rocky, completely beautiful Maine coastal islands. He has understood these folk completely. But to tell their story presented difficulties. To put into their mouths the familiar idiom of the locality would have been to reduce their stature, to belittle them and their emotional lives with which he wished to deal. Yet not to do so was to destroy the authenticity of his locale. He solved the problem by a device both daring and effective. The conversation of his characters is almost completely free from any suggestion of dialect or colloquialism; and in their moments of great emotional stress it is entirely so. But at the same time, since most of the book consists in the author's recital of Will's thoughts, Mr. Coffin was able to cast those thoughts in the Maine idiom, and thus preserve the flavor of his scene.

For brief example, as the book opens, Will is on his way to bring water from a certain spring for his brother David, who is ill; and Mr. Coffin writes:

It was a long way to the boiling spring his father wanted the water from for David . . . Will knew his father thought more of David than he did of him. David took after his father more in looks . . .

Yet Mr. Coffin is able to merge this colloquial style without a break into the descriptive passages which enrich the book:

As Will came up a mound of frozen spindrift, the whole dark ocean lifted up along the black ledges. A crack of white ran all the way along the island and burst into a row of blossoms like giant white lilies. They hung in the air and caught the whole dim shine of coming day. Then they subsided very slowly . . .

Will brought the water home from the spring for David. Home was the mean house on Whaleboat Island where Will's father lived, and ran his lobster pots; and at night abed Will could hear his father in the other room accuse his mother of nameless things. Will brought the water; Will rowed a heavy dory four miles through a gale of wind to fetch a doctor for his brother's sake. But David died, and was buried in the Prince burying ground on the hill above the fine old Prince house on Menhaden, where Uncle Frank lived; and after the funeral they all came down the hill to the house in silence.

And then Will's father said:

"We will be going back to Whaleboat right away."

And Will's mother:

"I am not going back to Whaleboat, Daniel. Not ever . . . If you go, you will go alone."

And his father:

"You will come back with me where you belong or you and I are through for good."

There is no Maine tang to such phrases as these. "We'll git right along home, ma." "I ain't a-going, Dan'l." "Suit yourself! You c'n come or not as yo're a mind to." Something of the sort would more accurately represent what Daniel Prince and his wife did actually say to each other. But Mr. Coffin, knowing this as well as another, was concerned not with their idiom, but with their emotions. This was, for both of them, a moment final and determinate; a moment of sober, stubborn resolution. Mr. Coffin lent their words the dignity which was deserved by the importance of what they meant and felt; and by setting this interchange against a background of paragraphs rich with the local idiom, he secured for the scene a tremendous emphasis.

Which it merited. For this was the turning point in their

lives, and in Will's. After that day, his mother stayed on Menhaden, and his father went back to Whaleboat. The family was dissolved.

Will would have gone with his father, loving him best. But his father bade him stay behind; and Will came to be happy on Menhaden. Winter passed, and in the spring, "He sang more . . . than he had ever sung in his life. Not loudly. Not when people were around. But low and to himself . . ." Then Rupert Prince, a novelist who had seen the world and — unless he lied — had seduced many women, came to summer here with them. Will watched him get out of the stage. "It struck Will that there was too much to the man. Too much body." But Will's mother liked Rupert and dressed more carefully, as though to please him; and one day on a picnic all together upon an outer island, "suddenly Will felt that something was going to happen. A thing he had dreaded all his life without knowing what it was . . . It was something that had to do with his father . . ."

What happened was that his mother looked at Rupert Prince. "She was unconscious of everything else in the world . . . Her eyes were full of light; a strange light like that he had seen on the edges of the thunderclouds."

There is a breathless pity and terror in Mr. Coffin's record of that summer. The man and the woman, seen always through the eyes of the woman's son, draw guiltily together; and the boy lives in fear of what is to come, and tries in desperate and futile ways to avert it. He appeals to his father. Mr. Coffin, in describing that scene, by adopting an extraordinary expedient, achieves an overpowering effect. Once the interchange between father and son is under way, Mr. Coffin transcribes not what is actually said between them, but what is thought, and what thought answers thought.

Yet Mr. Coffin writes as though these thoughts were in fact translated into acts and speech. The two, father and son, constitutionally inarticulate, become articulate. "Will . . . was on his knees, holding fast to his father's knees." And Will was speaking: "'I have never asked you for anything since I was a small boy, Father. This is the first thing I have asked you for, for years. I wouldn't be asking you to come and live with mother again if I could help it now . . .'"

As a realistic transcription of a scene between a Maine lobster fisherman and his son, this passage is incredible; but it has a deeper verity, an accordance not with what Will and his father would have done and said, but with what they would have felt and thought, with what they would have wished to say, even though they were tragically unable to express their emotions thus straightforwardly. The scene, thus handled, achieves a deep and memorable poignancy.

And when Will, still desperately seeking to avert what he foresees, subsequently appeals to his mother, the contrast between that scene and this one becomes marked. The souls of man and man may meet, even though they meet in opposition; but between man and woman a gulf is set which cannot by any means be crossed. When Will besought his father, the bars were down between them; but between the boy and his mother there is an icy barrier. The passage begins thus:

“Mother.”

“Yes, Will?” She looked at him and stood still. She stood still all over. She knew something bad was coming.

“There’s something I want to talk to you about.”

“What is it?”

Thus stiffly they proceed, the woman passing from wariness to sudden feminine anger, striking at random; till Will’s pleading comes to a useless end.

So as the summer passes, Rupert and Will’s mother rush headlong to catastrophe; and Will, when his father and his mother each in turn refuse his pleadings, himself turns at last to action and finds a finally effective thing to do.

This is a book written with commanding power and certainty; and the deep and sympathetic comprehension with which the characters are presented is matched by the beauty of the colors in which the scene is drawn. An example might be chosen from almost any page. Thus:

Their eyes had grown used to the dark. They all looked up. The northern lights were out. They came streaming up from behind the dark hill. They were so bright that the stones up there stood out black against them. The stars had grown dim. The needles of fierce flames thousands of miles long came dancing up like the waves of heat in burning firewood. They ran up from

the hill high to the top of the sky. They clustered there. And new hosts of flames went dancing off down on all sides. It was like a vast bridal veil spread out over their heads. The faces of all the gazers were touched and picked out with an unearthly radiance. They could hear a mysterious sound like the rustling of tremendous silks . . .

“Red Sky in the Morning” is a thrilling book. Any person of intelligence and taste will read it with a kindling and memorable satisfaction. Persons whose test of a book is whether they “like” it or not will not “like” this one. The third and fourth paragraphs on page 270, and the last two or three paragraphs on page 288 were perhaps offered as a sop to them; but these are the only jarring notes in a splendidly concordant whole.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By Stanley T. Williams. 2 volumes. Oxford University Press, \$15.00.

THOUGH we have had to wait seventy-five years for the definitive life of Washington Irving, our patience has been rewarded. A number of circumstances contributed to this apparent neglect of our first great man of letters, some of which were beyond the control, until lately, of any biographer of Irving. Other circumstances were the result of what may be called the trend of the times.

Pierre M. Irving was his uncle's literary executor and first biographer. The “Life and Letters of Washington Irving” (1862-1864) is a combination of careful writing and careful editing, the care being exercised to perpetuate a legend. This was the usual rather than the exceptional biographical method in the nineteenth century, particularly when the biography was the work of a member of the family. Only the glories, the successes, the virtues of the subject were to be presented; anything savoring of moral shortcomings, of any kind of failure was to be omitted. Pierre Irving followed this procedure; and, until George S. Hellman published “Washington Irving, Esquire, Ambassador at Large from the New World to the Old,” in 1925, every biographer of Irving followed him. Mr. Hellman gave us some idea of what a really exhaustive and critical biography of Irving might be; unfortunately it was not his in-

tention to present a full-length portrait. That remained to be done by Stanley T. Williams in the work under review.

Here, for the first time, we have a complete picture of Washington Irving the writer, the diplomat, the lover, and the man. It is hardly necessary for Professor Williams to remind us that he spent ten years on this book; a glance at the more than two hundred pages of notes will give us some idea of the time and effort that went into its preparation and writing.

The Washington Irving of his nephew's book was a young society man of New York who, inconsolable at the loss of his sweetheart, Matilda Hoffman, wandered over Europe for seventeen years doing whatever came to his hand that he might forget the great grief of his life. There are a few discrepancies in this story.

In the first place the Irvings did not belong to the select group called New York society, nor was the family at any time wealthy. They were merchants of the middle class, who achieved fair success in business until they overreached themselves. Secondly, Professor Williams proves beyond a doubt that, though Irving sincerely loved Matilda Hoffman and never forgot her, he might have married in later life had the women in whom he was interested been willing. Though he never forgot his first love, he loved again. As he grew older he greatly desired a home and a family, to the extent that when he settled at Sunnyside he gathered as many of his nieces as he could about him. After the first shock had passed, he would have been very glad to have had a home of his own.

There was an interval of six years between the death of Matilda Hoffman and Irving's departure for Europe in 1815. In that interval he finished "A History of New York," served on the military staff of Governor Tompkins of New York, and acted as the editor of the *Analectic Review*, for which he also wrote numerous articles and tales. During these years he was, for Irving, a busy man from necessity and from choice. Irving's temperament was not adapted to a professional career, or to any career that required regular duties in a settled environment. Naturally restless, he was constantly looking for new faces and scenes. It was this wanderlust that made him useless in business and that finally drove him to Europe.

When Washington Irving left New York in May, 1815, he

had no idea where he was going nor how long he would be away from America; he certainly had no idea that his voluntary exile would last for seventeen years, that he would return to America with a European reputation that was not accepted as yet by his own countrymen.

In 1815 there was little to indicate the direction that Irving's later writing was to take. He had already done some of his best work in the contributions he had made to "Salmagundi"; but these contributions were largely satirical, the sometimes pointed satire of an observant young man interested in the life of the town and in the theatre. Diedrick Knickerbocker's "History of New York" had been conceived in the same spirit by Irving and his brother Peter. When it was finished, it was still a satire on certain phases of American life and politics — but a satire shot through with a humor that Irving was rarely to attain again. It seems to me that Professor Williams has done no more than justice to this book in placing it high on the list of Irving's writings. It is not only literature itself, but it introduced Irving in America and England. Scott and Dickens knew and admired the book. Dickens more than admired it, he imitated it. This was the Irving who landed in England with a vague idea of making his living by his pen, though he went over ostensibly to assist his brother who was representing the importing firm of the Irvings in Liverpool.

Irving's first years in England were not happy ones. After a period of traveling in which he stored up treasure for later use, he settled down in Liverpool trying to be a business man. The firm was not succeeding, Peter Irving was ill, and Washington had to try to carry on a business that was in the first stages of the bankruptcy that was to come in a few years. A temperamental incapacity for business, a growing desire to write, and an inability to do that writing except under ideal conditions, do not make for success in business or literature. The months dragged on, the business became more involved, and Irving became despondent. Occasionally he would take a short trip, but he knew what was waiting for him back in Liverpool and that knowledge ruined these little vacations. In the summer of 1817 he decided on a trip he had long been planning; he would go to Scotland and visit Sir Walter, his literary idol . . . He stopped at Abbotsford, received a glorious welcome, and the

four days that he spent there settled his career. He would be a writer.

“The Sketch Book” was the direct result of Irving’s visit to Scott. In one of the best chapters of this brilliant critical biography, Professor Williams has given what I believe to be the best criticism of Irving’s greatest book. Step by step the critical biographer gives us the story of the creation of our first classic and his carefully considered judgment of it:

Today the reader turns, in “The Sketch Book,” to a few essays. These are different; they live on in the speech of men, in quotation and allusion, in painting and the drama, and in innumerable reprintings. However tepid, however archaic “The Sketch Book” as a whole, these few essays seem to have life. Needless to say, these exceptional essays are not concerned with such fashions in sentiment as “The Pride of the Village,” such defunct debate as “English Writers on America,” such antiquarianism as “Little Britain.” They do not depend for their interest on the revelation of comparative influences, as does “The Spectre Bridegroom”; on early American use of German romantic material; on American deference to English tradition, as do “Christmas” and its companion papers; on sentimental idiom in describing the Indian, prophetic of Longfellow. Such are rather the interests of the seminary. It is their literary quality which has caused them to survive.

Concerning the titles of these few there will be disagreement, but such a group might include “Rip Van Winkle,” “The Boar’s Head Tavern, Eastcheap,” “The Mutability of Literature,” “Westminster Abbey,” “Stratford-on-Avon,” and “The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.” These still retain their hold upon the imagination, not because they are cleansed of Irving’s minor sins—the commonplace metaphors, the excessive sentiment, the thinness, which bored Hazlitt. Their merits are positive. In all are Irving’s long, indolent sentences, with their select vocabulary and their perfect concatenation. In all is the tranquil manner which engaged the admiration of Poe; the felicity of phrase, whose attainment may be traced in the notebooks; and the clever turn of incident, as in the conclusion of “Rip Van Winkle.”

The book which has been criticized here so rigorously, and yet so justly, established Irving as a man of letters. The charm of the work and its mastery of English prose was recognized in

England, even if American acceptance of it was less complete. That recognition gave Irving confidence in himself and in his ability to make his living by his pen. The years were to bring him fame and a certain degree of fortune, but he was never to improve upon "*The Sketch Book*."

With his first book a success, Irving was off on his travels, looking for change in atmosphere, new faces and new friends, and new material for his pen. Irving was never capable of translating his experiences, his inner life into literature. He was a taster of life, not a thinker. He knew that he could find friends and new atmosphere on the Continent, and the next six years find him flitting back and forth between London and Paris with longer intervals spent in Germany. In this period he published "*Bracebridge Hall*" and the "*Tales of a Traveller*" — collections of tales, essays, and sketches which, though they may not be up to the standard of "*The Sketch Book*," are entitled to a higher place than Professor Williams gives them. In this period, too, Irving tried his hand at writing for the theatre, as the result of his intimacy with John Howard Payne. Between them they hammered out some actable plays, particularly "*Charles II*"; but Irving soon realized that he was not a dramatist.

The winter of 1822–1823 was spent in Dresden where Irving had the second serious love affair of his life. The story of his interest in Emily Foster, carefully guarded by Pierre Irving, was first brought to light by Mr. Hellman. Professor Williams's discussion of the affair is complete but not entirely satisfactory. There is no doubt that Irving would have married Miss Foster had she been willing, but proof seems to be lacking. Nearly every biographer has to meet such a problem as this, and solve it to the best of his ability; perhaps we have here the best solution obtainable from the evidence.

Between the summer of 1823 and January 1826, Irving worked at many things, without much success. "*Tales of a Traveller*" was not particularly well received. It was in the same vein as the two previous books, and that vein was pretty well worked out. As we have seen, the dramatic work did not satisfy Irving and he abandoned it. He took refuge in his old comfort, traveling. It served for a time but soon palled; and he was in one of his moods of stark depression when an opportu-

nity came to him to do something entirely new, something that would arouse him from his black mood, give him employment, and enable him to visit the country of his dreams — Spain.

When Irving went to Spain, at the age of forty-three, he entered upon a new phase of his career, a phase that was to affect his life as much as it was to affect his writing. Just as it removed his writing from the realm of pure fiction to history, biography and travel literature, so it changed the tenor of his life from that of an aimless wanderer in search of amusement and literary material, to one who became a diplomat, something of a politician, a substantial citizen.

The immediate purpose of his visit to Spain was the translation of a collection of papers relating to Columbus which had just been published. Irving was well qualified for this work; he had long been interested in Spain, its history, and its literature, and Spanish was the one foreign language he had mastered. As it turned out, he did not translate Navarette's collection. While working on this volume in the Spanish libraries, the subject of Columbus and his voyages grew upon him until he decided to write his own biography of Columbus, rather than make available Navarette's collection to American readers. He spent nearly two years on the book that in 1828 appeared as "*The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*." In his criticism of this book in the text and in the "*Supplementary Studies*," Professor Williams has, I think, been too severe. He judges it by our standards rather than by those in vogue at the time it was published. We know that Irving was neither a trained nor a natural scholar; he was a writer who could adapt available material to his purposes and produce a fundamentally true, and certainly a well-written narrative.

Spain was a mine of material for such a story-teller as Irving. The fault of most of the books that date from this period is that Irving attempted to be at once the historian and the romancer. Such a combination provides absorbingly interesting material to read, but its authenticity is always open to question. Professor Williams's criticism of these Spanish books, "*The Conquest of Granada*" and "*The Alhambra*," is painful to those who are particularly fond of Irving — the more painful because we must admit its truth.

After 1829 Irving's life takes on a broader and, in a sense, more important aspect. With the political and diplomatic experience gained from three years' service as Secretary of Legation at London, he returned to America in 1832 bent on re-establishing himself as an American. America had not greeted the work of Irving with open arms; his preoccupation with the life and literature of England and the Continent had alienated his countrymen. During the following decade he succeeded not only in reviving American interest in him, but in reviving his interest in America. In explaining Irving during this decade, the "Life of Washington Irving" reaches its highest point of biographical interest. This was a period of Irving's life about which we knew very little until Professor Williams completely illuminated it. The most interesting of Irving's activities during this time were in the realm of politics. He had no taste for the give and take of partisan politics, but he liked to be behind the scenes, to be in that atmosphere of power which national politics radiate. By temperament, training, and social position, Irving was an aristocrat and a conservative, but circumstances — his brother's political activities and his own connection with Van Buren — threw him into the Democratic camp where he must have been a trifle uncomfortable. However, by 1840 he had become a Whig, and it was as a Whig that he was named Minister to Spain in 1842.

Irving chose the West as one means of regaining his literary position in America, and the choice was a wise one. The western country was being rapidly settled, the frontier was being pushed steadily westward, "manifest destiny" was the phrase of the day. Regardless of his purpose, Irving gave his contemporaries three interesting and valuable books in "A Tour of the Prairies," "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A.," and "Astoria." The last named holds its interest today, though the present biographer can see little of permanent value or literary quality in any of these volumes.

Neither the revival of his interest in America, nor the establishment of a permanent residence at Sunnyside could stifle the wanderlust in Irving, though he was now fifty-nine years old; and when the Spanish mission was offered he gladly accepted it. Of course, it was an honor and a fitting tribute to

America's most widely known man of letters. His four years at Madrid were busy ones, for there were numerous problems between the two countries to be solved, and Spain was passing through a period of serious domestic trouble. Despite the weight of his diplomatic duties and ill health, Irving enjoyed this second period in Spain — though when he was recalled in 1846 he was willing and anxious to return to America and Sunnyside.

In the thirteen years left to him, Irving turned out an enormous amount of work. Even though we accept his biographer's opinion that most of these books were compilations from the old notebooks, and reworkings of old material of his own or of others, we must give Irving credit for industry, though I believe he is entitled to much more than that. During this period appeared "Oliver Goldsmith" (1849), "Mahomet and His Successors" (1849-1850), "Wolfert's Roost" (1855), and "The Life of George Washington" (1855-1859) in five volumes. That "Oliver Goldsmith" is a "perfunctory biography," that "Mahomet" is a compilation from unnamed sources, I am not willing to admit; and Professor Williams's criticism of "George Washington" is, in my judgment, entirely too severe and even unfair. This biography of Washington had been in Irving's mind for years; he had been collecting material in his desultory fashion for a quarter of a century. When the opportunity for writing it came, he was a tired old man, but he kept on, writing against time and disease; he finished it just eight months before his death, which came on November 28, 1859.

The "Life of Washington Irving" will take its place among the best of our critical biographies. It is well planned, complete in both its biographical and its critical aspects, and written in a style that has grace and dignity, a style which the subject would have admired. In one respect it will have an almost preëminent position. Professor Williams adopted the ideal method in constructing this work: the biography and the criticism are of a piece. Many literary biographers separate life and works entirely, while others try to handle the two subjects in alternate chapters. Neither of these methods is as effective as that used by Professor Williams — the working of the critical material into the body of the biography. By this

method we are able to watch the growth and the decay of the creative effort, and to find reasons, if reasons are necessary, for that growth and that decay. Biographical knowledge is not vitally necessary to criticism, but it is helpful in showing us many of the sources of a man's work. In this book, as we follow Washington Irving from birth to death, we not only come to know him intimately but we are able to understand how, and why, he became a man of letters but not a great writer in any field. It is this interpretive element that gives lustre to a distinguished biography.

Criticism is a very important element in a literary biography, for it is the critical evaluation which finally determines the subject's position. There are two standards of criticism, the absolute and the historical. Under the former standard, the work is placed against the best that has been done in the field, while the latter takes into consideration the time, the place, and the circumstances of the literary work and estimates it in comparison with the best produced at that time and under the same or similar circumstances. In adopting the absolute standard for the criticism of Irving's writings, individually and collectively, Professor Williams was necessarily compelled to judge them by the best in the essay, history, and biography. Under this standard Irving cannot receive justice and his real position will be lowered, for he was certainly not a Lamb, a Gibbon, nor a Boswell. He was, however, a capable craftsman, a narrator of more than average skill, and a stylist of the first water. He had not the inner experience upon which the great essayist draws, nor had he the power or the inclination for research of the master historian or biographer. Much of Irving's historical and biographical writing may be in the nature of a "twice told tale"; but the charm of the second telling carries with it some justification, if any be needed.

There are two phases of Irving's literary career which his biographer neglected to mention: his connection with the Christmas story and his influence on Charles Dickens. Nearly every person associates the Christmas story with Dickens because he immortalized the form and the spirit. I believe that Irving is entitled to the credit of originating the idea; for more than twenty years before "A Christmas Carol" appeared, "The Sketch Book" offered four essays which are of a piece in spirit

with Dickens' classic. They were not written for the Christmas season, but they radiate the same cheer and the same Englishness that infuse the story of Tiny Tim.

That Dickens was indebted to Irving for more than the inspiration for a Christmas story is amply attested by the letters that passed between the young Englishman and the aging American. I have lately had the privilege of reading a long article on this subject by a Dickens scholar. In this paper, Dr. T. E. M. Boll has proved beyond a doubt that Dickens was very greatly influenced by "A History of New York," "The Sketch Book," and "Bracebridge Hall"; and that many of the characters which Dickens created had their origin in the ludicrous figures which give these three books of Irving much of their claim to fame. Dickens read and reread Irving; he literally wore out a copy of "A History of New York," and the other books were equally well known to him.

Every reviewer, particularly of such a book as this, has his own ideas regarding the subject under review, and it is his privilege to express them, but judgment must be reserved for the whole rather than confined to the parts. In my opinion, the "Life of Washington Irving" is one of the best critical biographies in our literature. Based on extensive research and sound, if severe, critical principles, it serves to prove once again that literary biography in competent hands can, at the same time, reflect the personality of the subject, and review his work.

E. H. O'NEILL

THE LEES OF VIRGINIA. By Burton J. Hendrick. Little Brown, \$3.75.

IN VIEW of the interesting information which has come to light in recent years regarding the Lees of Virginia, it seems fitting that someone should write the story of this great southern family. So often have the exploits and accomplishments of the Adamses, by their own pen and that of admiring biographers, been recounted, that one might be led to believe that they occupied a preëminent position in the early development of our country. It is fortunate that a biographer with so sympathetic a feeling for "the horse and buggy era" should

undertake the task. As Mr. Hendrick, with a touch of cynicism, points out in his introduction:

The type of society and public life they represented has gone and gone forever. Probably there was not much in its essential manifestations that the present generation would care to resurrect. What could be more distant from the present manner of American life than public men who underwent careful self-education for their tasks — who, highly cultured in a general sense, spent years in the scholastic investigation of such a matter as government? . . . the fact that such an order once existed witnesses the transformation that has taken place in American affairs.

Mr. Hendrick's intelligent study and knowledge is apparent in his manner of dealing with his subject. One may be permitted a smile at his insistence on the aristocracy of the Lees as compared with the Washingtons, or to doubt the general statement that "had there been no Mexican War there would probably have been no Civil War." The story of the Lees may best be summed up in the author's closing sentences to his introduction: "It forms a humane and charming episode in the nation's annals — a kind of quiet interlude in the rushing progress of American life." Among recent biographies these words may well apply to the book itself.

The first Lee, Richard, came to Virginia in 1640 and was, by contrast with the Adamses, a man of education and some means. Little is known of the forebears of the family but it was supposedly a branch of the Shropshire Lees, Leas or Leighs, whose history traces back to the Plantagenets. Virginia, as the first real English colony on this continent, was the proving ground for those colonial policies which, while a failure in America, were later to broaden out and, under liberal governments, create the British Empire. With that natural instinct to rule which develops as a trait in each member of the family, the founder became in 1651 a member of the Council — a body of twelve men who, with the royal governor, controlled the colony. It is interesting to note that a member of each succeeding generation of Lees held a seat in this body until it was abolished in 1776. At his death in 1664, Richard was known as the greatest landowner in Virginia.

Richard, the second, spent most of his days enriching the

family estate. He was known as a Tory die-hard in politics, and aided the Crown in crushing Bacon's Rebellion — an uprising, our present AAA should note, which resulted from the drop in Virginia tobacco prices owing to the loss of the foreign market. The reader may well be surprised, considering the active part played by later members of the Lee family in the struggle for American liberty, that Richard should have supported the King at this time. It should not be forgotten however, as Mr. Hendrick emphasizes, that the people of the southern states, particularly those of Virginia and South Carolina, were closer to the mother country in their daily life, their education and their religion than those of the other colonies.

The sons of Richard Lee, second, who principally concern us were Thomas, founder of the Stratford branch of the family, and Henry who sired the Leesylvania branch. Thomas made the first of those marriages — to a Ludwell — which were to ally the Lees with other great houses of Virginia, thereby adding more human qualities to the Lees' dour strain. He was a man of great energy and force, possibly the leading Virginian of his day, and was active in opening the western territories, now West Virginia and Ohio, to colonists. In him one glimpses that intense hatred of slavery, based on his belief that it was necessary to have a prosperous middle class of white artisans and small farmers. He foresaw that the negro would annihilate this class and reduce it to the lowest bondage of all.

At his death, Thomas was President of the Council and turned over his responsibilities to his six sons. Richard Henry was the statesman who proposed the Declaration of Independence, was later President of Congress, and who said in his funeral oration of Washington ". . . first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Less well-known is Lee's friendship with Samuel and John Adams — a partnership which enabled them to swing the more conservative states such as New York and Pennsylvania into line for complete independence of the colonies. One cannot read the author's sympathetic account of this bitter and arrogant, but withal intensely loyal and at times even lovable, man without feeling that he was one of the very great Americans of his day. He and his work have indeed been forgotten too long.

The most controversial section of the book deals with the youngest son, Arthur Lee. A brilliant student, educated in England, he early became an intimate of Adam Smith, Dr. Johnson, and the liberal statesmen Pitt and Lord Shelburne. In 1768 Arthur was sent to London as a liaison officer between Parliament and the colonies. His chief correspondence was with Samuel Adams, who even then believed there was no solution to the problem save complete independence for the colonies. That Arthur was supremely egotistical, lacked a sense of humour and was a snob, cannot be doubted; but he had a power of observation, and an ability to analyze character, which rendered him enormously useful to the colonial patriots. The idea, now generally accepted, that English liberties as well as those of America were endangered by George III, was first developed by Arthur Lee. When Arthur was sent to France to assist Benjamin Franklin, the troubles began which have since caused certain historians to brand him as a traitor. He had reason to believe that Dr. Bancroft, Franklin's secretary, was in the pay of England, and that the other American Commissioner, Silas Deane, though perhaps not dishonest, was certainly careless in his accounts. Lee expressed this to Dr. Franklin in his usual blunt way and incurred the Sage's undying animosity. Documents have recently been discovered proving him entirely accurate in his suspicions, and Mr. Hendrick is to be thanked for picturing Arthur as he really was — a level-headed, constructive, almost fanatically loyal American patriot.

The last section of the book covers the Leesylvania branch of the family. The dashing career of "Light Horse Harry" and its unhappy culmination is poignantly told, as well as that of his oldest son, the blackguardedly "Black Horse Harry." In Robert E. Lee, the son in whom "Light Horse Harry's" best and most stable qualities appeared, the zenith of the family is reached; but one senses the author's predilection for some of the earlier and less well-known Lees. In fact, Mr. Hendrick gives the impression that Dr. Freeman, in his recent brilliant and exhaustive biography of the Confederate leader, has told all there is to tell. These are the weakest chapters of what is otherwise a convincing and moving story. It is unfortunate that one should be left with a distinct feeling of anti-climax.

Though this is an ambitious work, Mr. Hendrick has for the most part avoided dullness and managed to simplify the intricacies of the family tree. He has included much that was previously known, but has also brought to light and developed new information. "The Lees of Virginia" may well be considered an intelligent and sympathetic study of the earlier periods in our national life which, to many, contain the picture of America at her best.

DOUGLASS DEBEVOISE

THE THOUGHT AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM JAMES. By Ralph Barton Perry. Volume I *Inheritance and Vocation*. Volume II *Philosophy and Psychology*. Atlantic Monthly Press. Little Brown, \$12.50.

AN IMPORTANT book as yet unwritten is one on the great American families, the Adamses, Lowells, Astors, Beechers, Lees, Roosevelts and Jameses. It will be interesting to follow the intricate relations between the outstanding families and the successive environments in which they functioned, to trace their persistence of traits and ideas, to consider the effects of intermarriage with other lines, to reckon with the consequences of success in one generation in the careers of the subsequent generations, and to inquire into the causes of the rise and decline of the families as far as such elusive matters can be isolated and described. In the larger perspective of American history, families are obscured by isolated individuals who carry a name into an effulgent glory which pales with them. Moreover, in a country built up by immigrants, the time-span is limited, and many outstanding American families of the day really do not have a family history sufficiently lengthy to gain significance. This is the case with the Rockefellers, for example, though the third generation since distinction was achieved is now coming to maturity.

The James family will play a unique rôle in this projected work. Unlike the Adamses and the Lees, it does not have a long American history. William James I arrived in America in 1789 after the Republic had been firmly established. Again, unlike the Roosevelts, its distinction was not achieved in

politics — this circumstance also precluding an exact comparison with the Adamses; nor in industry with a late emergence into scholarship and literature as in the case of the Lowells; nor did it persist in devoting its energies to the administrative control and expansion of great wealth, like the Astors, though it is interesting to note that the James fortune was also based on land and commerce, rather than industry. Of the families cited, the Beechers remain. Like the Beechers, the Jameses numbered several preachers in their ranks, and a Beecher and a James emerged into literature — but whereas the Beechers were noted for orthodoxy, the Jameses favored heterodoxy, the level of literary accomplishment was decidedly different, the Beechers lacked a family fortune in the background and, moreover, never produced a technical philosopher. I cannot think of an American family with a history like that of the Jameses: one American generation devoted to money-making; one generation (in the line that interests us) devoted to theology; and one generation in which world fame visited two sons, one in literature and the other in philosophy.

Only in recent years has there been a disposition to see families as units, the tendency rather being to study particular members in isolation, but we are nevertheless fortunate in possessing at this writing single volumes on the Adamses (by James Truslow Adams), the Beechers (by Lyman Beecher Stowe), the Lees (by Burton J. Hendrick) and the Jameses (by the writer of this review). Ralph Barton Perry's two volumes are a monumental contribution to the understanding of the James family in general, and William James in particular, and of American academic intellectual life between the 1860s and the present day. No one can afford to ignore them. In his preface, Professor Perry is able to promise:

The reader will here find some 500 letters written by William James not included in the Letters of William James, edited by his son Henry James, and published in 1920. To these have been added fifty or more letters written by Henry, the distinguished father of William James, and about thirty written by Henry, his still more distinguished brother. Letters written to William or the elder Henry include seventeen unpublished letters from Emerson, and single letters or groups from such correspondents

as Turgenev, Godkin, C. E. Norton, Santayana, Charles W. Eliot, Bergson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rudyard Kipling, Chauncey Wright, Charles Peirce, Ernst Mach, Henry Sidgwick, Hodgson, Renouvier, Royce, Thomas Davidson, George H. Howison, Stanley Hall, F. J. Child, Henry Holt, James Ward, Stumpf, John Dewey, Frederic Myers, Benjamin Paul Blood, F. H. Bradley, L. T. Hobhouse, Munsterberg and Giovanni Papini.

Such a contribution is rarely achieved, and if it is customary to award a book honors when it embodies "some" new source material, these two volumes would seem easily to rate *magna cum laude* on this ground alone. This is to place in secondary place a contribution which many readers will consider as of the first importance. Professor Perry has modestly played up the documentation and played down his own interpretative paragraphs which are frequently extended into solid and illuminating essays. These, too, should be given special citation.

Yet it cannot be said that the two volumes essentially modify the outlines of the story already told. Rather they contribute to increasing its density (to use a Jamesian word) in such a way that now, for the first time, the whole story of William James is an open book. Born into a household "unusual in the degree to which it quickened and molded its members," William James was thoughtful and reflective long before he determined upon the career of a philosopher. His father was all his life long, as he told his boys when they were worried by their inability to define his occupation, a "student," but not of any narrow discipline. His efforts were entirely directed toward making a light in the darkness by which he thought humankind was surrounded. Abandoning dogmatic Presbyterianism, which he had from his father, he ventured into such strange fields as Sandemanianism, on his way to his final haven, Swedenborgianism slightly colored and supplemented by Fourierism. A man of brilliant controversial gifts, in command of a robust style which allowed him to exploit to the full his ability to coin startlingly original, salty and humorous phrases, he ordered his books along the lines of dogmatic asseveration and excoriating criticism. The successive volumes were really elaborate rewritings of the funda-

mental principles he had derived from Swedenborg, but as he found no permanent light in Presbyterianism, so he was unable to take an orthodox view of Swedenborg. He was not a prophet of the Swedenborgian church in America (the Church of the New Jerusalem), but rather a heretic in relation to it. Nor was his method of composition conducive to winning disciples. Crystal clear sentence by sentence, and paragraph by paragraph, his books failed to add up to a resounding climax and produce a once-and-for-all sense of conviction in the reader. While he won devoted followers, they were mostly like himself: heretics who did not want to abandon the effort to understand the world in religious terms, but who were unable to find exactly those terms which would clarify the whole issue. On the other hand, his brilliance of written language was accompanied, as is not always the case, by an equal brilliance of speech and attractiveness of personality. As a social being he was a resounding success, and he knew and associated on a plane of perfect equality with such men as Emerson and the Boston Saturday Club group in America, Carlyle in England, and a circle of thoughtful and well-read men wherever he might be.

The home of such a man could not fail to be a place wonderful to behold, but it is the distinguishing characteristic of the James household that it was integrated around itself and not around the exterior social world. First the family and then the world. The care with which Henry James educated his sons is remarkable, and the persistence with which he sought to prepare them for living, whatever they might choose to do for a living, was unique. In such a household a young man might well become a "philosopher" long before he becomes conscious of the fact that that was his vocation. This was the case with William James. To him Emerson was not a name on a book, but the name of a man who visited the family and also wrote books. His father had met and talked with many of the authors whose books were in his library. William James was not, that is, a parvenu of learning, and never acquired that exaggerated respect for authors and their books which parvenus have to unlearn if they are not to be suffocated by it. It is rather to be expected than otherwise, therefore, that he was slow to recognize his vocation. He did not go straight to

it as his brother Henry went straight to literature, a field in which his father was an amateur. Instead, he tried painting; he tried biological science and became an M.D.; and he slowly proceeded from teaching anatomy, through psychology, to philosophy. Yet whatever he was doing, he was a "philosopher" and it was but a slight transition, when the way opened before him, to assume the title, philosopher (without quotes!). His whole preparation was for such a career, even though, to a passing sense, he would have preferred to devote himself to a specialized discipline of another kind.

Professor Perry's two volumes not only make it clearer than ever how admirably William James's gropings eventually added up to a rich preparation for a career in philosophy, but they are also chiefly devoted to tracing in detail the nature of that career. In a notable passage, he sums up the prepossessions James carried into his studies:

The first was his moralism. He was not a man to rest content with any philosophy which disparaged or enervated the will. Perhaps the very fact that he did not engage extensively in the work of the world, but adopted an intellectual career, intensified this tendency. What he could not express in affairs found expression in a dramatization of life in which he cast himself in the rôle of moral champion. His second prepossession was in favor of variety and change, the intellectual counterpart of his restless disposition. It was not likely that a man who was bored by sameness, and who found routine intolerable, should be receptive to philosophical influences of the rationalistic type which emphasized identity and worshiped coherence. Thirdly, even though James abandoned art, he remained a man of artistic sensibility. He had both taste and the creative impulse. Literature and the plastic arts claimed a large part of his attention. He had the novelist's interest in character, the dramatist's interest in life, and the poet's interest in nature. In other words, he was repelled by verbalism, logomachy, and abstractness. No philosophy could ultimately satisfy him that did not embrace an intuition of concrete realities, and exalt feeling and sensation above the intellect.

Consideration of these three points in relation to the writings of William James will make clear to any reader the persistence with which these "notes" recurred, and if to them we add the

facts that his temperament was mercurial, his interest in people inexhaustible (he was a persistent collector of photographs and memorabilia of his correspondents), and his social charm notable, we will have a guide to the nature of the material in these volumes. It was to satisfy his fundamental impulses that James devoted his long and productive career in the field of ideas, and in doing so he met and corresponded with a host of American, British and Continental philosophers, some his elders, some his juniors, some his associates at Harvard and some, eventually, his students. Letters to and from such eminent persons are in themselves a feast, but as a rule it is William James's contribution to the exchange which really quickens the interest of the general reader. Those he received may be weightier in many instances, but they are duller. And this leads to the reflection that James was almost unique among philosophers in being an interesting man as well as an interesting thinker. Too many philosophers are thinking-machines; dull and ponderous technicians; and but dubiously human beings.

Philosophy for James was an adventure toward a goal which he did not expect to reach. It was not his aspiration to enunciate a system of belief. A strong proponent of the importance of personality as a factor in determining what a man believes, he was himself a highly personal thinker. While he can hardly be classified as an iconoclast, it is far easier to recall what he disliked and attacked, than it is to say what he really believed himself. This arises from the circumstance that he wished, above most things, to free philosophy and the human mind from restrictions of any kind. He was opposed to determinism, scientism, abstractionism, absolutism and metaphysical idealism. It is therefore easy to locate his freedom of the will, the prerequisite to moral choice, his will to believe, a triumph over paralyzing skepticism, his pluralism, a recognition of the theoretical impossibility of subsuming *all* of the facts of the universe under rigid categories, and his pragmatism, a proposed way of arriving at the significance of concepts, a technique of critical thinking, but not a system of belief.

On the other hand, this very concentration on freedom and adventurousness led him to underestimate the difficulties in

the way of correct evaluative judgments, a weakness which brought him into conflict with Charles Peirce, and it also gave him a tendency toward looseness of thinking which not only made his books obscure in spite of their clarity, to use a paradox, but which offended exact thinkers whether mathematicians or not. William James was a euseptic for philosophers; he was not a source of especially brilliant thought. Reduced to summary his moral outlook on which Professor Perry correctly lays emphasis, was a fairy-tale for the nursery. It is as dead as Kipling to whom James, quite logically, responded with admiration, as he did to an equally hollow fictioneermoralist, Robert Louis Stevenson.

Yet in spite of his deficiencies, William James still speaks from the pages of his books in a living voice. Is this also a paradox? I do not think so, for his vivid concern for style assures him of life beyond that granted to the innumerable bad writers of sounder philosophies, and the message he brought to the world will have an appeal in almost any time. Shallow though it is, it is a consolation to sick souls to be told that life is an adventure, that heroism is a virtue, that while final proof is lacking, the religious experience is a reality and a ratification for the moral outlook. So it will be for long years to come, no doubt. But in an era like ours, it is highly likely that William James will be less and less a philosopher's philosopher and more a contributor to inspirational literature. It is one of the ironies of his career that he, the kindest of men, is, as Professor Perry points out, more influential in fascist circles than in Marxist. He appeals to the fascists with his cult of action, adventure, and the mystical ratification of "truth." It is also ironic, in another way, that the man whom James wanted philosophy to detour around, Hegel, is once more coming on the scene, transmogrified by Marx from an idealist into a materialist (a *dialectical* materialist and not a materialistic determinist as Professor Perry writes it), and disturbing the philosophers no end. Of almost equal importance are the mathematicians, whom James encountered in the person of Charles Peirce, and who completely baffled him. Pick up any contemporary survey of philosophy and you will find the Marxists and the mathematicians dominating the field. Shortly all that will remain of William James will be his pervasive humanity.

— his humanism — but what higher reputation could a man want than to be known far and wide as a great and noble human being?

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

MULES AND MEN. By Zora Neale Hurston. With an Introduction by Frank Boas, Ph.D., LL.D. Lippincott, \$3.00.

MORE than a year ago a small novel, intriguingly titled "Jonah's Gourd Vine" by a young negro woman named Zora Neale Hurston, made its débüt. That the critics acclaimed it, is well known to every victim of that time-consuming but not unpleasant drug-habit of reading the Sunday book reviews. That the reading public failed to make it a best seller, I deduce from the fact that a copy I purchased recently was still a first edition. It so happens that the critics were right, and the public made a mistake. As entertainment, "Jonah's Gourd Vine" is a novel of the first order. As a study of a negro, and also of *the* negro, I not only know of no equal, but offhand I cannot think of any that is even near.

And it led you to wonder what the author would do in the future, for surely the possessor of so fresh and honest a talent could not be the writer of but a single book. Not long ago we had the answer. Under the most sacrosanct auspices, Miss Hurston produced another volume, "Mules and Men." It purports to be sociological, and in the strictest sense it is, but not even that ponderous classification can spoil it. For if "Jonah's Gourd Vine" is a story with a background of sociology, "Mules and Men" is a social study with gusto of a story. Indeed, it is hard to think of anybody interested in the negro whom this new book will not delight. The southern raconteur who justly prides himself upon his large store of stories about the colored man will here find himself beaten on his own ground, but having gained a new supply of tales to tell. The student of folk-lore will find a well-filled source-book. And he who loves the negro, or is amused by him, or burns for his wrongs, or thinks he ought to know his place, will find, each of them, as good a portrayal of the negro's character as he is ever likely to see.

Not, either, a one-sided portrayal. The gaiety, the poetry,

the resourcefulness and the wit are set down, but so also are the impulsiveness, the shiftlessness, the living in the moment only. Short of associating with the negro daily, there is no way you can learn more about him. Indeed, from Miss Hurston you will find out many things that, even if you live surrounded by negroes for a long time, you might never know. For as she says, "the negro, in spite of his open-faced laughter, his seeming acquiescence, is particularly evasive." He tells the white man what he thinks the white man wants to know, or what he feels he ought to know.

The book is divided into two parts. The first part deals with "Folk Tales" and the second with "Hoodoo." I find the second part interesting, but dare not judge it. I am aware that hoodoo plays a great part in the lives of certain negroes, but I have the teasing conviction that it has always been, and always will be over-emphasized because of those who like its appeal to the romantically macabre. The first part, however, is magnificent. It is a collection of negro anecdotes, negro brags, and negro folk tales. They are all rich and full. In the accuracy of their language, they are superior to "Uncle Remus"; and as stories they average very nearly as high.

Quite expectedly, most of these stories are humorous, and a large part of what remain are fantastic; but there are a few grim, a few ghostly and a few sardonic. Of the humorous stories, the greater part deal with slaves who outwit "de ole marster," or with animals, representing the negro, who outwit animals representing the white man. For I am sure everybody must now realize that Brer Rabbit is "the brother in black," as is also Brer Gopher when he outwits rather than outruns Brer Deer. Such ugliness as there is, is mainly in the background. There you see the negro lustng, fighting, drinking coon dick and living in such an atmosphere of squalor as would crush — as it has crushed on various occasions — any less resilient race.

And laughing as the escape therefrom. For laughing is the negro's *catharsis*. It is what lets him keep his resilience — as Joel Chandler Harris possibly realized when he penned certain cryptic words in his introduction to the first edition of "Uncle Remus" way back in 1880.

If I were to cite, let alone quote, all that seemed admirable

in this volume, my review would be nearly as long as the book, so I will point out but a single story.

Read on page 163 about the son who went to college. After this "book-learnt" son has tied his father to the back of a kicking heifer, to take the hump out of her back so that she will stand still long enough for the mother to milk her (because "dis cow kickin' is all a matter of scientific principle") it ends as follows:

De old lady tried to milk de cow but she was buckin' and rearin' so till de ole man felt he couldn't stand it no mo'. So he hollered to de boy, "cut de rope, son, cut de rope! Ah want get down."

Instead of de boy cuttin' loose his papa's feet he cut de rope dat had de cow tied to de tree and she lit out de wood wid de ole man's feet tied under de cow. Wasn't no way for him to get off.

De cow went bustin' on down de road wid de ole man till they meet a sister he knowed. She was surprised to see de man on de cow, so she ast: "My lawd, Brother So-and-so, where you going?"

He tolle her, "Only God and dis cow knows."

After you have read it, send a marked copy to Dr. Tugwell or to Secretary Wallace, or for that matter, if it be not *lèse-majesté*, to someone even higher in the government.

And then deny, if you dare, that even the untaught negro, who was probably the original teller of this story, has a wisdom of his own. Why not? For in the deep South, where, after Africa, most of these tales had birth, he still lives close to the red clay soil. The soil which is a god to paganism. And wisdom cometh from the Lord.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

AND GLADLY TEACH. By Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00.

IS IT an impossible ideal, this combination of qualities, this union of the generous spirit of the amateur with the method of the professional?" The author of these praiseworthy reminiscences asked that question in an earlier book of essays. Judging from this memoir, so gladly did he learn and gladly teach, that he has retained the zest of the amateur. In thirty-nine years of teaching, interrupted only by a year of lecturing

in France, and ten of editing the *Atlantic Monthly*, he seems never to have succumbed to the disease of "academic sterility." Surviving nearly three generations of academic work and atmosphere in three major universities, he has evidently kept to "that breadth of interest as well as depth of technical research" he believes to be necessary to the cultured citizen.

If we accept his arbitrary division of professors into two classes, born teachers and born investigators (research scholars), an acquaintance with his writings shows him clearly to have belonged always to the first. Like his father, who was a preacher and professor at Williams, he taught with an enlightened enthusiasm that must have inspired his listeners. It is a significant fact that the Perrys, from their earliest beginnings in America, worked for their education. When Bliss Perry speaks of the changes in undergraduate life, contrasting present soft surroundings with the former primitive ones, or discussing the association between faculty and students not tolerated in the '80s and '90s, or the individualism in departments which today has given way to lesser evils of departmentalism, he adopts the tone of the educated man, not of the educator. His openmindedness causes him to gloss over the politics and professional jealousies in what he admits to be a queer profession. The lay reader may tire of the dry factuality in the detailed accounts of certain phases of a career of educating. He will usually be recaptured, however, by some humorous twist, some original aside, that blows the classroom dust away. His delicately precise pen portraits of his doctoring, fruit-grafting grandfather, of Mark Hopkins, of Woodrow Wilson, and of the great Eliot of Harvard resemble silverpoint drawings.

The key to the man behind the book will be found in his temperamental resemblance to Walton, with whom he shares a passion for angling. A conscious yet modest idealist, a pacifist who says, "the truth is, war gets us nowhere, 'preparedness' get us nowhere but into war" — he remains a lovable individualist. Essentially Bliss Perry has led the contemplative life, pursuing contentedly sheltered trails. Few university professors have enjoyed the successive background of Berlin, Strassburg, Paris, Princeton and Cambridge; and few have arrived at Mr. Perry's wisdom and serenity.

"And Gladly Teach" is a book richly allusive, disclosing in its numerous anecdotes the author's personal characteristics of playfulness, charm and wit. After concluding these unexciting and unpretentious chapters "on such aspects of a teacher's career as may conceivably prove interesting," civilization appears again as a dangerous enterprise. It would be less perilous if there were more men as civilized as Bliss Perry.

ELEANOR L. VAN ALEN

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. By Edward H. O'Neill. The University of Pennsylvania Press, \$4.00.

IT IS important to note that Mr. O'Neill's new book is *not* a scholarly history of American biography for academicians only. What he has done is to survey the greater part of all our literature which is concerned with American lives, and to estimate the qualities of each treatment. There can be no doubt that in so doing he has performed a pioneering work of considerable significance. Although other generations have shown a signal zest for biography, probably none of them has turned to American life and letters for knowledge and inspiration on so vast a scale as we who have lived through the years of the great depression. For both general readers and scholars Mr. O'Neill's "History of American Biography" is an almost complete guide and, on the whole, a safe and dependable guide. Moreover, the author has assembled his material in a well ordered fashion, and put on paper the results of his investigations in such an able and interesting manner that the reader is scarcely aware of the *apparatus criticus*.

On the subjects of biography and of biographical technique, there is a seventeen page introductory essay which is worth an hour of anyone's time. The least that it affords is a basis for such independent judgment as everyone desires. Among other things the author explains the psychoanalytic technique of those who drag down personalities to the point where "the reader can mouth that mighty platitude: 'I'm as good as he is.'" He explains the evolution of, and the appeal inherent in "dramatic biography," which at the moment seems to be engulfing the reading populace in a sea of half-truths as harm-

ful as any other form of propaganda. "The outstanding exponent of this method is Emil Ludwig. . . . He wrote plays before he wrote biographies." Finally Mr. O'Neill turns to "critical biography" which leads into principles of criticism.

The main body of the book is comprised of ten chapters in which the author tells the story of the great American biographies and biographers, and evaluates each man and his work. For the lesser subjects the author is naturally limited to briefer critical comments.

Mr. O'Neill, interested largely in the layman's reading, wastes no time on the clerical writings of the colonial period, but passes quickly into the early nineteenth century in which our real literature and our most important biographical material may be said to have had their beginnings. The literature of this period differs from the religious tracts of our earlier epochs in that a feeling for literature and a real feeling for politics (following national statehood) began gradually to usurp the dignified throne of native letters.

The first popular biographer, Parson Weems, emerges on page 20. His various lives of Washington, Marion the Swamp Fox, Franklin and Penn (1800-1819), are mocked by modern debunkers. Weems seldom knew what he was writing about, that is true, but he knew his intention — "he knew then, as we know now, that we are essentially a nation of hero worshipers." To understand Weems's work one must know and understand the man, and in the present book one finds a man that will not be found in many a graduate seminar. Weems was honest in furnishing his readers with two things that they loved, romance and morality. He was more the popular moralist than the preacher or teacher, and many a biography "has been published in the last fifteen years that has as little basis of truth as have Weems's books."

It is to be regretted that Carl Swisher's new life of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney appeared too recently for mention in the present volume. Samuel Tyler's memoir, published more than fifty years ago, "is complete, but lacks any spark of inspiration, literary style, or interest." Yet it is all that we have had up to now. (Personally I would nominate Swisher's book for the Pulitzer prize, if that means anything.)

The one criticism of importance which the present reviewer

would make is that the author awards too much space to certain cheap modern biographies, for with some of them his judgment is either formed at second hand or else is not discerning. Some degree of prejudice may lie in one's knowledge of living authors and reviewers, of course; and the historians' old view that contemporary outlooks and evaluations seldom mean much, in this case holds true. For example, between 1928 and 1931 three books on Rabelais appeared. Mr. O'Neill correctly points a question mark at Jake Falstaff's (Herman Fetzer's) "Book of Rabelais"; lauds to the skies Samuel Putnam's "François Rabelais, Man of the Renaissance: A Spiritual Biography," calling it a masterpiece of scholarly interpretation (with which sentiment we do not agree wholeheartedly); and damns without ado "Francis Rabelais: The Man and His Work" by Albert J. Nock and C. R. Wilson. This latter, he says, is "a hero-worshiping biography. . . . There is neither point nor plan to the book, for the authors failed entirely to explain why Rabelais was a great man and a great writer." Logic might suggest that in the case of a man such as Rabelais the point and purpose of a biography might be other than to explain *why* the subject was a great man and a great writer. That task has often been essayed, and I for one have often doubted that he was a great writer, or even a great man. But in any event, since Mr. O'Neill's conclusions do not follow from his premises, his argument is a bit *a posteriori*.

A few other faults might be found, but most of them are not important in the long run. Checking over the index, I note that James Russell Lowell is cited only for page 31, where is found just a brief reference to his sketch of Poe. Neither Scudder's life of Lowell nor Ferris Greenslet's able work, pp. 84-85, are listed under the subject heading. This sort of thing, however, is typical of much contemporary index-making.

In conclusion, there is one item that deserves especial commendation — a fifty page bibliography of almost every worthwhile biography that has been published since 1800 in this country. All of these works are mentioned and treated in the context. The list, therefore, like the book of which it is a part, should be of considerable value to every person who has any regard for American life and letters.

LLOYD WENDELL ESHLEMAN

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPÆDIA. In one volume. Clarke F. Ansley, Editor-in-Chief. Columbia University Press, \$15.00.

AND ENCYCLOPÆDIA is not a manual of instruction nor is it an exhaustive compendium of universal knowledge. It is a reference book, and it is as a reference book that we will judge the Columbia Encyclopædia.

It would be absurd to try to make a proper estimate of its value by thumbing the pages and glancing at such articles as take one's fancy. If we are to make a real appraisal of such a book we must go at the job carefully and consider the needs of the people who will use it. An encyclopædia should not be designed for casual reading, nor for the instruction of a specialist. Its most useful purposes are the verification of memory, and the rounding out of the unspecialized knowledge of people of general education.

Almost anybody would have to go to a book if asked the names of the Muses, The Twelve Tuscan Cities, the French Revolutionary months or the wives of Henry VIII of England. A good encyclopædia in which information can be found and checked is of the greatest value to any educated person. It is only by continuous verification and remeasuring that the best of memories can be kept up to a standard of accuracy and, without accuracy, cultivation rapidly degenerates into diletantism.

I have taken three names and three subjects from history, three names of artists, three subjects in science, three subjects in law, three names of leaders of religion, and three theological subjects and four other subjects and nine of present day interest taken at random, which makes a total of thirty-four. Out of each set of three names or subjects, I have selected one of great importance which no person of education would need to look up except to check his memory. The second is one which might be sought by a person of education unfamiliar with the subject, and the third is one on which even a specialist might need refreshment.

Each of these subjects is marked on a scale of three. A mark of three means that the subject is covered as well as can be expected in a reference book. A mark of two suggests that the information is accurate but brief and incomplete. One means

that the subject is very inefficiently treated, and zero that it is not mentioned at all. The total marking should give a measure of the value of the book. I have separated the first, second, and third subjects in the marking, so that we may be able to weigh the worth of the book to the curious ignoramus, to the man of general education, and to the specialist. The names I have looked up are as follows:

History — Cæsar, Tallard, Ben Butler, Treaty of Verdun, Golden Bull, Missouri Compromise.

Art — Phidias, Lorenzetti, Whistler.

Science — Evolution, Relativity, Osmosis.

Religion — Buddha, Abu Bekr, Pusey, Transubstantiation, Tabu, Lycanthropy.

Law — Feudalism, Magna Carta, Contract.

Actualities — League of Nations, C. W. Eliot, Lenin, Fascism, Manchukuo, Mass Production, Diesel Engines, Teapot Dome, South Africa.

General — Electricity, Liver, Gutenburg, Wine.

The marks are:

Cæsar	3	Tallard.....	3	Ben Butler.....	3	
Treaty of Verdun. 1		Golden Bull. 3		Missouri Compromise 3		90%
Phidias.....	3	Lorenzetti...	3	Whistler.....	3	100%
Evolution.....	1	Relativity...	3	Osmosis.....	3	78%
Buddha.....	3	Abu Bekr...	3	Pusey.....	3	
Transubstantiation 3		Tabu.....	2	Lycanthropy.....	2	90%
Feudalism.....	3	Magna Carta 3		Contract.....	3	100%
League of Nations. 2						
C. W. Eliot.....	3					
Lenin.....	2					
Fascism.....	3					
Manchukuo	3					
Mass Production.. 0						
Diesel Engine....	3					
Teapot Dome.... 1						74%
Electricity.....	3					
Liver.....	3					
Gutenburg	3					
Wine.....	3					100%
<i>Total</i>	49	20		20	89	
<i>Possible Total</i>	60	21		21	102	
<i>Average</i>	80.66%	95.24%		95.24%	87.35%	

I have marked the League of Nations article "two" because the importance of President Wilson and of the United States in its formation is very much underestimated. The article on

Lenin refers to him as the "greatest figure of the early twentieth century," which seems somewhat exaggerated. The article on Teapot Dome is manifestly incomplete. The Treaty of Verdun is merely mentioned but no terms are given.

We can safely say that information will be found in this book about nine times out of ten, which should entitle it to a first class rank as a reference book.

The printing is legible, although it is rather fatiguing to read any of the longer articles, but in these the information is easily found. As a desk companion the book is good and well worth its price and space, but I believe that it would be more convenient if it were published in two volumes rather than in one of nearly two thousand pages. The binding is solid and is well prepared for the strain to which such a book is put.

Altogether we can say that Columbia University is to be congratulated on the production of this work — which should readily fill a completely empty space in the average collection of books. It is not a substitute for a big encyclopædia and still less for a library, but it will do a very valuable service for almost every cultivated person. I shall keep my copy on my desk along with "Andree's Atlas" and "Ploetz's Epitome of History." With these three and the "World Almanac" I will not have to go often to my bookshelves for simple matters of reference.

HERBERT C. PELL

Contributors' Column

Freeman Tilden ("Does Posterity Pay?") writes economic articles and fiction with equal ease and pleasure, though he confesses to being twitted as to which is which. Our readers will remember "The New Ordeal" in our February 1935 issue.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb ("Story about the Mockingbird") is the southern poet whose "How Spring Comes in Georgia," published in our June 1935 issue, brought us a deluge of letters from irate New England readers. He also writes biographies, and trains hunting dogs.

Frances Frost ("Littoral Dawn") has recently published a novel, "Innocent Summer," and has written several books of verse.

Davidson Taylor ("Tomorrow's Broadcast") is engaged in research work and program-study for the Columbia Broadcasting Company. He announces the New York Philharmonic Symphony Concerts over the radio.

Samuel Lubell ("Agriculture and the Constitution") is a graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism, and has been doing extensive study in the field of agricultural economics. He is now working on the Washington Post.

Jesse Stuart ("Words of Earth"), a Kentucky farmer-poet who raises sheep and teaches school, contributed ten poems to our December number.

Edna Muldrow ("Who Was the First American?") is the president of the Oklahoma Council of English Teachers. She spends her summers doing field work in archaeology. This article is the result of three years of research.

David Figart ("A Common Ground for Peace"), has specialized in rubber and oil, and is, we feel, particularly well equipped to discuss problems of international trade. His article, "Corporate Reserves vs. Prosperity" appeared in our first quarterly issue last June.

Sara Van Alstyne Allen ("But Spring Is Lovelier") is a New York poet who has studied under Joseph Auslander at Columbia.

Jacques Jolas ("Under the Musical Crust") is himself a concert pianist who, for the last five years, has been organizing orchestras and musical groups in smaller communities of the South and Middle West for the Juilliard Foundation.

James R. Browne ("Why No Nicaragua Canal?") graduated from the United States Naval Academy. He has resigned from the Navy to engage in research and journalism.

William and Kathryn Cordell ("Alberta, and Social Credit") are husband and wife, as well as co-authors. They are both interested in current social problems: their last article in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was on "Unions among the Unemployed."

Kile Crook ("Ambition on a May Morning") is a Connecticut poet and a homesteader. We trust that the good Connecticut earth will keep him off the Hudson for a little longer, anyway.

Mary Ellen Chase ("The Golden Age") is the author of "Silas Crockett," "Mary Peters" and "A Goodly Heritage." She is Professor of English at Smith College.

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Foreword

IT IS all very well to knock the New Deal and clamor for laissez-faire, to wail hysterically about the heinous designs of Rexford Tugwell and the crude demagoguery of Jim Farley, but you end by making yourself as ridiculous as the Liberty League. At this juncture it is more pertinent to analyze the forces which made the New Deal possible in order to discover the direction in which they are leading us, and to determine whether it is wiser to try to reverse our course, permit it to run to its logical conclusion, or direct it into happier channels.

One of the clearest expositions of the condition of the civilized world today is to be found in a little book published a few years ago in Spain: Ortega y Gasset's "Revolt of the Masses."

"The mass," Ortega explains, "is all that which sets no value on itself — good or ill — based on specific grounds, but which feels itself 'just like everybody' and nevertheless is not concerned about it; is, in fact, quite happy to feel itself as one with everybody else. . . . The select man is not the petulant person who thinks himself superior to the rest, but the man who demands more of himself than the rest, even though he may not fulfill in his person those higher exigencies. For there is no doubt that the most radical division that it is possible to make of humanity is that which splits it into two classes of creatures: those who make great demands on themselves,

piling up difficulties and duties; and those who demand nothing special of themselves, but for whom to live is to be every moment what they already are, without imposing on themselves any effort towards perfection; mere buoys that float on the waves. We live at a time when man believes himself fabulously capable of creation, but he does not know what to create. Lord of all things, he is not lord of himself. He feels lost amid his own abundance. With more means at its disposal, more knowledge, more technique than ever, it turns out that the world today goes the same way as the worst of worlds that have been; it simply drifts. . . . The common man, finding himself in a world so excellent, technically and socially, believes that it has been produced by nature, and never thinks of the personal efforts of highly endowed individuals which the creation of this new world presupposed. Still less will he admit the notion that all these facilities still require the support of certain difficult human virtues, the least failure of which would cause the rapid disappearance of the whole magnificent edifice.

“. . . The political doctrine which has represented the loftiest endeavor towards common life is liberal democracy. It carries to the extreme the determination to have consideration for one's neighbor and is the prototype of 'indirect action.' Liberalism is that principle of political rights, according to which the public authority, in spite of being all powerful, limits itself and attempts, even at its own expense, to leave room in the state over which it rules for those to live who neither think nor feel as it does, that is to say, as do the stronger, the majority. Liberalism — it is well to recall this today — is the supreme form of generosity; it is the right which the majority concedes to minorities and hence it is the noblest cry that has ever resounded in this planet.

“My thesis, therefore, is this: The very perfection which the nineteenth century gave an organization to certain orders of existence has caused the masses benefited thereby to consider it, not as an organized, but as a natural system. Thus is explained and defined the absurd state of mind revealed by these masses; they are only concerned with their own well-being, and at the same time they remain alien to the cause of that well-being. As they do not see behind the benefits of civilization marvels of invention and construction which can only be maintained by great effort and foresight, they imagine that their rôle is limited to demanding these benefits peremptorily, as if they were natural rights. In the disturbances caused by scarcity of food, the mob goes in search of bread, and the means it employs is generally to wreck the bakeries. This may serve as a symbol of the attitude adopted, on a greater and more complicated scale, by the masses of today towards the civilization by which they are supported.”

Nineteenth century liberal democracy, which reached its highest expression in the American system, was all along creating, by its inherent self-restraint and generosity, its exaltation of the rôle of the common man, the forces which were inevitably destined to become its greatest enemies.

If there is any attitude which both typifies the psychology of the mob and is the complete antithesis of liberalism, it is the doctrine that the end justifies the means. When the mob is hungry, it does not hesitate to destroy the bakeries, if that seems to be the way to satisfy its desires. With exactly the same spirit, the AAA destroyed the farmers’ crops in order to raise farm prices (a worthy end if there ever was one); the President abrogated the gold clause in order to ease the position of debtors; the

TVA attempted to destroy the franchises and property of neighboring utility companies in order to set up a yardstick for utility rates; the Post-Office department annulled virtually all airmail contracts in order to punish certain malefactors; and the NRA established arbitrary and impossible rules of business conduct in order to benefit certain classes of workers.

This attitude is the antithesis of liberalism, the negation of the American system which, with its checks and counterchecks, its suppression of all arbitrary power, exalted the masses to a position never before imagined to be possible.

The Supreme Court, which has become the bulwark of American liberalism, has pointed out time and again that the end does not justify the means. In the recent Sugar Institute case, Chief Justice Hughes used these very words: "The freedom of concerted action to improve conditions has an obvious limitation. The end does not justify illegal means. The endeavor to put a stop to illegal practices must not itself become illicit." In the more recent case of *Jones vs. SEC*, Mr. Sutherland said the same thing in different words: "Arbitrary power and the rule of the Constitution cannot both exist. . . . To the precise extent that the mere will of an official or an official body is permitted to take the place of allowable official discretion, or to supplant the standing law as a rule of human conduct, the government ceases to be one of laws and becomes an autocracy." The Constitution, liberal democracy, the American dream, all start with that same, simple premise: make sure of the means, see that it is restrained, balanced, ordered, and the end will take care of itself.

If present tendencies continue, it is easy to see we must end up with some form of autocracy, whether it goes by

the name of fascism, communism, or an even newer deal. The mass never actually governs, for, as Ortega so clearly explains, it is a conglomeration of individuals who do not want to govern, who dread initiative and responsibility. When possessed of power, it simply allows itself to be hoodwinked by the individual, or group of individuals, who promises the biggest baubles — it is inherently a spoiled child.

All intelligent parents realize (even if their practice does not invariably conform) that to spoil a child is the meanest thing they can do: the sufferer is always the child itself. The danger today is not that the Supreme Court may be abolished or the New York Stock Exchange closed, but that the American standard of living (and that, in the last analysis, has been our contribution to human progress) will be destroyed because an inept and heavy-handed bureaucracy has meddled with and discouraged the initiative of the gifted and far-sighted individuals whose inventiveness and organizing ability has created such devices as the high wage and the cheap automobile.

It would be worthwhile to attempt to trace the development from the system of liberal democracy which unfolded under the guidance of Thomas Jefferson in the first decade of the nineteenth century to the return of paternalism which is occurring under the ægis of Franklin Roosevelt today. Jefferson himself maintained that his system was best suited to a population of small, independent landholders; he fought Hamilton's influence because he believed that it fostered the growth of industrialism, of centralized financial power, and the concentration of population in large urban centers. He said, time and again, that under these conditions his system would not work. Though it passed through many vicissi-

tudes, it did nevertheless remain virtually intact until today.

Since the war, liberal democracy has been replaced by dictatorships in many countries and has suffered severe setbacks in others. It clings to life in England, but there are, even there, signs of decadence. Many bewildered liberals attribute the change which is going on in the world to the war, but it is hard to see why the war should have unsaddled the political system of this country: as a nation we remained unscathed, to say the least.

There is one important economic development which emerged from its chrysalis during, or just after the World War, and that is mass selling, euphemistically referred to as volume distribution. Most of the great fortunes accumulated during the post-war era were fathered by the idea of reaching the many small pocket-books rather than the few large ones. The most brilliant, the most logical entrepreneur of the age was Ivar Kreuger, who almost succeeded in carrying the philosophy to its ultimate perfection. He realized that if he could sell one match once each year to each individual in the world, at even the tiniest profit, he would soon own the moon and all the stars. Such a superb dream deserved a better fate!

Flattery has long been accepted as a potent adjunct of selling. With the new kind of selling there arose a new problem, the problem of flattering not this individual or that but the people as a whole. The stakes were so vast that there developed a highly trained class of gifted, imaginative men whose careers were devoted to flattering, cajoling and ensnaring the masses. Highly paid experts devised captivating ways of telling the people that they were the chosen (as suckers), that nothing was too good for them, that they deserved and could have (by spending

all their savings and hocking their future earning power) Paris gowns, culture, entertainment in palaces embellished with gold and marble — but more, beauty, success, love, happiness! As Mr. Charles Magee Adams explained in the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* of June 1935:

“Business has not been content to build volume sales on the appeal of aristocratic quality at plebeian prices. It has improved on fundamentals by flattering the importance of the mob.

“ . . . According to the advertisers, the ‘typical’ American family lives in a riot of luxury. Every detail of the domestic establishment, from the sublimated kitchen equipment which takes the ‘drudgery’ out of housework to the intimate accessories of my lady’s toilet, flaunts the hallmark of an almost Lucullan magnificence. The ‘typical prospect’ for whom the volume merchandiser is gunning does not pause to reflect that the luxury depicted in advertising is as unrepresentative as the De Mille bathroom. She — for a woman is generally the chosen target — more or less consciously takes it for granted that every other woman has fur coats, evening gowns, filmy underthings, a swanky car, exquisite furniture, and a profusion of automatic gadgets that whisk all the grubby details out of her idyllic existence. From this assumption it is only a short step to the credulous conviction that the possession of such an earthly paradise is a universal and inalienable right.”

The absurd expectations which these exploiters have instilled in the consciousness of the masses have paved the way for the Tugwells, Townsends, Coughlins and all the rest of the political mass-baiters whose stock argument is that liberal democracy failed because it did not entirely eradicate poverty, unemployment and suffering. Sell your soul to bureaucratic autocracy, they shout (with the

same intonation as the toothpaste and cigarette vendors), and you will have security: our objective, our end is glorious, and, even though we do not know by what means we shall attain it, when initiative goes unrewarded and ability is replaced by patronage, we nevertheless do not hesitate to promise it to you — we'll promise you anything you'd like because we know that promising is easy, and memories are short-lived.

The basic trouble with these glamorous promises of security is that the promisers have only dreams, they have no experience to go by. They ask us to give up the known for the unknown. Liberalism, on the other hand, can promise that it will on the whole reward inventive genius and that it can produce a constantly improving, if not a perfect living-standard for all, and it can point to the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth century as proof. To be sure, any of us can imagine more perfect conditions than have ever existed, we can fervently hope that poverty and misery of all sorts will be eradicated, but we cannot be certain that given even autocratic power we could bring about the conditions we desire. There is at least a chance that the outcome would be opposite to the dreams, and that the masses would be oppressed by a rampant bureaucracy instead of endowed with uniform satisfaction.

It does appear that we have come to the parting of the ways. The mass, in reaching for the glistening end which has been held up before its imagination may, childlike, destroy the means by which this goal might someday have been attained. The outcome will largely depend on the ability of the liberal leaders to hold their gifts before the light. Their strength lies in the fact that the whim of a fickle child is often paradoxical: sometimes he will turn unexpectedly from the too sweet candy and clamor for

simple fare. History, from the Crusades to the American Revolution, is packed with instances of people sacrificing their comforts for their ideals.

It is important to bear in mind that all political decisions are compromises: neither platform nor candidate is ever wholly liberal, wholly fascist, or wholly anything else. They must, therefore, be judged from a relative point of view. One will always be relatively liberal and the other relatively paternalistic.

Sooner or later liberalism is likely to win out for the same reason that it was almost destroyed: it is more truly flattering to the masses than paternalism. It assumes that the individual who forms the component part of the crowd is capable of taking care of himself, whereas paternalism never ceases telling him that he knows nothing about his own welfare, cannot decide whom to work for or what hours to keep, and that he lacks the intelligence or character to provide for his old age. Liberalism does not torture the masses with envy and discontent, like the super-advertisers and super-demagogues, but treats the people with courtesy and respect. Above all, it never permits rosy dreams of some imagined end to becloud the justice and restraint of the means by which it is to be attained.

J. P.

And after Toscanini—What?

OLIN DOWNES

THE man whose name surmounts the list of the great conductors of this era has given his last concerts with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, completing eleven seasons which will be historic in the symphonic annals of the country, and departing to the accompaniment of the most enthusiastic demonstrations that the writer has witnessed in thirty years of musical reporting. Each of Toscanini's subscription audiences in turn rendered him homage. Each demonstration was greater than the last. The leave-taking of the concert of April twenty-ninth would without doubt have been the most sensational of all, had not a photographer half blinded the maestro as he came on the stage to bow — flashing the camera in his face and sending him staggering to the wings, thus putting an abrupt and disheartening end to the evening. For that concert the cheapest gallery seats were sold by speculators for fifty dollars, and the best for double that sum. Opera houses may have seen enthusiasm mount as high, but it is questionable whether another conductor has received such acclaim in an American concert hall. It was the sheer triumph and the deserved recognition of a consummate musician and man of genius. For once the superior man triumphed in an age of materialism and mediocrity.

But there was a ghost at the banquet. The triumph of the conductor was unconditional and spectacular in the extreme. What of the organization he conducted? Persons solicitous of the fortunes of the orchestra were already asking themselves with considerable anxiety a simple but urgent question: Who would fill the shoes of

Toscanini now that he had gone, and what would be the future of the Philharmonic-Symphony without him?

This question looks forward into the years to come. It does not imply that the orchestra is without conductors for the season immediately before us. The names of these men, five in number, have been published. It does not mean that the generous men and women who underwrite the deficits of the orchestra have the slightest intention of deserting it. Quite the contrary. But it does mean that the arrangements for next season represent a makeshift and an experiment, and beg the fundamental issue, which is no nearer solution than it was. Where is the conductor who can maintain the highest traditions of the orchestra, and who can be counted upon to hold in future seasons the attention of a spoiled and capricious public? If such a conductor cannot be found, will the orchestra be able to retain its following? The problem is a local one, but is symptomatic of conditions which soon will confront other American orchestras.

To an uninformed observer, it might seem strange that one of the three greatest orchestras in America, and in the world, should find itself in such a dilemma. The natural conclusion of one unacquainted with details of the case would be that the orchestra's reputation was in itself a guarantee of substantial patronage; that Toscanini's long tenure of office must have conferred additional prestige upon it; that for these reasons alone, to say nothing of the constantly growing popularity of symphonic music, the future must be of brighter promise than ever before. This might be so in a normally constituted musical community, which New York, under present circumstances, is not and perhaps never can be. It might be true if the policy and methods of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra had not succumbed,

perhaps inevitably, to the forces of the (past) boom age; if huge corporate ways of doing business, abolishing rivalry, undertaking production on the largest scale — ways modern in the 'twenties but already outmoded — had not produced a structure now toppling over as a consequence of its own clumsiness and weight; and if these circumstances had not developed a feverish public, accustomed to looking for sensational values in conductors rather than for the beauty and abiding wonder of masterpieces of the tonal art.

It may be that if the Wall Street catastrophe had not occurred, the Philharmonic-Symphony would merrily have rolled along for a few more years under the old policies. But since 1929, not only the economic but also the social and artistic world has been rapidly changing. The orchestra, in common with other American musical institutions, must meet these changes with judgment and imagination if it is to flourish. How are they to be met? It is easy to sit in a swivel chair and offer nostrums and to build handsome hypotheses on a theoretical basis. On the other hand, there is a background of history which precedes the present situation and which casts some light upon it.

The Philharmonic-Symphony, originally the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, is the oldest symphonic body in the country, having been founded in 1842. It began as a coöperative organization of which the members elected their conductor and divided profits at the end of the season. It has had a varied and checkered career, and has undergone all sorts of adventures and changes of policy in the course of its evolution. It has known periods of prosperity and periods of disaster. In the course of time it encountered rivalry, which grew always more serious with the passing of the years. In 1878

there came into existence in New York a second symphony orchestra, which offered formidable competition and also proceeded to make history in the land. This was the New York Symphony, founded by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and taken over, upon his death in 1885, by his son Walter Damrosch, who remained the administrative and artistic director of the orchestra until it was absorbed by the Philharmonic in 1927. Up to that time these orchestras rivaled each other for the favor of the New York public. This rivalry mounted to its height in the 'twenties, and in certain ways proved of distinct value to the public. Each orchestra strove to be the first to produce important new compositions, and efforts as energetic as they were amusing were made to do this.

Then came the question of conductors and the inception of the star system. The policy of engaging celebrated guest leaders was not new with us. It had been initiated in the capitals of Europe, but in late years the United States, and particularly New York with its enormous financial resources, has pursued this system on a scale undreamed of by any orchestral management in Europe. These engagements proved costly and unsettling to the affairs of the orchestra. There was a reaction in favor of single conductors, with three years of Vassili Safonoff, two of Mahler, twelve of Josef Stransky — assisted by Henry Hadley in the later years of his term, as associate conductor. In the season of 1922-23, Stransky's last as full conductor, the orchestra reorganized, with Clarence H. Mackay and a group of influential associates on the directors' board, and, soon after, Arthur Judson as manager.

This was an historic moment in the history of the orchestra. It had now behind it a group of wealthy and extremely influential men whose purpose, in those days

of increasing optimism and prosperity, was to give the city the best orchestra and the best conductors in the world — in a word, the best music that brains and energy and organization and financial support could secure — and expense be damned. It was the same attitude in a modern age, and with modern accoutrements, that distinguished the patricians of the Italian Renaissance in their patronage of art. But the objective was pursued in the modern manner. It was pursued by eliminating competition as soon as possible, and by corporate methods which have now invaded the musical field as they long since have characterized the entire field of business.

These methods brought, temporarily, extremely brilliant results. The directorate of the orchestra planned an era of conspicuous achievement in music in the public service. What Mr. Mackay did, and what all the influential men and women back of the Philharmonic-Symphony organization did then, and still attempt to do, can only be commended. They should have the unlimited gratitude of the public for what they have given us, and for the spirit in which they have set out upon their task, although it will be seen that today a change of method is probably necessary.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, under its new régime, resumed the system of guest conductors. In the season of 1924–1925, these conductors were Mengelberg, van Hoogstraten, with Hadley as associate conductor and with Igor Stravinsky and Wilhelm Furtwaengler as guests. Furtwaengler's success at his opening concert with Brahms' First Symphony was stupendous. But the crowning achievement of Mr. Mackay and his associates, and the height of the Philharmonic's glamor, came when they secured as guest for the season of 1925–1926 Arturo Toscanini, with Mengelberg and Furtwaengler as side-

kicks, and with Hadley again as associate conductor. It is questionable whether any modern season has known such a brilliant and varied series of orchestral performances.

The same triumvirate ruled with equally brilliant results for the season of 1926–1927, but the arrangement had within it forces of dissolution. A ridiculous spirit of rivalry, in which Toscanini had no part, broke out. Furtwaengler, a man very jealous of rivals and sensitive to criticism, succumbed to a new ailment properly named "Toscaninitis." Apparently because of it, in his second season, his performances suffered. He also made difficult his professional and social relations. He was not reengaged. His place was taken the following season by Sir Thomas Beecham and Bernardino Molinari, which meant a partial decline in standards of conducting. Then, in 1928–1929, came the merger of the two orchestras, the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony.

This event appeared to many people as a most auspicious one in the musical history of New York City. It eliminated ruinous competition in the course of which the guarantors of both orchestras had spent enormous sums of money (Harry Harkness Flagler had, from his own pocket, paid about a million and a half dollars in the course of seasons to cover the deficits of the New York Symphony Orchestra). There was also the desirability of the two orchestras amalgamating, if only for the purpose of offering an undivided front to the demands of the Musicians' Union. The orchestra, which now represented two orchestras, and took the name of the Philharmonic-Symphony, had absorbed every other rival organization in its field, and was in a position to dominate the symphonic market and to plan its beneficent activities on the largest and most impressive scale.

True, and this important fact must not be forgotten, it still faced very keen competition from other sources. The magnificent orchestras of Boston and Philadelphia, with distinguished leaders, visited the city periodically and gave a total of twenty concerts a year. Through the major part of the season, the Metropolitan Opera Company attracted immense audiences and gave more performances to the week than the resident and visiting orchestras together. Then there is to be taken into account the immense numbers of concerts, many of them of the utmost importance and attractiveness to the public, given by resident and visiting artists every week in the season. The Philharmonic-Symphony had need of all its resources, and all its ingenuity, to maintain the position it had assumed and keep its prestige with the public. But now the road was clear, and so far as resident bodies were concerned it monopolized the orchestral situation in the city. One would say that this was an invincible position and that because of the monopoly the orchestra could rely indefinitely upon full houses for its concerts.

Let us see what happened. In the season 1928-1929, when the merger became effective, there were nine conductors, seven besides Mengelberg and Toscanini, as guests. They were Walter Damrosch, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Arthur Honegger, Clemens Kraus, Molinari and Fritz Reiner. This was partly due to the expiring obligations of the Damrosch orchestra. The public attendance was excellent.

The next season Mengelberg was penetrated by the Toscanini bacteria, which ate under his stout Dutch hide with such effect that he rushed about the town crying contempt and derision for his colleague, and was seemingly demoralized, as Furtwaengler had been, by his emotions. The next winter Mengelberg appeared no more.

Erich Kleiber came in his place with Toscanini and Molinari, and an ingenious idea of the management furnished the ardent public with a new thrill. This was the interchange between the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestras, then under the same management, of their greatest leaders. By this arrangement Toscanini went to Philadelphia for two weeks and Stokowski came to New York for the same length of time. More excitement — more columns in the newspapers.

In the meantime the financial depression was making itself shockingly felt. Many people gave up their subscriptions. Single sales of tickets fell off. Was it that more conductors were needed? Bruno Walter, Ottorino Respighi, Issay Dobrowen came in succession. None of them were particularly successful. The public was hard up. But worse: it was becoming musically apathetic. Sensation after sensation in the form of star conductors had been piled on, 'till the audiences were left little power of reaction. The directorate of the orchestra, the management, the conductors, were doing their part as well as they might. The audiences were not doing theirs. With the single exception of the god Toscanini, they failed in responsiveness. They seemed to have lost, to a disconcerting degree, the power of what Robert Haven Schauffer termed so admirably as "creative listening." When Toscanini didn't conduct, the fashionable gave their seats to friends or servants. Let it not be supposed that the gallery gods and the purchasers of the cheaper seats were faithful. These people, by reputation the true music lovers, had also become accustomed to sensations. And this, mind you, with one orchestra in the immense city of New York in place of two — even three, since for some years a third orchestra, the State Symphony, had tagged along and collected a certain number of patrons.

As a matter of fact, the elimination of orchestral competition within the city itself had a devitalizing influence upon the whole musical situation. How could it be otherwise? What else happens with monopoly and regimentation? This condition had even affected players of the Philharmonic-Symphony. They, too, tended to rest upon their laurels. When Toscanini, terribly exacting in rehearsals, had gone, the men sat back and no conductor who followed could get the proper effort from them. They were tired. Some of them needed a stricter rein which the visiting conductor, not in Toscanini's position of authority, could hardly draw. Certain gentlemen of the orchestra, happily but a few, were inclined to rest in the reflected glory of the principal leader, and make it rather clear that they did not take the musical ideas of other conductors too seriously when they differed from those of Toscanini. This attitude was sometimes reflected in the performance. And then Toscanini began to tire, with the passing of the years and the tremendous physical drain of even a part of an orchestral season in New York City. He gave notice that his periods of service with the Philharmonic-Symphony must be shorter, and intimated that at a time not far off he would have to retire.

At this juncture, cable despatches announced the sensational success, in Helsingfors, of the young American conductor, Werner Janssen. The Philharmonic-Symphony had been sharply criticized for its disregard of the American composer, and it was regrettable that when the orchestra in the spring of 1930 made, under Toscanini's leadership, its triumphal European tour, not a single American composition figured on the programs. Janssen was engaged for a part of the season of 1934-1935 with Otto Klemperer, Artur Rodzinski, Toscanini, Walter

and Hans Lange, and given full opportunity to prove himself. The fact that he failed to measure up was not astonishing in view of his very limited orchestral experience, and the eminent leaders with whose performances his own were inevitably compared. He had, as a matter of fact, marked talent, but neither technical nor interpretive maturity. Another hope was gone. We come to the end of last season, which had only four conductors: Klemperer, Beecham, Lange, and Toscanini — a moderate number for a directorate which had been hiring heroes of the baton almost as impetuously as baseball impresarios engage pinch-hitters, and for the same purpose.

Let us briefly compare this history with those of certain other American orchestras not nearly as old as the Philharmonic, which in a few years forged their way to the top rank. The American orchestra which attained eminence in the shortest time, and which has consistently upheld throughout its career the highest standards, has unquestionably been the Boston Symphony. It was founded by Major Henry L. Higginson in 1881. Its organization and methods remain a model for other orchestras to follow. Major Higginson was a man of wealth, shrewd in affairs, animated by a desire to serve his fellows, and also by a profound love of music. When he established Boston's orchestra he selected men whom he believed well fitted for certain tasks, gave them a free hand, and held them completely responsible for results. He made a clean line between the art and the business of the orchestra. Over that body the conductor held absolute power. He selected the players, controlled the membership, arranged the programs, rehearsed and directed the concerts. The business staff was small and compact, the management conservative and economical. The

departments never overlapped. The business management had no authority over the orchestra, whose interests were supreme. If the conductor asked the manager to find six additional trombones for next week's program, the manager was expected to do so, at whatever necessary expense. But if the conductor had put a dollar and a half's worth of the orchestra's two cent stamps on his personal correspondence, the item would probably have been questioned at the end of the season.

The conductor was entirely immune from interference in his work, either by a business man, a society woman, a friend of Major Higginson, or Major Higginson himself. The conductor was not engaged for his spectacular values, but solely for his capacities as musician, orchestra builder and maker of programs. And finally, the policy of the Boston Symphony management, from the beginning, has been to place the orchestra under the authority of a single leader. With few exceptions, its musical directors have held undivided power long enough to enforce their ideas, and to develop the orchestra systematically in technical proficiency and interpretive excellence. Guest conductors have been few and their terms of engagement brief. They have served to offer the audiences variety, and to give the permanent leader short periods of needful rest. Under these policies, the Boston Symphony rose rapidly to the position which, under Serge Koussevitzky, it brilliantly maintains today.

The orchestra of the eastern part of the country which shares the front rank with the institutions of Boston and New York, is the Philadelphia Orchestra. It was founded in 1900. It rose rapidly in quality and reputation from the time that it came under the leadership of Leopold Stokowski in 1912. From that year till the end of last season he directed it or supervised its activities. It will be seen

that most of this development took place under the tutelage of a single leader. The same thing holds true of the Chicago Symphony, which has had but two principal conductors in the forty-five years of its existence. For it was founded by Theodore Thomas, German by birth, American by a lifetime of residence and of early citizenship; and its musical direction was inherited, when Thomas died in 1905, by Frederick Stock. He had been Thomas's concert-master, and he conducts the orchestra today. The Chicago Symphony has loyal audiences and has functioned economically, at least of late, as compared to the orchestras of the East. When all income and expenses, assets and liabilities are balanced, it will end this season with a deficit of thirty-six thousand dollars as compared with the average, in recent years, of a hundred thousand for the Boston Symphony, and a hundred and fifty thousand for the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York, and proportionate deficits for other American orchestras.

One need hardly go farther to point the moral of this tale. Under the young Vladimir Golschman, who has been functioning at its head for five years, the St. Louis Orchestra, following a period of checkered fortunes, is undergoing conspicuous development and gaining support. The orchestra of Minneapolis has made good with its public and has steadily advanced under corresponding policies. Next fall its latest leader, Eugene Ormandy, goes to the orchestra of Philadelphia for the season. Artur Rodzinski was principal leader of the Los Angeles Symphony 'till he went to the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra three seasons ago. In Cleveland he has been signally successful with undivided authority. Rodzinski was succeeded by Otto Klemperer in Los Angeles. That orchestra was one of the finest west of Chicago, until in

recent seasons, following the death of its munificent patron, W. A. Clark, Jr., and a rather confused state of affairs in the months following, a number of its finest players found highly profitable radio engagements, and it began, perhaps unavoidably, to alternate conductors. The San Francisco Orchestra, on the contrary, has taken a prodigious step forward under the sole leadership of Pierre Monteux. It has a new and excellent management; and showed a balance of seventeen hundred dollars last year after all bills were paid — owing in part, to a special donation of thirty thousand dollars from taxes, which was voted by the citizens. A prophetic glimpse, perhaps, into the orchestral future of America!

The orchestras of the West and Middle West tend to single conductors and a closer identification with local musical influences than those of the East, which is natural. Eugene Goossens is the conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra. The tragical sickness of Ossip Gabrilowitsch has resulted in temporary arrangements as regards the leadership of the orchestra of Detroit. But in general, these orchestras in other cities are community growths and follow the one-man system. New York is, of course, the international city, with the most wealth and the largest transient population of any center in America. It has its special and very difficult orchestral problems.

The season of the Philharmonic-Symphony, and its extension to thirty weeks of a very heavy schedule, has been pronounced so onerous and fatiguing as to be beyond the physical capacity of any single conductor. But next season there will be twenty-four weeks only, without extra weeks for tours; whereas Boston has held for years to twenty-four weeks of subscription concerts at home, plus two extra series of Mondays and Tuesdays, plus concerts for the Pension Fund and other extra events, and

six weeks of touring when it travels widely and has engagements for every hour of its available time. One principal conductor does the business. This should also be observed: At a time when both the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia have announced for the coming season extensive lists of soloists as additional attractions to the public, the Boston Symphony will use fewer soloists than ever, on the principle that the orchestra is the greatest of all soloists, and that the solo performer, in most instances, tends to disrupt the unity of the orchestral program. The whole policy is to build, in weather fair or foul, upon the orchestra and its music.

IN ENGAGING its leaders for next season the Philharmonic-Symphony had a choice of two policies. One would have been the quest, in places already ransacked, for a new and sensational star of the baton. The other would have been to abandon the star system entirely, and build anew on the basis of the quality of the organization itself, and the fascination of symphonic literature as exemplified by interesting and eclectic programs. It would have been the time, too, to comb the market for young native conductors. In view of these considerations, it is very difficult to agree with the course that has been taken in appointing the leaders for 1936-1937.

The first result of a confusion of councils that would not have been tolerated for an instant in a well-organized business, was a major error which had almost immediately to be recanted. This was the engagement of Furtwangler from Germany. The Jewish reaction against his appointment was so strong, and the Jews of New York make up so large a portion of Philharmonic-Symphony audiences, that the engagement had almost immedi-

ately to be rescinded. If those unaffected by Nazi politics think that the Jews were fanatical and intolerant in this matter, let them pause to remember what was done in this country to German musicians, and with much less provocation, during the World War. It is logical, but impractical and academic, to expect human beings to separate human and artistic values. The direction's apparent unawareness of public sentiment had more than one unfortunate result. It aroused subscribers of other races and religions, a number of whom declared that if the Jews were to dictate against a German on political grounds, they in turn would immediately withdraw their subscriptions if a Jew were engaged as a Philharmonic-Symphony conductor for the season to come. And thus, in the good old immemorial way, were the barriers of racial and religious animosity again raised, with an effect that further narrowed the orchestral policies.

The list of conductors finally decided upon is a curious mélange of musicians who in three cases are, and in two cases are not, professional conductors at all. Four of these are visitors from other countries. Only one of them is so much as resident in this country. He is Artur Rodzinski, the permanent conductor of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, Polish by birth, now, we believe, an American citizen, who will come to New York for eight weeks. But the principal feature of the list is the engagement for ten of the season's twenty-four weeks of John Barbirolli, a young Englishman of Italian-French descent, totally unknown to the public on this side of the water, and not as yet considered a conductor of the first rank in England. We abhor chauvinism, and hope that Mr. Barbirolli will come up to the hopes of the directorate, but it is hard to justify their giving the lion's share of one of our most

important orchestral seasons to a person in his position. The reason given for this latter engagement is the desire to find a young conductor of gifts, and of physical energy, who will prove adaptable and capable of growing in the job. If that is the reason, the act is the less excusable. Opportunities of such kind should surely be extended either to native musicians, or to musicians who have cast their lot in America, who know the tastes of our public, and understand its orchestral needs.

As it now stands, the Philharmonic-Symphony season for 1936–1937 will be divided between Barbirolli for ten weeks, Rodzinski for eight weeks, and Stravinsky, Georges Enesco, and Carlos Chavez, the young Mexican composer, for two weeks each. It is well known that Stravinsky makes no pretense at conducting in the professional sense of the word, while his own most representative works, which are familiar items of the repertory, have been heard a hundred times better done than would be the case, in all probability, under his baton. Enesco, the composer, is a great, learned and noble-hearted musician, yet to be estimated here as an orchestral leader. Chavez, as the writer can testify, handles the baton very competently when he conducts his own music. As founder and conductor of the *Orquesta Sinfonica de Mexico* since 1928, he has a high reputation, although what he can do with regular repertory has here to be ascertained. How can the directorate find among these hasty visitors a conductor fit for an extensive engagement? Meanwhile, Barbirolli's term is longer than an unknown man should have been given, and curtails opportunities for others to prove themselves. In short, this arrangement seems to have the faults of two systems, and the virtues of neither.

If there is any deduction to be drawn from all this, it is that action modern and highly effective in the 'twenties

is no longer efficacious in the 'thirties. We must begin to do things for ourselves in the musical art, and not rely upon expensive and exotic expedients of past periods. Our orchestras must show more individual initiative, adaptability, and originality in meeting issues. The rich cannot and should not be expected to carry the whole burden of our symphonic institutions. It is high time that communities took a direct, intelligent, and active part in the support of orchestras, opera, and all the other forms of musical culture.

Unfortunately this is more difficult than it would seem to the casual observer. Big business has a tremendous influence in our musical affairs. In recent years two great chains of musical managers and bureaus have formed, and allied themselves respectively with the two great radio companies — an inevitable gravitation. It is not the slightest insinuation against either the motives or the capacities of one of the ablest and most enterprising captains of the tonal industry to observe that Arthur Judson, manager of the Philharmonic-Symphony, is the head of one of them — the Columbia Concerts Corporation — which pools the resources of many smaller managers, thus controlling a large number of artists. He is also the personal manager of most of the conductors, either resident or visiting, who appear with the American orchestras. His influence is extremely powerful in music throughout the country, and he is intimately associated with the Columbia Broadcasting System, through its subsidiary, the Columbia Concerts Corporation already mentioned. The rival organization, the NBC Artists' Service, which is linked with the National Broadcasting Company, has enormous financial resources, with orchestras, artists, and all sorts of variegated musical products to sell. The sales are to concert and opera organizations, to

radio advertisers and to the public of the nation. It is business on the largest scale, and a manifestation of precisely the same forces which have shaped all institutions of business and production in America.

These conditions can be productive of the greatest good. They can cheapen and promote good music throughout the land. They can. In ways, they do. Certainly they promote distribution. But it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that artists, conductors, and even orchestras, are pawns in the competitive game of these big musical corporations, which promotes the speculative system of star conductors, and is certain to affect in various ways the operations of American symphonic bodies. This system encourages the importation of leaders from abroad, and discourages the development of the native musician — for it is not a question of which is the best conductor, the most self-effacing and devoted to his art, the most curious about music new and old, but solely a question of the man who will reap, by whatever means, the most applause, publicity and audiences. The man who can do that can be successfully and profitably peddled around.

This gets us in America nowhere as far as genuine cultural development is concerned. We want our orchestras to foster great music, and carry it to the people. It is obviously time to reform our ranks, to begin a systematic examination of the field, and to put a stop to domination by foreign influences and by business. Ultimately, this will not only be the constructive course, but the profitable one as well.

It seems clear that certain fundamental policies could well be followed by all our great orchestras, union or non-union, privately or publicly supported. Among them are the following:

- (1) Orchestras controlled by a single conductor, who is given undivided power.
- (2) The conductor to be at least resident in the place where he works, and given sufficient tenure of office to carry out a coherent and constructive program.
- (3) Conductors who are first musicians and orchestra builders, rather than those who specialize in virtuosity.
- (4) The proper emphasis on interest and variety of programs, rather than conductors' personalities.
- (5) Business organization which is independent, compact and economical in its operations.
- (6) Careful examination of the American field, and vigilant watch for the appearance of new native talent.
- (7) The end of the star system and its speculative attributes.
- (8) The intimate identification of the orchestra with the cultural needs of the community.

These are some present needs, and they seem to be emphasized by events which come immediately under observation.

School

WILLIAM SAROYAN

HE WAS a little boy named Jim, the first and only child of Dr. Louis Davy, 717 Mattei Building, and it was his first week at school. His father was French, a small heavy-set man of forty whose boyhood had been full of poverty and unhappiness and ambition. His mother was dead: she died when Jim was born, and the only woman he knew intimately was Amy, the Swedish housekeeper.

It was Amy who dressed him in his Sunday clothes and took him to school. Jim liked Amy, but he didn't like her for taking him to school. He told her so. All the way to school he told her so. I don't like you, he said. I don't like you any more.

I like *you*, the housekeeper said.

Then why are you taking me to school? he said.

He had taken walks with Amy before, once all the way to the Court House Park for the Sunday afternoon band concert, but this walk was different.

What for? he said.

Everybody must go to school, the housekeeper said.

Did you go to school? he said.

No, said Amy.

Then why do I have to go? he said.

You will like it, said the housekeeper.

He walked on with her in silence, holding her hand. I don't like you, he said. I don't like you any more.

I like you, said Amy.

Then why are you taking me to school? he said again.

The housekeeper knew how frightened a little boy could be about going to school.

You will like it, she said. I think you will sing songs and play games.

I don't want to, he said.

I will come and get you every afternoon, she said.

I don't like you, he told her again.

She felt very unhappy about the little boy going to school, but she knew he would have to go.

The school building was very ugly to her and to the boy. She didn't like the way it made her feel, and going up the steps with him she wished he didn't have to go to school. The halls and rooms scared her, and him, and the smell of the place too. And he didn't like Mr. Barber, the principal.

Amy despised Mr. Barber.

What is the name of your son? Mr. Barber said.

This is Dr. Louis Davy's son, said Amy. His name is Jim. I am Dr. Davy's housekeeper.

James? said Mr. Barber.

Not James, said Amy, just Jim.

All right, said Mr. Barber. Any middle name?

No, said Amy. He is too small for a middle name. Just Jim Davy.

All right, said Mr. Barber. We'll try him out in the first grade. If he doesn't get along all right we'll try him out in kindergarten.

Dr. Davy said to start him in the first grade, said Amy. Not kindergarten.

All right, said Mr. Barber.

The housekeeper knew how frightened the little boy was, sitting on the chair, and she tried to let him know how much she loved him and how sorry she was about everything. She wanted to say something fine to him about everything, but she couldn't say anything, and she was very proud of the nice way he got down from the

chair and stood beside Mr. Barber, waiting to go with him to a classroom.

On the way home she was so proud of him she began to cry.

Miss Binney, the teacher of the first grade, was an old lady who was all dried out. The room was full of little boys and girls. School smelled funny and sad. He sat at a desk and listened very carefully. He heard some of the names: Charles, Ernest, Alvin, Norman, Betty, Hannah, Juliet, Viola, Polly.

He listened carefully and heard Miss Binney say, Hannah Winter, what *are* you chewing? And he saw Hannah Winter blush. He liked Hannah Winter right from the beginning.

Gum, said Hannah.

Put it in the waste-basket, said Miss Binney.

He saw the little girl walk to the front of the class, take the gum from her mouth, and drop it into the waste-basket.

And he heard Miss Binney say, Ernest Gaskin, what are *you* chewing?

Gum, said Ernest.

And he liked Ernest Gaskin too.

They met in the schoolyard, and Ernest taught him a few jokes.

Amy was in the hall when school ended. She was sullen and angry at everybody until she saw the little boy. She was amazed that he wasn't changed, that he wasn't hurt, or perhaps utterly unalive, murdered. The school and everything about it frightened her very much. She took his hand and walked out of the building with him, feeling angry and proud.

Jim said, What comes after twenty-nine?

Thirty, said Amy.

Your face is dirty, he said.

His father was very quiet at the supper table.

What comes after twenty-nine? the boy said.

Thirty, said his father.

Your face is dirty, he said.

In the morning he asked his father for a nickel.

What do you want a nickel for? his father said.

Gum, he said.

His father gave him a nickel and on the way to school he stopped at Mrs. Riley's store and bought a package of Spearmint.

Do you want a piece? he asked Amy.

Do you want to give me a piece? the housekeeper said.

Jim thought about it a moment, and then he said, Yes.

Do you like me? said the housekeeper.

I like you, said Jim. Do you like me?

Yes, said the housekeeper. Do you like school?

Jim didn't know for sure, but he knew he liked the part about gum. And Hannah Winter. And Ernest Gaskin.

I don't know, he said.

Do you sing? asked the housekeeper.

No, we don't sing, he said.

Do you play games? she said.

Not in the school, he said. In the yard we do.

He liked the part about gum very much.

Miss Binney said, Jim Davy, what are you *chewing*?

Gum, he said.

He walked to the waste-paper basket and back to his seat, and Hannah Winter saw him, and Ernest Gaskin too. That was the best part of school.

It began to grow too.

Ernest Gaskin, he shouted in the schoolyard, *what* are you *chewing*?

Raw elephant meat, said Ernest Gaskin. Jim Davy, what are *you* chewing?

Jim tried to think of something very funny to be chewing, but he couldn't.

Gum, he said, and Ernest Gaskin laughed louder than Jim laughed when Ernest Gaskin said, Raw elephant meat.

It was funny no matter what you said.

Going back to the classroom Jim saw Hannah Winter in the hall.

Hannah Winter, he said, *what in the world* are you chewing?

The little girl was startled. She wanted to say something nice that would honestly show how nice she felt about having Jim say her name and ask her the funny question, making fun of school, but she couldn't think of anything that nice to say because they were almost in the room and there wasn't time enough.

Tutti-frutti, she said with desperate haste.

It seemed to Jim he had never before heard such a glorious word, and he kept repeating the word to himself all day.

Tutti-frutti, he said to Amy on the way home.

Amy Larson, he said, *what, are, you, chewing?*

He told his father all about it at the supper table.

He said, Once there was a hill. Under the hill there was a mill. Under the mill there was a key. What is it?

I don't know, his father said. What is it?

Milwaukee, said the boy.

The housekeeper was delighted.

Mill. Walk. Key, he said.

Tutti-frutti.

What's that? said his father.

Gum, he said. The kind Hannah Winter chews.

Who's Hannah Winter? said his father.

She's in my room, he said.

Oh, said his father.

After supper he sat on the floor with the small red and blue and yellow top that hummed while it spinned. It was all right, he guessed. It was still very sad, but the gum part of it was very funny and the Hannah Winter part very nice. Raw elephant meat, he thought with great inward delight.

Raw elephant meat, he said aloud to his father who was reading the evening paper. His father folded the paper and sat on the floor beside him. The housekeeper saw them together on the floor and for some reason tears came to her eyes. She listened carefully, but neither the man nor the boy said anything.

The Bogey of Moscow

WALTER DURANTY

AN EMINENT American citizen recently told his fellow-countrymen that in this election year they would have to choose between Washington and Moscow; between the Star Spangled Banner and the Internationale — or was it the Red Flag?

I imagine that few more inappropriate utterances have ever been made by anyone who lays claim to the title of statesman. What I suppose Mr. Smith was trying to do was to frighten his hearers with horrors, as once upon a time English nurses told children that if they were naughty “Bony” — Napoleon Bonaparte — would come and eat them. Mr. Smith, I imagine (although I confess I find it difficult to fathom his mind in this connection) thought that he would make a sharp and cutting picture — put the issue squarely, I believe politicians call it, with beveled edges — of the danger that confronts the people of this country unless they “choose right” next November. If you don’t “choose right,” he said in substance, you will choose “left,” and then you will see what will happen; it will freeze your blood.

I am surprised, really, in retrospect, that he omitted the line about nationalization of women. That was a good one in its day and went nearly as big as the German corpse factory, where they made corpses into margarine during the late war to end all wars.

Speaking seriously, what is there in this comparison between Washington and Moscow? I mean, what is there apart from an election-year bogey? “The thin edge of the wedge,” Mr. Smith and his Bourbon friends might answer. “Once you begin to infringe the rights of capital,

how can the poor man know that someone won't steal his dime too — or take it in taxes? As if the poor don't pay heavier taxes than the rich — except perhaps the very rich — in the form of the indirect taxes, the excise, for instance, on cigarettes and liquor. And poor men like beer no less than rich men like champagne. Those hit the poor man's pocket fully as hard, or harder than income taxes hit all save the highest brackets, and I think Mr. Smith's "average American," if you gave him a million-dollar-a-year income, wouldn't melt away in tears if the government took two-thirds of it, or even three-quarters. It can't be so hard to live on two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

But is it the thin edge of the wedge? That's the real question. In other words, does Mr. Smith honestly suppose — and whether he supposes it or not, is it true — that the present Administration wants socialism? Wants not socialism alone but what socialism really means, that is, not just to put the state into business but to have the state control *all* business, so that there can be *no* business outside the state or its subordinate organizations (which of course include coöperatives and collective farms, except of the pettiest character). That's what socialism means in the U.S.S.R.; that, I say, is Moscow, and it seems to me a long, long way from Tipperary — or was it Washington?

The somewhat timid adventure into state ownership and control that has been made in this country would not even startle the British, that staid and conservative people. They have gone much further in England, further with taxes to begin with, further with state control and ownership — telegraph and telephones and radio broadcasting — not to mention banking laws and checks on the Stock Market, which make the Federal Reserve

System and the Securities Act look like velvet gloves compared with hands of steel. Yet the British don't seem to be afraid of revolution next November — or at any other imminent date. Unlike Mr. Smith, they appear to know that there is a considerable distance between Moscow and London, and I should have thought Washington was more distant still.

The real answer to Mr. Smith is that he doesn't know anything about Moscow — or else that he was talking wildly. The fundamental point of the Moscow régime is not simply that it is state control and ownership, but that it is *complete* state control and ownership, that the profit is *completely* eliminated, that there is *no* private business save that of the peasant who sells the produce from his tiny plot. Everything, the banks and the railroads, industry and commerce, the minerals in the earth and the fish in the sea — all are owned by the state or its appointed agents. In the last year or two, it is true, they have given the collective farms perpetual title, in fee simple, to their land. Because they were collective farms, that is to say, offshoots, organisms, or agents if you prefer the word, of socialism, small units which jointly form the socialist state. But no individual farmer can own his land; you can't even own a house in Russia — not own it outright. You can have a long lease on it, fifty years or so, and if you die before that period has elapsed, you can leave it to your children. But you don't *own* it, because it is built on land, and land belongs to the state. If you build the house, you can sell it for what it costs you, and you can sell the lease. But if you are a wise Russian, you won't try to sell it at a profit, because if they find out about it, they'll take your "excess profit" and send you to Siberia, or up north to dig canals, under the kindly care of the OGPU, because that is making a profit and

they don't believe in profits any more in the U.S.S.R.

Surely what I am saying makes patent the absurdities of Mr. Smith's comparison and the folly of his words. I am not trying to write an electoral pamphlet for the present Administration; that's not my job. What I am trying to do, and have been trying for the last eighteen years to do, is to tell you people over here what Russia is like, not to say whether it's good or bad — that isn't my business either — but what it's like. In short, to explain the vast gulf which exists between Moscow and Washington.

Why here you haven't even fascism. Don't you think that if there was any danger of revolution, Bolshevik revolution I mean, proletarian revolution, when the masses rise and kill the rich and seize the factories and the banks and the land and the houses, don't you think then, if that danger was imminent, that the property owners of America would get together and fight it? In this country where, despite the depression, almost every native-born white American does own property? After all, you have an average of one automobile to a family. Tell that to the Russians, of whom ninety percent before the revolution owned only the clothes they stood up in, and ate meat once a month if they were lucky.

If the majority of people in this country wanted revolution, they would try to make it. Then the ones who didn't want it would try to stop them, as they did in Germany and Italy. They would form fascist corps, they'd beat the big drum of Patriotism and raise the pay of police and army, they'd get the young ones on their side, the boys and girls just out of college, who think that the world owes them a living, but who have no jobs. That's what they did in Italy, and in Germany. They got the young ones and dressed them up in uniform — young-

sters like uniform, it gives them a sense of solidarity — and they bought them machine-guns, and hand grenades and rifles, and turned them loose to smash the revolution. But, as Sinclair Lewis might have said, it *hasn't* happened here. There is no fascism, no counter-revolution, because there is no revolution, that is, there is nothing to counter, no need for fascism.

I admit there's always a danger that some ruthless and ambitious man, like Huey Long for instance, might set out to create a fascism, spurred by envy of Hitler or Mussolini. Huey Long did it, didn't he, in Louisiana; and the late Lord Bryce — who was one of the most shrewd and sympathetic foreign observers this country has ever welcomed in its midst, with the possible exception of Sir Willmott Lewis, the present correspondent of *The Times* in Washington — once remarked that the most interesting thing about the American system was that its states offered, so to speak, a basis of experiment on a scale that need not necessarily become nation-wide. If the experiment looked good to the other states — if Kansas got out of debt, for instance — the rest of the nation might adopt it. That, thought Lord Bryce, was admirable. The decentralized system gave opportunity for experiment *in petto*, whereas a more highly centralized organization has to act as a whole, which sometimes gives rise to difficulty. Take the case of the U.S.S.R. again. There all the economic life of the country is directed by a centralized agency called the State Planning Commission, or Gosplan, as they call it. In theory that is admirable: the Gosplan lays out its program, not for one year but for five. It controls the budgeting and the banks and the industries and the railroads and the mines and the forests; it controls everything, the whole economic life of the country. It has unlimited power — subject of

course to the approval of Stalin and the Communist party, of which it is an organ — and therefore it works along party lines. All that sounds excellent, but if the Gosplan makes a mistake, what happens then? If it miscalculates, then comes the difficulty. The mistake is a nation-wide mistake, it's not a local mistake, it's a huge mistake. There is the difficulty.

Is there, however, any reason to suppose that the late Senator Long's experiment with Louisiana will be repeated in the White House, should its present occupant be reelected? I don't think so. I don't think Mr. Smith thought so. In fact I think that Mr. Smith thought, although he didn't dare to think his thought right out, in public, at that dinner of the Liberty League, that the comparison wasn't between Mr. Roosevelt and Hitler but between Mr. Roosevelt and Stalin. Perhaps he did think that, because he made the other comparisons. He seemed to think — or he tried to suggest, and to terrify his hearers by suggesting it — that Mr. Roosevelt might act like Stalin. How strange that sounds to me, who know both Stalin and Mr. Roosevelt, and have talked with them. But it might interest you to hear what the Russians think of Mr. Roosevelt, whatever Mr. Smith may think of him.

Suppose one said to the Russians, as some people here say to each other, "Don't you think that Mr. Roosevelt is a traitor to his class, that he is a man like Mirabeau, the French aristocrat who prepared the way for the French Revolution?" The Russians would think such a question absurd. They know about revolutions, the Bolsheviks. They know that Mirabeau emerged in a period that was revolutionary, that perhaps he tried to check it — being a noble — or perhaps he tried to hasten it, as a traitor to his class. Whether he did or not makes no matter, the

Russians say, because at least in Mirabeau's day there was a revolutionary situation, and that's what makes the difference. This country is not revolutionary, is not even fascist, as I said before. But it is in a difficult economic period, as a result of the depression. It may be argued that the measures which Mr. Roosevelt has adopted have, in certain cases, been hasty and ill-considered. Certainly, a policy which pays people for plowing under cotton, which destroys hogs when people are starving, which orders army fliers to fly mail routes in bad weather without the necessary experience or instrumental equipment, can scarcely be called sound.

But do these policies and others like them actually prove that they were intended to serve as the thin edge of Mr. Smith's wedge with which to open the way to Moscow, or to socialism or Stalinism? I think not. The danger of such measures is of a totally different character. They may create in the mind of the masses a sentiment of reckless improvidence and the thought that, somehow or other, the state will always find jobs for them no matter what the cost to the community. Here, I maintain, the danger lies, and here I think is the essential difference between Washington and Moscow. In the U.S.S.R. public works are carefully planned beforehand for the interests of the nation as a whole. In this country it may seem to some that they are planned in the interests of one political party, or simply to provide jobs which have no ultimate aim or fundamental value.

It may be that this depression is not much different, except in degree, from the depressions of the past, or panics, as they used to call them. You can look back through the years and see these periodic crises. They all come from the same thing, that if balloons are blown too big — instead of the word balloon the phrase "credit in-

flation" might be used — they finally burst. This has happened before, not only in America but in Europe. There was the "South Sea Bubble," as they termed it then, in England years and years ago, and John Law's "Mississippi Bubble" in 1723. In 1929, however, the balloon was bigger. It was not only American but also European money; in fact the money of all the world, blown up bigger and bigger, so that when it burst the results were more serious, the depression was wider and deeper, and greater in degree, with the natural consequence that the period of recovery has been more prolonged. Recovery from the 1907 panic, for instance, was achieved in two years, whereas it is only within recent months — that is to say, after nearly seven years — that we have had reasonable grounds for hope of a return: not to the blatant and exaggerated prosperity of 1929 but to a state of things when money will circulate more freely again and more goods will be bought and sold, and therefore more goods will be made and more people will have jobs. That, in the final issue, is the important point. It is not the amount of money which matters but the speed with which it circulates. I mean the amount *does* matter, of course, but the speed of circulation matters more. If it circulates rapidly, that means that people are buying and selling things, or goods. And if they are buying and selling them, they are also making them, which, as I said before, means jobs.

Is that, however, the final solution of the economic problem? Or have the Russians the right key to it? Is it right that the profit motive is wrong, that the final solution is state control and ownership — all for all instead of each for himself? Perhaps that is correct, in theory, but the trouble with that is that it involves a submergence of individuals, which is the thing Americans, and the Brit-

ish too, and the Scandinavians and the Dutch and the Swiss and the French have fought against most bitterly. It is a thing we won't stand for because we are men and not slaves. We don't want regimentation, and taking orders from dictators. We don't want dictators, whether their names be Huey Long or Hitler, Mussolini or Stalin, Mr. Smith or Mr. Roosevelt. That is where Mr. Smith was right, and that, I suppose, was what he really meant. He didn't express it well, I think, but that perhaps is what he meant.

To Elinor Wylie

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

These are not pen-and-ink prints, but a bird's,
Small and most unimaginable, that flew
From some far kingdom, fabulous with words,
And rested on this page a minute or two.
These are not interrupted by vague terror,
Nor hurried into unfamiliar flight:
The delicate pattern never ravelled error;
The picture never snarls in tangled fright.
This is the jeweled bird of fire and ice;
Immortal Phœnix wrought of ice and fire,
With plumage smooth and lucent and precise,
With emerald claws and crest of cunning wire;
This is the princess, this the bird she cages
In a proud secret book with curious pages.

Political Imponderables

SCHUYLER C. WALLACE

THE opening guns of the presidential campaign have long since been fired. The pre-convention struggles are over. The two major parties in convention assembled have nominated their respective standard-bearers. The campaign is on.

During the late summer and early fall months the nominees and their lieutenants will present their respective cases to the country. The Democratic nominee will attempt to convince the electorate that New Deal policies rest on a sound economic foundation, that they have been ably administered, and that the country is well on the road to recovery. The Republican nominee, on the other hand, will endeavor to prove not only that the Administration's measures were badly conceived and wretchedly executed, but that the very recovery of which the Administration boasts rests on an unsound basis, in theory and in fact, and that four more years of the New Deal can lead only to catastrophe.

After listening to the arguments from both parties, and judicially weighing the facts and theories presented, the sovereign voter, laying aside all personal interests, will on November third, go to the polls and record his judgment. Such is the process of politics as it appears to the casual observer. But let's look behind the scenes! It is possible to present briefly a few of the more important factors and their make-up.

First, the political machines. It is the "organization" that must bear the brunt of the campaign. In each of the hundred thousand United States precincts are two precinct captains, one a Republican, the other a Democrat.

Each of these has a co-captain of the opposite sex. Above them in the party hierarchy, stands the district or township leader; still further up looms the city or county committee, whose chairman is apt to be the city or county boss. These are the shock troops of the campaign. These are the individuals that ring the doorbells and engage in face-to-face propaganda. They "get out the vote" on election day. For months and years past they have been building up personal following which they hope to deliver at the polls.

How are these personal followings developed? The technique is the same the country over — through rendering personal service, through doing personal favors. In New York City — where Tammany still stands, — the technique is very simple. The district clubs still remain the most effective recreational, philanthropic and job-distributing centers in their localities.

The important question for us is: what is the relative efficiency today of the "organizations" in the two great political parties? If the Republican machine in the Empire state is effective, whereas the Democratic machine is torn apart by factional strife, the Republicans will have a tremendous advantage. But if the Republican machine in Indiana is "split wide open," whereas the Democratic is in high gear, the result in the Hoosier state will reverse that in New York.

But what makes for the greater efficiency of these local machines? In part we have the accident of leadership. Have the various leaders and sub-leaders received about what was coming to them? Or are powerful leaders struggling for supremacy? The morale of a political machine is greatly determined by patronage. In New York City, where the Democratic organization has controlled the spoils of the city and state, the "boys" have always had

something to "work for." And, as Plunkett of Tammany Hall long ago remarked, nothing makes a man work so hard for his party as the prospect of a comfortable job on the government payroll. This technique is responsible for the high morale of the Republican machine in Pennsylvania.

It is impossible for anyone outside the headquarters of the two great parties to know which organization is at present the most efficient. This much, however, is certain: the tremendous opportunities for patronage that have been afforded by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, the Public Works Administration, the Works Progress Administration and the other emergency agencies have in no way decreased the efficiency of the Democratic machines.

Control of the instrumentalities of propaganda is an equally important factor. Chief among these are the radio, the movies, the press associations and newspapers and leading magazines. Because of its vulnerable position, the radio comes as close to being neutral as it is possible to be. Nevertheless, it is frequently used as an instrumentality of political propaganda and, as few who have followed the radio programs will deny, the advantage in its use rests with big business. The good-will advertising of the Ford Symphony Orchestra or the Consolidated Gas Company of New York is obviously not designed simply to sell Ford cars or to increase the use of the products of the Consolidated Gas. Philco's news commentator, Boake Carter, has his personal bias, and the same situation seems to apply to most commentators on contemporary affairs. Each reveals, consciously or unconsciously, his personal predilections and, in all probability, the predilections of his associates.

Although the propaganda of the movies is less evident,

a recent analysis of the output of the eight largest producers in the field failed to reveal a single company that had not produced at least one or two obvious propaganda films in the last seven years. And those who lived through Sinclair's campaign for the governorship of California must realize that it was the movies that defeated the EPIC. A judicious selection of morons from among Sinclair's supporters, the presentation of their pictures on the screen — and the radical candidate was doomed.

The propaganda of the press is more direct. It varies in character from the colorless neutral, but nevertheless conservative *New York Times*, to the partisan *Post* or *Tribune*; or from the ultra-conservative *Saturday Evening Post*, to the pro-Administration journal, *Today*. A comparison of the *New York Evening Telegram* and the *Chicago Tribune* would furnish a simple example.

According to figures in the Report of President Hoover's Committee on Social Trends, published in 1933, there were 435 daily newspapers in the United States calling themselves Democratic, 204 Independent Democratic, 505 Republican and 252 Independent Republican. In addition some 792 newspapers insisted on the designation Independent. The allegiance of these newspapers is not fixed. If the paper changes hands or the owner changes his opinions the policy of the paper will, of necessity, change also.

The fact is that control of certain pieces of property — the radio, the movies, the press associations, the newspapers and many of the magazines — make it possible for a small group of individuals to influence public opinion. Their united strength behind either candidate would come very near to deciding the election. Needless to say, no such unanimity of action is probable, or even pos-

sible, but an interesting question in the coming election is: how will the press divide? In the past, the Republicans have entered a presidential campaign with a tremendous advantage in press support — for the overwhelming majority of the so-called independent dailies usually discover, as the campaign progresses, that they are really Republican. Unless all signs fail, it looks as if the Republicans will enter this campaign with an even greater advantage than heretofore.

It is probable that the movies will remain neutral, and not repeat on a national scale their California campaign in 1934. In the first place, being primarily a business rather than a propaganda agency, the movies will hesitate to offend a number of patrons. This they inevitably will do if they take sides in the 1936 campaign. Secondly, the presence of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act upon the statute books suggests what might happen if by any chance they campaigned as a unit — and lost. And last, but not least, should the movies become an active rather than a potential instrumentality of propaganda, it is obvious that they might bring down upon themselves drastic government regulation.

Pressure groups are no new phenomena in the United States and in our political campaigns, dating back as they do to the very formation of the Union. Indeed, in a sense, we owe our present Constitution to a federation of commercial, banking, bondholding, real estate and slaveholding interests. Never before, however, have the pressure groups been so widely organized, so well led, or so generously financed. The most spectacular pressure group ever developed in the United States was the Anti-Saloon League, the organization that more than any other was responsible for putting across Prohibition. Yet the Anti-Saloon League represents a very small part

of the pressure force which exists in this country. The number of these groups is legion. They are present in civic affairs, labor, agriculture and business. It is impossible to attempt a complete survey of these organizations in a single article. However, the more important ones can at least be listed.

In the field of agriculture are the Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry and the Farmers' Educational and Coöperative Union of America, all dedicated to the defense of the interests of the dirt farmer. In addition, there are numerous special associations representing the peculiar interests of some segment of agriculture. Of these, the American Dairy Federation, the American Fruit Growers, Inc., the Milk Producers' Federation and the American Sugar Cane League deserve particular notice. In the field of labor stand the American Federation of Labor with its one hundred or more national subsidiary unions, the Railway Brotherhoods and the various and sundry company unions.

The separate interests that exist in the field of business are even more diverse. At one time or another it is probable that every one of the powerful corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange or on the Curb Exchange has participated in politics either to defend or to advance its interests. Chief among the business organizations continuously active in politics are the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the Institute of American Meat Packers, the American Railway Association, the American Bankers' Association, the Lumber Manufacturers Association, the American Mining Congress, the National Industries Board, the National Merchant Marine Association, the National Petroleum Association, the American Electric

Railway Board, the National Committee on Gas and Electric Service, the National Committee on Public Utility Conditions, and the National Edison Institute.

In still another category fall the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the National Economy League, the Civil Service Reform League and the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals.

The important fact is that America is divided into thousands of little groups, economic, religious, civic or patriotic. Each of these believes, or pretends to believe, that the advancement of its own peculiar interest or interests is inextricably bound up with the advancement of the general welfare. Consequently, one of the most absorbing questions at the present time is: how will the pressure groups line up?

That the Administration is cognizant of the necessity of placating certain of these organizations is shown by the pages of the daily papers. No less obvious, however, is the fact that their Republican rivals are equally sophisticated. Thus it is quite evident that the labor provisions of both the National Industrial Recovery Act and the Guffey Coal Bill are designed not merely to speed recovery but also to satisfy the demands of organized labor and, if possible, to line up votes for the Democratic party. Similarly, although the Triple-A, the Farm Credit Administration, and the other measures designed for agricultural relief undoubtedly can be defended on grounds of general sociological policy, it is apparent that they, too, were intended to win for the Administration the various agricultural blocs. To what extent the "silver interests" were directly responsible for the Administration's silver policy is still something known only to the insiders. There can be no doubt that a silver policy which radically enhances the value of newly mined silver will win

the enthusiastic support of the silver kings and miners.

That certain pressure groups have already found their way into the Republican camp is evidenced by the pronouncements of the American Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers on New Deal Policy in general, by the bitter opposition shown to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, by the Reserve City Bankers Association and by the controversy waged by the Stock Exchange over the Securities Exchange Act.

Will the farm groups support the Administration as a unit or will they be split? Will labor stand solidly for the New Deal, or will it follow industrial leadership? Will big business present a solid phalanx against the Administration? Or will the mining industries, the building industries, the railroads and the shipping interests finally decide that the Democrats have more to offer than the Republicans? What will be the stand of the little fellow? How will the merchant at the crossroads store react, or the shopkeeper on the city streets? These are some questions which the alignment of the pressure groups will answer.

In times past, sectionalism has played an important part in our politics. It was responsible for the Hartford Convention in 1815; it precipitated the nullification controversy in 1832; it was responsible for the Civil War, and although the force of nationalism was victorious in the field of battle, it did not eliminate sectionalism from the field of politics. In 1896 William Jennings Bryan attempted to challenge the political supremacy of the Republican leadership in the East and Middle West by combining the West and the South. The effort was a failure, but was repeated in 1900 and 1908, and finally succeeded under Woodrow Wilson.

In 1924, Arthur W. Holcombe, an astute political observer, analyzing the play of political forces in the era since the Civil War, came to the conclusion that "each of the two major parties is founded upon a combination of several more or less distinct economic interests. Each of these interests dominates or greatly influences the politics of one of the economic regions into which the country is divided. . . . Neither of the combinations of economic interests which dominate the two major parties (however) is able to carry congressional and presidential elections and thereby control the Federal government without carrying a majority of (the) doubtful districts and some at least of (the) states in the doubtful sections. Each, therefore, must bid for the support of the interests which can turn the scales in those sections."

In 1934 an English observer, the Right Honorable Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, in commenting on the New America said: "We naturally conceive of the United States as one country, in the same sense as France or Italy. It is nothing of the kind. It is a group of countries. It is like a Free Trade Empire of seven great dominions, united for common purposes, but differing greatly one from another." Thus it is apparent that the factor of sectionalism, far from being *passé*, is very much alive.

That the Roosevelt Administration is fully aware of this fact is indicated by the policies it has espoused. The Triple-A is not merely a measure designed to alleviate the suffering of the marginal farmer, or to placate the demands of the agrarian pressure groups; it is also a technique for binding to the Democratic party the agricultural sections of the country. The Administration's silver policy is designed, or so it seems, to win the support of the silver kings and to carry the Rocky Mountain states. Nor has sectionalism been overlooked by the Adminis-

tration in its allocation of money either for relief or for public works. The Republicans in their turn give ample evidence that they, too, are not insensible to the force of sectional interest. Already the eastern press is carrying feature articles designed to solidify sentiment against the Administration in New England and the middle states. Tax analyses have been widely syndicated which purport to show that whereas the benefits of the New Deal have gone chiefly to the solidly Democratic states of the South and Southwest, the tax burden will inevitably fall upon the northeastern states. Nor is it entirely without significance that the leading aspirants for the Republican nomination come from the doubtful portions of the Middle West.

What will be the outcome of these sectional appeals? Will the Republicans be able to reform that coalition of the Northeast and Middle West which has so long dominated America, or will Mr. Roosevelt be able to repeat the feat of Jefferson and Jackson and, by reestablishing a liaison between the West and the South, transform the Democracy into the dominant party of the future?

A fifth factor is class. Although we pretend that there are no classes in America, classes do exist. Not in the Marxian sense, perhaps, for America is not aligned into the two hostile camps of labor and capital. It is, instead, divided into six or seven. Very little fundamental analysis of class has been made in America but nevertheless certain things are obvious. There is at the top a plutocracy, maintaining its yachts and its racing stables, living in a style to which few in America can ever aspire. Beneath them is the upper middle class — not sufficiently wealthy to be thought of as members of the plutocracy, but sufficiently wealthy to maintain a country house and a town house, well staffed with servants. Below them come what might

be called the middle (middle class — professional and business men with incomes from six thousand to fifteen thousand dollars. Then come the lower middle classes with incomes that grade from fifteen hundred to six thousand dollars. Still further down the scale is labor, and although skilled labor may attain an income that puts it in the lower middle class, unskilled labor rarely attains a decent living wage. In recent years two other groups have developed, and they must be included in any analysis of classes in America — those who are unemployed, and those who are employed only by virtue of the fact that they are on the government payroll.

Perhaps the chief reason we think of America as a classless society, is the ease with which it was possible to move from one class to another in the days that preceded the great depression. The sophisticated might scoff at the tales of Horatio Alger, but it was in reality possible to go from log cabin to White House, from bootblack to the presidency of a huge corporation. The fact that certain individuals had done so inspired many others with the hope that they, or at least their children, might do the same. Consequently, the traditional psychology of the mass of America is middle-class.

Even before the depression, a large number of the laboring class were becoming class-conscious; that is, they were coming to the conclusion that the fabled opportunities of previous decades were things of the past — that they and their children were doomed to be permanent members of the proletariat. The depression, which was felt most acutely by the laboring classes because of their meagre reserves, further helped to dissipate the golden dream that all who practiced the old time virtues would prosper. This disillusionment is not confined to the laboring classes alone but also to the small

shopowners and white-collar workers who are developing a similar class point of view.

In the development of New Deal policies, Mr. Roosevelt has attempted to alleviate the suffering of vast segments of the population. Through his relief and public works program, he has conferred a huge boon on the nation's unemployed. Through the NRA he has attempted more or less successfully to improve the condition of both skilled and unskilled labor. Through the Triple-A and the Farm Credit Administration he has saved (temporarily at least) thousands of farmers from losing their farms. By virtue of the activities of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, thousands of home owners, who would otherwise have been evicted, still retain their old addresses.

On the other hand, the Triple-A and the government's financial policy have been two of the chief factors in increasing the cost of living, an increase that has affected those with fixed incomes and those with fixed salaries. More important, the mounting governmental expenditures are already responsible for increased governmental taxation. And in the light of the growing deficit, these increased taxes appear to be but a slight foreshadowing of what is to come. Through a tax program based on the principle of ability to pay, a substantial portion of these increased taxes can be made to fall upon the plutocracy, but it is already evident that the bulk of the necessary money cannot be secured from this single source. The upper middle class, the middle middle class and the lower middle class will have to contribute more than they have in the past. It is even quite possible that considerable of the burden will be passed on to labor as well. No less important in its psychological effect upon the voters, is the Administration's monetary policy. Inevitably the

question arises in every mind: is it possible to have a controlled inflation, or will the government's tinkering with our monetary system result in a financial chaos similar to that which Germany has experienced?

This is the situation: Until the depression, middle-class psychology dominated America's thinking — but even before the depression there were signs that we were in a period of transition. Labor was becoming class-conscious, and the depression has greatly accentuated this tendency. The same is true of agrarian and white-collar workers.

Which way will these various classes line up in the 1936 campaign? Will the policies of the Administration unite the plutocracy and upper middle classes in a solid phalanx against the President? Or have certain segments of the upper classes received such favorable treatment that in the final showdown they will be on the Administration's side? Will the unemployed and those employed on public works, together with the laboring classes, and those who were saved in the possession of their farms and their homes, vote for the Administration as a unit? Or will America return once again to its traditional middle-class psychology and follow the lead of the upper classes? Here, more than anywhere, lies the mystery of the election.

Three other factors that have been significant in times past are race, nationality and religion. It is in the South that the factor of race plays its most important rôle, for the presence of a large negro population is primarily responsible for the concentration of the white race in a single dominant party. In consequence, irrespective of any disagreement there may be throughout the South with the measures of the Roosevelt Administration, one thing may be taken for granted: the presence of the

negro race will of itself be sufficient to assure victory to the Democracy below the Mason and Dixon line.

Although the historical accidents that caused races, nationalities and religions to attach themselves to this political party or that, have long since passed from the memory of man, the historic allegiances of the various races will probably continue powerful. Thus the Irish will continue to vote Democratic, and the Scandinavians Republican. Whether Al Smith, who in 1928 symbolized the aspirations of the newer immigration, will be able to lead it out of the Democratic party if he should decide "to take a walk," still remains to be seen. At the moment, however, it looks as if the influence of race, nationality and religion will be an indirect rather than a direct factor in the campaign. Nevertheless, the Administration's policy in connection with Mexico, or with the treatment of the Jews in Germany, may make race or religion of determining importance.

Of greater importance, however, will be our economic situation. Just as the demoralization of the World War was largely responsible for the rise of Communism, Fascism and Naziism, social and economic conditions will affect the course of elections in the United States. In 1928 Al Smith was defeated not alone by religion and prohibition, but by prosperity. Although we had not yet attained the millennium described by Mr. Hoover — a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage — we were much closer to it than we had ever been before. It is doubtful whether any Democratic candidate could have won the election of 1928. Similarly, in 1932, Herbert Hoover was defeated less by the campaign oratory of the candidate, or the brilliantly conceived strategies of the "Brain Trust," than by the depression.

If, at election time, the price of wheat and corn and

other agricultural produce is up, if business recovery continues, if the stock market is rising, Franklin Delano Roosevelt's chances of reëlection are good. If, on the other hand, the bottom drops out of the commodity market, business slows down, and the stock market crashes, Franklin D. Roosevelt may be defeated.

In 1884 James G. Blaine went down to defeat largely because of the accident of having stood on the same platform with the man who coined the famous phrase, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Although the phrase suggests that religious bias was the decisive force in the campaign, it was only by the sheerest chance that it entered the campaign at all. But in politics there is always the possibility of a "break" which the opposing party may use to turn defeat into victory. Such a "break" may well occur in the course of the campaign of 1936.

In the last analysis, it will not necessarily be the candidate who has presented the most clear-cut program of action or that based on the soundest economic theory, who will win the election. Instead it may be (one is tempted to say will be) the candidate who has most successfully manipulated and placated the various and sundry forces that dominate America.

Automobile Transport of the Future

MALCOLM CAMPBELL

WHEN reviewing the past history of automobile progress and development, one's thoughts stray irresistibly to the future, and the mind tries hard to picture what the future may hold. Automobile development includes a great many related issues which have nothing directly to do with the vehicle itself, and yet are inseparably bound up with it. When Gottlieb Daimler built his first motor car he inaugurated an era of locomotion that even he could not have imagined in the wildest of his day-dreams. For the motor car has literally changed the whole face of countries; it has altered all our modes of life, and made possible the conquest of the air — that goal at which man has aimed since the mythical days of Daedalus and Icarus.

When the automobile was invented there were no roads, as we now know them. In Europe, and particularly in England, the science of roadmaking had not progressed a single step from the time of those great builders, the Romans, until that of Telford and Macadam. In fact, it had retrograded. Forty years ago our roads were, comparatively speaking, mere tracks — pot-holed and full of ruts, blindingly dusty in summer and morasses of mud in the winter. Today there are in the world tens of thousands of miles of wide, safe highways, well engineered and perfectly surfaced, roads on which we travel swiftly, safely and in comfort such as was never dreamed of in the earlier years of the twentieth century. And this is due to an invention which, at the outset, was derided and scoffed.

The coming of the motor car not only changed the

character of our highways, but led to a complete recasting of all laws and regulations governing their use. In England it was actually illegal to use any mechanically propelled vehicle on a public highway unless the speed were kept below four miles an hour and the vehicle preceded by a man on foot who carried a red flag! But, when at last it was realized that the motor car had possibilities, Parliament made a generous concession and sanctioned its use but restricted speed to twelve miles an hour. Although we sometimes laugh at the grandmotherly caution of the legislators, we must recall that the vehicle was experimental. It is not surprising that laws relating to its use were of an equally experimental nature. Today, however, such repressive measures are things of the past. All highway legislation is motor legislation — for better or for worse!

Often I reflect on the enormous progress that has been made in automotive engineering and find myself wondering what more there is to come. I am sometimes told that unless new discoveries are made in power production or a new prime mover bursts upon the world, there is little more to be done. The motor car, they say, has now reached such a degree of relative perfection that further improvement, except in detail, seems almost impossible. But twenty years ago, the same things were being said. In the face of the discoveries and improvements which have taken place in both air and land transport in this short space of time, it would seem to me as if we have only just started.

Let us glance for a moment at the landmarks set by successive world's speed records. Ten years ago I was fortunate enough to be the first to exceed 150 miles an hour. Today, we have quite small cars that are easily capable of far higher speed than this. A fraction under

200 miles per hour has been attained by a German car of comparatively low horsepower rating. Progressively the records have climbed to 200 miles per hour, then to 250 and now the world's fastest land speed stands at just over 301 miles per hour. That this last record was made by myself is beside the point; I quote the figures to show that far from our having reached a limit of development, we are really progressing at an astonishing rate. In the last ten years have come the application of supercharging, advanced practice in the metallurgy of the car, better balancing of moving parts enabling engines to run at speeds formerly deemed fantastic, and a general improvement which has made the car a mechanical marvel.

Most of this is simply the resurrection of the dry bones of history. But when we seek soberly to probe into the future we can be guided only by what has gone before. Of course, we can sit and dream of the things that might be if we had the power to summon genii to whom the building of palaces in a night would be a simple task. If I had Aladdin's lamp, I should call up my genii and tell them to produce for me a perfect system of transport, with perfect roads for it to run upon, with a perfectly safe system of signaling which would make collision at crossroads or elsewhere an absolute impossibility — and then proceed to enjoy the result. But, on second thought, I wonder if I should do anything of the kind. Why worry at all about road transport when I should only have to tell my genii that I wanted to see my friends in America again, to visit all the great cities of the United States once more, and that they should see I went well provided with money. In a matter of seconds I should be in New York. No, I don't think I should trouble about any other kind of transport than that!

However, having no genii, our practical concern has nothing to do with magic, either black or white. What can we anticipate for the future of road transport? Will the future be even concerned with roads at all? Will the vehicle itself simply pursue a logical process of improvement along more or less accepted lines, or are we destined to see within the next two or three decades some startling discovery in engineering or science which will invalidate all our present ideas of road locomotion?

For years research workers have been struggling with the problem of the internal combustion turbine. Often it has been reported that a solution had been found, only for the machine which had worked so well on the drawing board to disappear into the oblivion that follows practical failure. I am not sufficiently versed in the technical difficulties which attend the construction of a practical engine of the turbine type to be able to predict whether they are insuperable or whether they are likely in the near future to be surmounted. Unquestionably, if the problem is soluble and the internal combustion turbine should become an accomplished fact, it will in time alter our whole conception of the motor car. In road transport it would work an even greater revolution than the steam turbine has in maritime navigation. But here again we come up against the most embarrassing word in the language — *if!* Although I prefer that my opinion should not be regarded as prophetic, I believe that the solution to which I have referred will be found, and that in a few years the turbine will be a practical proposition. It will use heavy oil for fuel, thus adding to its many other manifest advantages over engines of the reciprocating type that of cheapness of running costs. This may not have such a strong appeal in America, where fuel is relatively cheap, as it has in Europe, where fuel costs are

high because gasoline is imported by most countries. Nevertheless, it is an element of development that cannot be ignored.

We can go much farther in our speculations than the turbine which is, after all, only the logical sequel to the reciprocating motor. There are possibilities in the extended use of wireless waves for vehicle propulsion. I can easily imagine that scientific discoveries along this line of research may ultimately result in the erection of huge power-transmitting stations, near to the sources of coal and oil supplies, which will radiate untold thousands of horsepower into the ether, to be picked up by antennæ on the road vehicles, in turn to drive through a modified form of electric motor which will transmit its power to the road wheels. Let us imagine for a moment how completely such a form of propulsion would change the conditions of road use, taxation and all the rest. Obviously, the state could not be expected to provide free power for all. Even less could it be provided by private corporations. Indeed, the latter can be left out of our calculations — such a scheme could only be worked by the state. How should we pay for our power? The most obvious method would be the use of meters registering the amount of wireless energy consumed.

Instead of the vehicle being taxed as it is now, I suppose we should pay a levy based on horsepower — or we might reckon in terms of horsepower and the probable amount of energy required. When the amount of energy paid for has been consumed, I can imagine that an automatic switch would come into operation and bring the vehicle to a standstill. Going a step farther in the organization of our road transport scheme, instead of the service and filling stations so familiar today, we should have at intervals along the highways, taxgatherers' booths

to which one could go and pay another instalment of the duty-cum-power impost. An official would accompany the traveler back to his vehicle, unlock the switch and away would go the motorist, secure for another few thousand miles. Improbable? Well, perhaps it is, but then there are so many things that are commonplaces today which only yesterday were utter impossibilities.

Take another more imaginative field of speculation: we know that millions of horsepower latent in the solar rays are allowed to run waste because science has discovered no method of harnessing them to the use of man. I know the joke about bottled sunshine, but I should not like to deny hope of a future discovery which will turn those millions of horsepower into useful work. And power latent in solar rays brings to mind another possible line of discovery which may have a profound effect upon locomotion. We know how certain light rays have been separated and made to contribute to human well-being. We know, too, that there remain other light rays which only require separating and controlling to be of use in many directions. Is it not possible that future transport may depend upon some hitherto unknown or unseparated ray? All these things are in the lap of the future and we have nothing to guide us in our speculations save our knowledge of past scientific discovery and progress. But nothing is definitely impossible which does not predicate a complete reversal of some fundamental law of nature.

I have pointed out as a possibility that the future of transport may not concern roads at all. A future development which I foresee is a hybrid type of machine that will be neither wholly aircraft nor wholly motor car, designed mainly to run upon the roads and to take to the air for short distances when desired. It is unnecessary to suggest the manifest advantages of such a type, or the

saving of time and distance resulting from its use in such circumstances as the crossing of lakes and estuaries. Just how far a machine of this type could be adapted to heavy transport use is problematical, but there is no question of its practicability as a successor to the present type of passenger car. As a matter of cold fact, I believe there are even now in existence certain designs which require comparatively small modification to constitute the prototype of what I am certain will become a real feature among transport vehicles. The obvious beginnings must be with machines of the autogiro type, but we cannot believe that they will be the last word in the land-air machine of the future. One might visualize the land-air vehicle as a huge, torpedo-shaped vessel, propelled at perhaps a thousand miles an hour by some motive power outside our present knowledge, skimming the earth's surface at an altitude of no more than a couple of thousand feet and able to land with ease and safety almost anywhere on the broad highways which, by then, will have come into being for the use of land transport.

One could continue these imaginative flights into the future, almost without end. But it is well to hold the imagination within bounds. I do not for a moment believe that we shall awake one morning to the news of some shattering discovery which will, in an instant, destroy all our preconceived ideas of locomotion and waft us straight into a new era. On the contrary, I am more than ever certain that the future is bound up with progressive research, painstaking scientific investigation, and gradual improvement of what we now have.

I think the same is to be said of the future of the highways. Indeed, I would say that their development is even more a matter of gradual evolution than is that of the means of locomotion. A clever designer, who has hit

upon some hitherto undiscovered secret in carburation, for example, may produce a car which will modify many of our notions of the best manner of achieving very high speeds. But there are no such opportunities for discovery where roads are concerned. We probably know already most things that are to be known about materials and methods of construction best suited to carry our traffic. Provision for the immediate future seems to be rather a matter for intelligent anticipation of tomorrow's needs than for revolutionary methods.

If the steady and speedy flow of road transport is to be maintained, we shall have to recast a great many of our ideas of control, which is another way of saying that many legislative changes will be called for. As I have noted earlier, traffic law has grown up by stages. As new conditions arose, new enactments were grafted on to the old stock. But we have now come to the point where conditions can no longer be met by fresh grafting. I think that is a situation which is common to every country in the world. I believe it can best be met by assembling an international traffic convention for the express purpose of examining traffic law as a whole, with a view to drawing up a code which, modified to suit the differing conditions of the various countries, would serve as a basis for the traffic laws of the world.

This may sound like a visionary remedy but I am convinced that such a convention, or something like it, will be found essential in the near future. I believe I am right in saying that Americans find the differing laws and regulations of the several states often conflicting and difficult for the traveler to understand, and therefore to comply with. I have heard, during my visits to the United States, the opinion expressed that there should be a single Federal code, known and understood by all. As road

transport increases in volume, as new highways are opened up, giving access to wider tracts of country, that need will become more insistent.

Conditions in Europe are not widely different, and if we regard the Continent as being somewhat analogous to the United States, countries being substituted for the individual states, I think the necessity will be apparent. The motor car has made travel international. It is bound to become more so as the years pass, and a common code of highway laws will be not only desirable but absolutely necessary. We look to foreign travel to further the peace of the world by effecting a better understanding between nations. Anything that can foster the spirit of good will and accord born of such understanding will be pure gold. But there is nothing more likely to undo the good resulting from a free intermingling of peoples, than the friction produced by laws unknown or imperfectly understood.

Pastel for the Month of Roses

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

Suddenly, triumphantly —

After the six-month winter stripped gaunt and starving;

After the rain and then snow and then rain again;

After April's false promise;

After May multicolored

With firebush peach-hued and flambent,

Yellow forsythia,

White creaming boughs of the apple,

And the elms' tops lacy and fragile;

After all this —

June comes full and lush like the meadows that soon will
be ripe for hay;

June comes lazy and warm like the pearl of the mist on
salt marshes.

And the orchard oriole sways from his branch by the
barn,

Black wings and tawny orange.

And under my window the double-boled sickle-pear tree,
Her blossoms shed,

Their petals blown drift on the lawn,

Wears on each limb the tiny green ripening swellings
That will be brown fruit in the fall.

We Call upon America

THOMAS RIGGS, JR.

WHHEREAS it is inevitable that this country will be engaged in war within the next thirty years, and *whereas* it is by all accounts likely that every man of military age will have a part in this war,

“We, therefore, demand that the Government make known its intention to pay an adjusted service compensation, sometimes called a bonus, of \$1000 to every male citizen between the ages of 18 and 36. Furthermore, we believe a study of history demonstrates that it is customary to pay all bonuses before they are due. Therefore we demand immediate cash payment, plus three percent interest compounded annually and retroactively from the first of June 1965, to the first of June 1935. It is but common right that this bonus be paid now, for many will be killed or wounded in the next war, and hence they, the most deserving, will not get the full benefit of their country's gratitude;

“And whereas the women of America will suffer no less than the men in the coming strife,

“We, therefore offer to the American women the following subsidiary organization: the Home Fire Division of the Veterans of Future Wars which shall be open to all mothers and future mothers of male children, and to future wives of Veterans of Future Wars. . . . The purpose of this organization shall be to obtain for all aforementioned mothers an immediate trip to Europe to view the future battlefields of their present and future children, and to obtain for the future wives a pension of fifty dollars per month during the remainder of their natural life. . . .

“We hold this to be entirely in keeping with the ideals

and precedents of American government; we hold it to be logical and sound; we call upon all the manhood and womanhood of America to respond to our cause. . . .

“America for Americans.”

Taken from the Manifesto of the Veterans of Future Wars (permission for reprint of this portion of the Manifesto has been granted by the copyright owners), these few words are the call to a cause which is sweeping the country. As is the case with any patriotic organization, misrepresentation and whispering campaigns are the reactions of the communistic and fascistic elements of the political machine — who, to cloak their own true shape, brand the Veterans of Future Wars with these same terms. By the inexorable rules of reason there is no answer to our just demands: they should be supported by every truly patriotic citizen of the United States, for the simple reason that the problem presented by the war on which we are about to embark will have its effects on each one of us individually.

The custom of paying bonuses before they are due is deeply rooted in the tradition of our country, indeed in the history of civilization. In 1076 the Nizam al Mulk of Persia gave a hundred pieces of silver and some land to all those about to engage in battle. From these humble beginnings the tradition gradually emerged. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln advocated the payment of soldiers' bonuses before they were due. The soldiers' bonus after the War of 1812 took forty-nine years to mature; after the Mexican War it took about thirty years, after the Civil War about twenty-five years, after the Spanish-American War about twenty years, and after the World War it only took twelve. Following this arithmetical progression, we shall be paid our bonus some years before the next war, which is entirely con-

sistent with the increased acceleration of modern life.

Unfortunately, due to the misrepresentations and slander of the red element, our brothers in other patriotic veterans' organizations have not realized the justice of our position. They do not realize that it is upon their patriotism and upon their example that we have builded our cause. They have been led by the spite of jealous agitators to believe that we are satirizing them. On the contrary, we have the highest sympathy for their past achievements in the advancement of enlightened legislation, and with their purposes and aims as stated in the constitutions of their associations. We feel sure that upon serious consideration of our case they will eject from their midst those agitators who have been blinding their eyes to the truth, and will support the Veterans of Future Wars in their efforts to continue Progress in the land in which we live.

The criticism which has come in from these misled members of the American Legion and of the Veterans of Foreign Wars has taken the form of invective of the bitterest sort, showing how their minds are blinded, and how unhealthy passion has led their reason and their true patriotism astray. These criticisms are generally in the form of anonymous letters, showing at least that they have some sense of shame at what they are doing.

For example, the Yankee Division Post No. 272 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars has gone on record as not approving the future veterans and their movement, with several letters evincing more uncontrollable excitement than mature consideration. A Brooklyn post of the same organization has called us "welchers" and "slackers." A Pennsylvania post has passed the following resolution: "*Resolved*, that the members of this post denounce, criticize, and condemn such actions and statements (as ours)

as the most COMMUNISTIC, UN-AMERICAN, and RIDICULOUS (caps not mine) which have ever been allowed to be published and broadcast thus jeopardizing the Veterans of the World War." The supreme logic of such statements speaks for itself.

Congressman Fuller from Arkansas, in a speech on the floor of the House, made a most amusing burlesque on typical opposition attack, exaggerating their inconsistencies in a very effective demonstration. Said Representative Fuller, "The organization has every earmark of communism. It invites fascists and pacifists for membership. . . . Their conduct shows that they are saturated with communism, foreign influence, and a total disregard of true American patriotism. . . . Such organizations are unworthy of public notice and should be denounced by every true American." I wish to take this opportunity to thank Congressman Fuller for conveying so vividly the illogic of the methods of our critics.

Commander James E. Van Zandt, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, has baited this organization since its beginning. Challenged to a formal debate by Commander Lewis J. Gorin, Jr., he accepted the debate on the condition that it be fitted into his Arizona speaking tour. When wired that radio arrangements were complete for a coast-to-coast broadcast on which he could speak from Phoenix and Gorin from New York, he declared he was too busy "caring for our disabled veterans and our widows and orphans to waste time debating with college boys who were babes in arms when present day veterans' problems were being created." He then announced his immediate departure for Japan. Said Commander Gorin, "This is a most surprising action from the man who saw fit to call us yellow monkeys. We feel that it would only be diplomatic courtesy for the government of the United

States to warn Japan of the treasury-raiding habits of Commander Van Zandt." In a recent interview in Oregon Commander Van Zandt added one to the roster of "communists, fascists, and pacifists" by terming us "tools of Wall Street," which is all very confusing to us. Incidentally, we have been informed that Van Zandt himself is heading the "red" agitation which is attacking us at the present time.

The problem of persuading the members of the opposition camp that our demand for a bonus will not take any money from their pockets is a difficult one, but once the first flush of anger is subsided, we hope that our requests will be reviewed in the light of sanity, though for some of our critics that will not be possible. We feel sure that the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Veterans of Future Wars can work together for mutual benefit, which will also be of benefit to the country as a whole. Like them, we wish to be first in war, first in peace, and first in the Treasury of our country.

Commander Van Zandt himself has said that "war is inevitable in Europe. . . . I don't think anything can stop it." If this be the case, our objective is the payment immediately of adjusted service compensations to our membership. But of course, if we are to keep our positions of national power, we owe to our membership more than this. Following the example of other bonus veterans, we expect to offer all members of the Veterans of Future Wars a number of services which will ease the situation of financial stringency in which they now find themselves. It is obviously unfair that the future veterans, who will make the supreme sacrifice for their country, be expected to support the organization which should be the means for supporting them: we expect and demand, as custom decrees, that the taxpayer, through Congress, remove

this burden from our hands. In view of these reasons we are asking, besides our bonus:

(1) *Future Veterans' Preference.* Whereas it is an established precedent in this country that veterans receive, at the behest of the various national, state, and local legislative bodies, preference in competitive examinations and in all forms of promotion and retention in the public service, therefore be there enacted by the aforesaid legislative bodies,

AN ACT: TO SECURE FUTURE VETERANS' PREFERENCE. This act provides for the granting of additional points to all future veterans taking competitive examinations for government positions, the preference of members of the Veterans of Future Wars in all cases, preference in promotion, and protection in case of necessary dismissals. It is based on a bill before Congress, H.R. 11065, entitled "*A Bill* to give veterans of war service in the war with Spain and in the World War, and wives of disabled veterans who themselves are not qualified, preference in all employment where Federal funds are dispersed." This bill states that "veterans of the military and naval services of the United States . . . shall be given preference in certification for appointment, in appointment, in reinstatement, in retention, and in employment for civilian positions in all regularly constituted executive branches of the government and any emergency administrations or bureaus created. . . ." We call upon the supporters of this bill for preference for past veterans to see that the same preference is granted veterans of the future.

(2) *Loan of equipment for annual convention.* This bill will provide for the loan of equipment from the War Department to the Veterans of Future Wars for their annual convention to be held this summer. It is based on H.R.

11075, the object of which is to authorize the Secretary of War to lend War Department equipment for the use of the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the American Legion.

(3) *A Bill to Incorporate the Veterans of Future Wars of the United States.* We ask the government of the United States to grant a Federal charter to the Veterans of Future Wars defining their purpose, safeguarding their rights, and protecting their income. The Veterans of Foreign Wars have done the same. We believe that since the Veterans of Future Wars are as much a national organization as the Veterans of Foreign Wars and serve a purpose equally patriotic, they should receive similar recognition from the government.

(4) *A Bill to exempt all real and personal property of Veterans of Future Wars, Inc., and of any and all members of Veterans of Future Wars, Inc., from any Federal, state, or local taxation.* Inasmuch as it is inevitable that we support the government with our lives, we feel that it is unfair that we be asked to support the government financially also.

(5) *A Bill to provide for the immediate refund of all interest paid in the future by Veterans of Future Wars on loans secured by service compensation certificates.* Our precedent for this will be found in H.R. 11524, which provides the same for veterans of past wars.

These are the immediate and specific objectives of the Veterans of Future Wars. We reiterate that everything we demand has its legal and moral precedent in the actions of other veterans' associations; like them our motto may be briefly stated, "take the cash and let the credit go."

I have emphasized the mistaken tactics used by the opposition merely to point out the dangers with which true patriotism is beset today. But such critics are in the

minority: the intelligent people throughout the country are solidly behind the Veterans of Future Wars. Newspaper clippings received in National Headquarters have been in the ratio of 6 to 1 favorable to the future veterans. All correspondence, including anonymous crank letters received by the National Council and the administration of Princeton University, is 8 to 1 favorable. In the face of such indisputable evidence one cannot help but realize the tremendous appeal that the movement carries, and the necessity in American public life which it fulfills.

Something of the history of the organization and its activities to date will help explain it further. On March 16, 1936 the first Manifesto of the Veterans of Future Wars appeared in "The Daily Princetonian." On the following day newspapers throughout the country carried the story. Without a day's delay a wave of enthusiasm swept the country and washed innumerable requests for information in the direction of the National Council. Groups of those subject to the exigencies of the next war demanded charters for the formation of local posts. Routine for post organization was set up, and offices were acquired on Nassau Street to handle the voluminous correspondence. The sentiment was crystallized in further statements from Headquarters and in further press releases.

The first concrete step towards securing our bonus was the inauguration of lobbying activities in Washington. I had the honor of being delegated by the National Council to make the initial contacts with members of the United States Congress, and can report that with few exceptions both the House and the Senate are behind us. In time we intend to set up permanent offices in Washington with a highly overpaid lobbyist to carry on the legislation necessary for the advancement of our cause.

Mass meetings throughout the country have further served in the propagation of the gospel. In Princeton, three times has the largest auditorium available been filled to capacity by audibly interested crowds. At the first of these, National Councilman John Paul Jones sounded the keynote when he said, "Manifest destiny has laid another golden egg . . . and what are we going to do about it?" Congressman Maverick of Texas addressed the third meeting in Alexander Hall, pointing out future lines for constructive development. In Chicago, New Haven, New Brunswick, and in other cities from California to Maine similar gatherings evinced similar enthusiasm. How, in the face of this, can our critics continue to voice their misguided and illogical opinions?

Within the brief period of its existence, the Veterans of Future Wars, together with the Home Fire Division, have set up some three hundred and fifty posts in key positions throughout the country, with an estimated membership of twenty-eight thousand. These numbers are increasing every day, with increasing returns from the mass of citizenry aroused to the cause of "justice for all — especially the future veterans."

By the time of the National Convention this summer, we expect to have at least fifty thousand members. With the millions of young and intelligent people throughout the country to draw from, within a year we shall have a membership equal to that of any patriotic organization in the nation.

Treasury raids, bonus grabs, and warpings of American military and foreign policy under the cloak of patriotism, by highly organized minorities with paid lobbies in Washington, are the precedents on which the Veterans of Future Wars are founded. I feel that the continuation of these tactics will result in depleting the national Treas-

ury before this country is plunged into the next war. Therefore, and on the basis of precedent, the Veterans of Future Wars are out for governmental gratuities for their future services, while there is still something left in the Treasury — and while we are still alive to enjoy it. We call upon America to support our cause!

Some Recent American Fiction

LLOYD MORRIS

NOT LONG ago, our leading novelists were producing an unusual commentary on American life. One subject had engrossed nearly all of them, and for a few years their books read as if they were reporting on a common enterprise. These were the novels which related an American's earnest, if bewildered, quest for a philosophy capable of reconciling him to his environment. Man's effort to dominate his experience, and thus to master his environment, is among the oldest of literary themes. But contemporary American novelists gave it a rather original turn. In their chronicles of quest, birth in a long established society afforded the seeker no handicap. Projected against the American background of to-day, he suffered the hardships incurred by any pioneer of the spirit. He was a reservoir of intellectual ambition, but he was unfortunately isolated in a wasteland. The society which had bred him was forgetful of its past and incurious about its future. It had substituted conventions for principles, and a prohibitory morality for a passionate faith. It had preserved no ancestral wisdom, retained no collective experience, and inherited no fertile ideals. It was, according to these novelists, a society that lacked a living culture.

This view of American society is not peculiar to the writers of our own time. Earlier novelists, portraying the life they observed, ignored the existence of an intellectual and spiritual tradition which, by furnishing its ideals, partly determined its character. Even less excusably, they were inclined to neglect the ferment of ideas from which tradition constantly renews its vitality, and which

in the United States has always spread widely over the national life. Their indifference accounts for the relative thinness of the older American fiction, much of which now reads as if it had been inspired rather by an interest in the art of writing than a genuine and lively emotion about life. It accounts, likewise, for an effect of satire, often unintended, but seldom absent from even the greatest American novels. To become significant in art, experience must be referred to enduring standards of value. But as such points of reference have rarely been implied by American novelists, irrelevance has, on the whole, given their picture of life a satirical cast. During the past twenty years, the most notable characteristic of our fiction has been a mood of disillusion. This expressed itself in moral indictment of various aspects of American life. Readers were not slow to perceive a conspicuous flaw in this indictment. Inviting contempt for a way of living, it proposed no vision of a better way of life. Perhaps this was due to divorce from a vital tradition which, endowing manners with meaning and relating the circumstances of life to ultimate purposes, embodies an immediate standard of judgment.

Several recent tendencies in American fiction suggest that this divorce is coming to an end. They make their appearance at a time when, in most regions of American life, the authority of tradition has perceptibly declined; when the existence led by a majority of people fails to correspond with their desires or beliefs; when the basic assumptions of democratic society are being seriously challenged; when, comparing the old American dream and the actual American reality, many thoughtful observers are asking whether things have not gone radically amiss. Thus, it is surely no accident that the most important tendency in our recent fiction springs from an

impulse to interpret the present in the light of the past.

The best novels that have been produced by this impulse are remarkably free from sentimental nostalgia and from the motive of escape which sometimes inspires writers in periods of widespread confusion and unrest. In general, their authors are profoundly concerned with a contemporary predicament and use history as a resource or an instrument. They are studying the forces of continuity and change, the inflexible persistence of a spiritual life in an environment subject to abrupt and extensive mutations. Because they have ranged, for the setting of their stories, from New England to the Middle West and the South, many critics have assumed that their work constitutes a revival of regionalism. But to so regard it is probably to misunderstand its significance. These writers, for the first time in our literature, are using specific locality to illustrate a theme national in scope and application. So marked, and so very successful, is their use of the characteristically local to express what is nationally true, as to suggest that the novelist who will speak best for the whole of America may be one who will write with insight and love only about Nebraska, or Maine, or Oregon.

Each of the novelists whose work falls within this tendency has, at some point, inevitably touched the main stream of American tradition. But only a philosopher would have conceived the project of a novel in which that tradition itself should serve as protagonist. And only a consummate artist would have been able to realize it. To compose such a novel is, in effect, to undertake a biography of the American mind and heart. It implies a dramatic rendering of the vicissitudes they have suffered and the conquests they have enjoyed. It exacts a vision of what their moral destiny may hold. Mr. George Santa-

yana describes "The Last Puritan" as a memoir in the form of a novel. We should certainly miss its notable implications by failing to perceive that it is likewise an allegory in the form of a memoir.

It is an allegory of the career of that moral idealism which shaped, for the American people, both their reality and their dream. The passion which brought the Puritans to this continent was ethical. They came in the hope of living more fully and perfectly in the spirit. Liberty of conscience was for them a condition, but conscience itself was a final authority. As Mr. Santayana observes, "though almost everything might be wrong, the inner oracle that condemned and rejected was sure of being itself right, and was not in the least dismayed." Their migration was not finished when they established their meeting-houses in the wilderness. They were a people fanatically attached to what might be and ought to be. They were continually betrayed by the prophecies of their imagination into deserting the actual. Hence the successive waves of migration, physical and spiritual; flights from new idols and bondages imposed by prosperity, difficult pilgrimages toward greater freedom and ultimate truth.

Austere moral principles proved not to be necessarily incompatible with an efficient materialism about material affairs. The democratic ideal intensified a "hatred of all shams, scorn of all mummeries, a bitter merciless pleasure in the hard facts." In time, having absorbed the immigrant hordes who arrived, not with the hope of living in a pious commonwealth, but of prospering in a fortunate one, America became a land where failure in one quarter signified only an opportunity to succeed in another. Meanwhile, the original strain of moral idealism, fortified by democratic convictions and,

still later, Transcendental philosophy, expressed itself as an articulate theory of life. The American mind and heart were perpetually driven to new excursions toward freedom and truth. The American imagination came to seek refuge in the future, localizing there that celestial city which it passionately desired but never explicitly prefigured. Each fresh material conquest promised to inaugurate the altars of that city, but its temples consistently failed to rise upon solid foundations of reality, and the pilgrimage always went on. So the American spiritual tradition imposed a ceaseless materialism in the service of an elusive ideal. The mind and heart were continually disenchanted by reality, which resembled an illusion, and the imagination was always deceived by a vision which had become the only reality worthy of pursuit.

Such, briefly recapitulated, is the allegory richly and persuasively unfolded by Mr. Santayana's novel. Critics have detected a note of melancholy in its conclusion, as if the author were elegizing a tradition that had died leaving no legitimate heirs. The passage which gives this impression occurs in a reverie of the central character: "My people first went to America as exiles into a stark wilderness to lead a life apart, purer and soberer than the carnival life of Christendom. We were not content to be well-dressed animals, rough or cunning or lustfully prowling and acquisitive, and perhaps inventing a religion to encourage us in our animality. We will not now sacrifice to Baal because we seem to have failed. We will bide our time. We will lie low and dip under, until the flood has passed and wasted itself over our heads. We are not wanted. In the world today we are a belated phenomenon, like April snow. Perhaps it is time for us to die. If we resist, and try to cling to the fringes, as I have

done so far, we are shaken off rudely, or allowed to hang on neglected and disowned. . . . We will not accept anything cheaper or cruder than our own conscience. We have dedicated ourselves to the truth, to living in the presence of the noblest things we can conceive. If we can't live so, we won't live at all." But it is possible to interpret this valedictory as a kind of challenge, such as might conceivably be uttered by the old American spirit in a time of moral confusion; as an assertion of integrity strong enough to defy unpropitious circumstance, and willing, therefore, to accept temporary abeyance. It is profitable, moreover, to remember that in cultivating fiction Mr. Santayana did not abdicate philosophy. For a philosopher the death of any spiritual tradition, however noble or misguided, is only incidentally an occasion for elegy. It is, for him, more properly an invitation to wisdom.

But the tone of elegy imputed to Mr. Santayana is not absent from American fiction today. A number of the novelists whose recovery of the past has led them to compare the old American dream and contemporary American reality have adopted it. Some of them have likewise left their theme unresolved, so that their books seem to challenge the present to discover objectives as pertinent to the human spirit as those which it has renounced. This effect is strongly present in the excellent Maine novels of Miss Mary Ellen Chase, in Miss Ellen Glasgow's "Vein of Iron," in Mr. George Hummel's "Heritage." It is implicit in Mr. Stark Young's "So Red the Rose." It might equally have been discerned in two admirable novels which anticipated the current tendency, but belong within it: Mr. Glenway Wescott's "The Grandmothers" and Mr. Louis Bromfield's "The Farm." All these writers have recorded the persistence

of certain traits of character and certain attitudes of spirit in an environment which, at first responding to them, has by the very nature of its metamorphosis ceased to do so. Miss Chase's Crocketts lose their wealth, their home, and finally their vocation. Mr. Wescott's Towers abandon their ancestral acres, and with them, a way of life. The farm cherished by four generations in Mr. Bromfield's novel falls to the hands of realtors and immigrants. The manse of Miss Glasgow's pioneer clergymen falls into decay. In all four books we leave the present generation facing, either with defiance or perplexity or resignation, a society which has invalidated their tradition and discounted their inherited aptitudes. These books are representative. Disenchantment by reality; deception by the illusion of ideals always passionately served, yet never completely realized. The novels of those American writers who have undertaken to interpret the present in the light of the past imply this as their conclusion.

We shall see why if we turn aside to consider another type of novel. The school of moral satirists led by Mr. Sinclair Lewis could supply many reasons, but the dice of their thought is loaded. However, neither Mr. Booth Tarkington nor Mr. T. S. Stribling can be fairly accused of prejudice against the contemporary American scene. From the outset of his career Mr. Tarkington has, to the contrary, indicated a delighted acquiescence in his environment. Certain attitudes of mind generally assumed to be characteristically American have been indisputably his. Unquenchable confidence in the future; cheerful experimentalism; invincible goodwill; a disposition to choose a middle course; a happy faith that society, civilization, and culture were on the right road of progress: all these have found abundant expression in Mr. Tarkington.

ton's work. So abundant, indeed, that he has sometimes seemed like an apostle to an already converted public, and always like the spokesman in art of the great American middle class.

"The Lorenzo Bunch," a novel which is in many respects inferior to his best, is nevertheless both unique and important. In it, Mr. Tarkington has offered what appear to be the fruits of his faith, and they are extremely bitter. In it he represents for us a microcosm of the American middle class; ignorant, soulless, vulgar, materialistic, complacent, timid, content with childish recreations and immersed in trivial occupations without reference to any ultimate purpose. It is a portrait drawn in vitriol, as if Mr. Tarkington, resentfully brooding on his protracted self-deception, had resolved to utter the truth as he now sees it. But it is a portrait, not a caricature. It is a veracious account of what large tracts of the American scene must be like, and its moral implications are not to be lightly disregarded. With it, Mr. Tarkington confronts the society to which he has given lifelong allegiance and says: "For you a continent was colonized and settled. For you wars were fought, men labored and suffered, and a civilization was brought into being. Far better that all had been left undone!"

Mr. Stribling, although he offers no less acrid a conclusion, does so with the skeptical indifference of one who, not thinking too well of the human race, can deny himself surprise at its prevailing obliquity. "The Sound Wagon" deals specifically with politics, and from that sphere of activity, contrives an arraignment of the whole social fabric. It surveys the public and private career of a reformer. Potentially virtuous, but abysmally ignorant, he is corrupted by his own vanity and the pressure inexorably put upon him by a society without mor-

als, ideals, or social conscience. Relentlessly predatory in its collaborative individualism, this society does not lack intelligence. But intelligence, Mr. Stribling implies, is an amoral function, the fruits of which will be good or evil as it addresses itself to worthy or unworthy ends. The right use of intelligence, in his view, presupposes an ethical tradition or a spiritual ideal which will chasten it.

The society which he observes acknowledges neither. What he shows is the fatal tendency of the human spirit to take on the moral color of its environment and sink its capacities to the general level of expectation. The result, as expressed in his novel, is disagreeable to contemplate but profoundly convincing. If we accept Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Stribling as sober appraisers of the contemporary American scene, it is easy to understand why the novelists previously mentioned leave us with an unresolved theme, and the perception of an irreconcilable disharmony between the old American tradition and the new American life.

Neither Mr. Tarkington's picture nor Mr. Stribling's is an achievement in art. It is pleasant to turn back from them to those novels which attempt the transfer to art of aspects of the past. Mr. Paul Horgan's "Main Line West" is one of the very few such novels to contain a note of prophecy about the future. In it, he has joined two related themes either of which might tax the resources of a less ambitious novelist. That he has not perfectly fused them is scarcely surprising; but since the book is evidently a prelude to subsequent novels, their fusion may have been deliberately postponed. One of his themes is the migratory instinct which, in many Americans, survived the pioneer age that solicited it, making a considerable portion of the population rootless, homeless, and

morally irresponsible. Their destiny was a perpetual frustration, an incessant pursuit of those material goods wherewith they hoped to complete their pilgrimage to the celestial city. They seldom gained the goods, and never saw the city. The future, and such distant places as led to it, beckoned them irresistibly. And the closing of the frontier made them pitiable victims of their own romanticism. But in their very failure they exemplify one phase of the American tradition, just as their spiritual descendants, the unhappy vagrants whom economic crisis today condemns to hopeless wanderings, exemplify one aspect of the new life. Mr. Horgan commemorates them, in the first portion of his novel, in an idyll of a drummer and a farm girl. The drummer, resentful of the love that encumbers him with obligations, deserts his wife before the birth of their child, and disappears from the story.

The remainder of the novel is devoted to the woman, still loving, still believing in an improbable reconciliation, and gradually settling into an existence of unrelieved drudgery in a town where she sinks no roots. She transfers her dreams to her child, and sustains herself with the hope of an eventual return to her early home. Mr. Horgan's second theme makes its appearance when, frustrated in this hope, she discovers a talent for evangelism, and the talent generates its own gospel. Plunged anew into the old migratory existence, she symbolizes a new phase of the pioneer spirit. The frontier is closed; the continent has been subdued to the needs of the race; no material tasks now solicit the pioneer. But, Mr. Horgan suggests, if the world of physical environment rejects him, he can turn with confidence to that inward world of the spirit which Americans have found little occasion to explore. He can turn to the realms of art, religion, and

the intellectual life. In these regions of experience the old dream can begin again.

The use of regional material to express a nationally applicable theme has already been noticed. Two instances of this use illustrate, for widely separated sections of the country, an identical piety. Mr. Sophus Keith Winther's "Take All to Nebraska" and Mr. Leland Hall's "They Seldom Speak" are novels of rural life. They recover a vanished or rapidly vanishing way of living, and express the simple but valid ideals which it bred and which, in even the most isolated communities, attached the circumstances of existence to a vital and informing tradition. Mr. Winther's novel deals with a family of Danish immigrants who, having failed at farming in Massachusetts, are lured westward by the fabulous promise of success. The old illusion and the old deception are repeated. They settle down to a long, arduous struggle with hostile nature; as tenant farmers they become the victims of an economic system; they suffer privation and defeat with indomitable fortitude; they achieve prosperity only to have it canceled by disaster. Always, inarticulate in the minds of the elders, is a dream of returning to Denmark. But when circumstance, in the form of catastrophe, makes this possible, they are incapable of seizing their opportunity. Their children have become Americans; they themselves have been absorbed into a new world of the spirit; the old endeavor must begin again. Mr. Leland Hall, relating the chronicle of a group of native New Englanders, interprets a comparable experience in very much the same terms. Both books deal with the effort to realize a dream. Both suggest the inevitable disintegration of a way of life to establish which many costly sacrifices were made without complaint. There is pathos in the ruin of the humblest shrine; its desertion

reminds us that worshipers once sought it with love.

A second outstanding tendency in our recent fiction is exhibited by what critics have come to describe as the proletarian novel. The designation is unfortunate because of its connotations. These imply a more rigorous restriction of subject than has actually been practised by the writers affected. In its usual application, the term refers merely to that rapidly increasing group of novels which, dealing specifically with the effects of economic and social injustice, derive their inspiration from an exacerbated conscience. So applied, the term embraces two sharply distinguished types of novel. One displays a picture of conditions without indicating a remedy, but addresses itself to the reader's humanitarian sympathies. The other employs its picture of conditions as evidence in the argument for a particular remedy. Neither type of novel is new to fiction. And had not the second type of novel attached itself to Marxian philosophy, criticism would not have undertaken its present agitated and unprofitable discussion of the proletarian tendency.

What critics have generally ignored in their discussion is the obvious relation of the proletarian tendency to the old American spiritual tradition. That tradition was founded in the authority of conscience, and from the very first expressed a concern for absolute justice which, frequently enough, was translated into tyrannical action. Characteristic of the tradition, likewise, was an almost indiscriminate receptivity to ideas. Its development illustrates an unvarying capacity to assimilate and reconcile even the most contradictory doctrines. And its final issue in what today seems a paradox was probably the result of its resolute hospitality. Divorce from this vital tradition, and from its source of renewal in current ideas,

accounts for the thinness of American fiction over a long period. Recalling this, we ought perhaps to welcome a contemporary tendency which reverts to conscience for its inspiration and, for its reflective content, grasps at those ideas which are most seriously engaging the minds of people today.

Within this tendency there occurs the most diverse kinds of writing. To it, for example, must be credited the remarkable trilogy of novels which Mr. James Farrell has written about the central character of *Studs Lonigan*, and which together form the most dispassionate study which our fiction has achieved of preventable social wastage in a large city. It includes, likewise, the work of Mr. Erskine Caldwell, whose powerful talent profits, in the present state of public taste, by his refusal to subject it to discipline. It includes that of Mr. Robert Cantwell, which tempers an outraged conscience with a degree of intellectual moderation all too rare among writers of the proletarian school. It includes the work of Miss Grace Lumpkin, in which a passion for justice and a despair of achieving it under the present economic system receive eloquent expression. Either implicitly or explicitly, the tone of argument pervades the work of these writers. Their subject is the disadvantaged and disinherited, the victims of a civilization which, for them, stands indicted by its callous indifference to human welfare. They are concerned with social effects which they attribute exclusively to the defective system under which our economic life is organized. This simplification of cause adds to the force of their argument but contributes to the weakness of their work as art. With the exception of Mr. Farrell, they seem deliberately to have rejected the criterion of art, perhaps from the conviction that art is at best a futile enterprise when the human spirit is so sorely

afflicted and civilization is threatened with collapse. Several of them, and many other writers of their school, have turned from art to a social philosophy which promises, by means of an economic revolution, to inaugurate a world wherein the plain man will find security and justice. It is no business of the critic to find fault with this disposition. It is his affair only to take note of the fact for what it may be worth. What it suggests is not only a disillusion with old gospels, formulas, and ideals, but a survival of the old readiness to catch at any doctrine that images a new celestial city.

But there is no good reason why the proletarian novel should not rise to the level of art. It has done so in Mr. Farrell's trilogy. And Mr. John Steinbeck's "In Dubious Battle" attests its ability to achieve art without sacrifice of emotional power, or loss of cogency as argument. What lifts this novel into the realm of art is the classic virtue of magnanimity. As Mr. Steinbeck conceives it, the tragedy of economic injustice illustrates the tragic issue of conflict among eternally incompatible impulses in human nature. So conceiving it, his compassion embraces all parties to the struggle. His story relates the failure of a general strike by casual laborers in California orchards, in which, for the first time, they have found a common enterprise and a common destiny that overwhelms their individual interests. So skilfully is this story grounded in desires and impulses universally understood, that it becomes an allegory of man's incessant struggle to free himself from bondage. Into that struggle have gone heroism and sacrifice, and the waste of much that is most prized in human life. The spirit of man has met its incidental and tragic defeats. But the ideal itself is deathless and will always find new recruits. By implying these meanings, Mr. Steinbeck has made his novel significant

for more than the immediate social situation, and for more than the present economic struggle. He has made it relevant to all liberal and civilized insights of which we are capable. Perhaps that is why its final effect upon the reader is both more persuasive and forcible than that of any argument, no matter how ably contrived. There are penalties reserved for writers who repudiate the obligations and the advantages of art.

The Wealth of Childhood

JAMES HENRY

To return for a day to that happy world
Of childhood's dreams and fancies —
To that glorious land of Make Believe
Where Peter Pan and Old King Cole
Get tangled in a skein
Which even Mother and Father find
Difficulty in unraveling;
To pick mushrooms in the early dawn
From someone else's lawn,
To wonder why your feet leave tracks
On the dew-soaked sward,
Almost as deep as last winter
When the snow fell white and hard,
Just the kind that made
The biggest and best snowmen.
Wasn't there excitement
Wondering in the spring
If tomorrow would be warm enough
To leave off stockings,
And take to socks;
To watch for the snapdragons to snap,
And wander waist-high through the hollyhocks
Till gardener Jones caught you
And said he'd tell nurse,
Or worse, the master
If you did not stay to the paths

And keep your feet from rose and aster.
And when the day is over,
And shadows start to creep,
Before you kneel and say your prayers,
Before you go to sleep,
To sit beneath the Steinway grand
While Mother sings a tune
About a lot of niggers
And a great big southern moon.
Then Mother tucks you into bed
And kisses you goodnight,
You close your eyes for a second it seems,
Then wake up in a fright —
You were dreaming a truly terrible dream,
You can't remember just what,
Of giants and goblins and fearful deeds,
Of dragons' jaws and fiery steeds,
It's so long ago you've forgot . . .

Of those fears and fancies
Of childhood's world
Only the memories remain —
Yet I still wake up
With a beating heart
As I live them over again.

Catastrophe of the Trophies

FAIRFAX DOWNEY

BIG game has not been vanishing from the face of the earth half so rapidly as it has from the walls of sportsmen's homes. Heads of moose and tigers, brought down by unerring rifles, have been taken down by equally unswerving wives. Proudly mounted tarpon and salmon, landed in a titanic struggle, have, after terrific arguments with the lady of the house, slipped their hooks over the mantelpieces and got away. All mementos are endangered from formidable African bags and Floridan catches down to such modest tokens as a white-tailed deer or a three-pound bass.

Trophy trouble began with the trend to smaller houses and apartments, with most of the trophy and gunrooms of yesteryear going the way of the snows. Even in houses of a size to permit such rooms, architects devoted the space toward assuaging the feminine desire for more closets and bathrooms. Low ceilings spelled exile for numerous splendid antlers. Ample stairways yielded to elevator shafts. The very floors were ruled out of bounds after some oaf, who should have watched his step, stumbled over the raised head of a bear rug. After moving to a flat with a bowling-alley hallway, particular ladies declared they found it impossible to pass a protruding wildcat or warthog head hung there without rubbing noses.

If it wasn't lack of space, it was some other domestic difficulty. A polar-bear rug is harder to keep clean than children, mothers complain. A blaze in the fireplace warm enough for women wearing the customary two ounces of clothing will crack the hide of the caribou head

over the mantel. That thrill you enjoyed in tracking a mountain goat is never duplicated for the housekeeper forced to stalk moths bound to issue from the hair of said goat, unless mothproofed.

Heavy, heavy hangs over our poor heads. Heavy, heavy falls. What shall the owner do to redeem them? What happens to trophies forbidden display at home?

Many are left (temporarily, it is alleged) at the studio of the taxidermist who mounted them. In one well-known studio, heads and antlers deck the walls. Closets are crammed with tanned hides — mountain sheep, lion, zebra, deer, seal, giraffe, elephant, rhinoceros, leopard. It is as if some Bluebeard had suddenly decided to stop collecting wives and turned his attention to the animal kingdom. In the main room stands a particularly royal Bengal tiger, shot by an Indian maharajah and sent to the U. S. A. for expert mounting. One wonders what the maharajah will say when the tiger is shipped back to the palace. His Highness is probably in for some civil disobedience.

Every natural history museum in the land has been supplying trophy sanctuary to the limit of capacity. The American Museum of Natural History, New York City, receives offers of trophies by the hundred. Ever and anon, the 'phone in the Department of Ichthyology will ring and it will be some sportsman's wife, who is moving to a small apartment, with a tender of a gift fish. If it is a fine specimen, it will not be looked in the mouth. Competition is heavy, however, and the museum sends out its own expeditions for desired specimens, which it mounts and often displays in reproductions of natural surroundings. In the Department of Mammals, not heads alone but the whole animal is required, making it an unlikely harbor for presented trophies, although it formerly

accepted sizable collections of heads and horns. Numerous gifts are refused by the Department of Birds, down to and including deceased canaries, reported by the would-be givers to have been sweet singers and the pet of all the family.

The United States National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, is vastly crowded. It not only houses regular collections but it is the government repository for all natural history specimens after they have served the purpose of study in other government departments. Thus it is compelled to refuse many desirable trophies — excepting always such as are politically desirable for acceptance. Since 1932 it has been opportune for hunters (Dem.) to present mounted tigers, and a bad time for hunters (Rep.) to hope to slip in a stuffed elephant.

Probably the most prized repository of all is the National Collection of Heads and Horns of the New York Zoölogical Society, Bronx Zoölogical Park, New York City. But it, too, is full; and to win a place in it a head which is a world record, which is a rarity, or is otherwise unique, must be produced.

When museums refused to have a heart or a trophy, sportsmen turned to their clubs. Fauna filled the walls of lounges, taprooms, and grills. Then clubs reached the trophy saturation point and began refusing new ones and disposing of the old. The Princeton Club of New York City auctioned off many trophies, including the head of a mighty moose which rode in majestic state on the top of an automobile to an unmajestic resting-place in a New Jersey speakeasy. Remaining heads, condemned to the flames, could not negotiate the narrow stairs to the furnace-room until their horns were sawed off. Club chefs seized on the antlers to make handles for their knives.

Sportsman's luck is better in the fraternal organizations named for animals, such as the Elks and the Moose. Then not a few hunters have successfully wished trophies upon sporting-goods stores. For one large New York store it has amounted to a deluge, and the management, long receptive, now is compelled to say no several times every week. The walls of seven of its open floors and of four separate rooms are festooned with trophies — close to one hundred and fifty of them — deer, jungle beasts, eagles, gnu, waterbuck, kudu, bongo, sheep, marlin, dolphin, barracuda, lynx, pheasant, and so forth. One large collection, the lender of which is now dead, has never been called for by his executors.

Mostly, however, you can't give trophies away. The true-blue sportsman prefers storage as a far more welcome alternative. But storage expense (cold storage especially) adds alarmingly to the original investment in trophies.

Half a trophy (or any fraction thereof) is better than none. Forced to compromise, trophy cherishers have found some comfort in the novelties developed by taxidermists and sporting-goods firms. Homes barred to whole hippos, rhinos, or elephants might admit useful articles made from the feet of those ponderous beasts — humidors, holders of liqueur sets, umbrella stands, waste-baskets. Thus baffled trophy collectors obtain a foothold. There can be no possible complaint of the light, strong, amber-like canes and riding crops manufactured from rhinoceros hide, or of letter openers made from the horn of that animal. Other accessories which may be counted upon to distract the mind of the sportsman from dull business cares are: brief-cases and telephone stands from the thick hide of the elephant, and pocket-books from its more delicately textured ears; desk ornaments carved from tusks, and deskpads fashioned from

antelope or monkey skins; moose feet converted into ink-wells, ashtrays, and thermometer holders. All these inspire dreams of the next hunting trip, as do the four-poster beds, the posts of which are elephant tusks. That last, however, is probably beyond the grasp of any but bachelors.

Zebra hides, Nature's gift to the modernistic, cover screens, cigar-cases, and cigarette boxes attractively. One African hunter is having a set of dining-room chairs upholstered in these striped hides, and another is using them on window-seat cushions. Golf bags of elephant hide may prove some solace to the sports follower demoted from jungle to links. Photographs are suitably framed or their albums bound in epidermis of the quarry pictured. Chandeliers of antlers and hatracks of deer-foot pegs are frowned upon nowadays by interior decorators, but wall lamps tipped with long, slender oryx horns, or standing lamps on antler tripods may get by, as may a lampshade which is the shell of an ostrich egg. Birds of gay plumage now are being mounted in a decorative instead of natural manner, and these may catch the feminine eye. There is another novelty, in the installation of which a sportsman may depend upon his children as allies — birds whose eyes light up electrically; owls, hawks, eagles, geese, and turkey are mounted on mechanisms which permit them to flap their wings, and move their heads and tails.

The artist-director of one taxidermy studio executes handsome bronze models from trophies of the chase and these serve as most acceptable keepsakes. Another novel scheme in trophy preservation goes back to the prehistoric custom of adorning one's womenfolk in the results of hunting success. Enthusiastic feminine coöperation in trophy display is enlisted by the hunter who returns with

leopard skins to be made up into a coat, and with such furs as can be used for scarfs, chokers, mittens, caps, and muffs; or hides to be made up into luggage or shoes for the good wife.

Today the average sportsman knows that the odds are heavy against his bringing home anything mounted to the liking of the lady of the house, unless perhaps a handsome specimen of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. No wonder men of gun and rod have dethroned as patron of the chase Diana, who never even kept Actæon as a trophy, and have nominated in her stead Izaak Walton, the compleat angler, and Nimrod, the son of Kush, who was a mighty hunter before the Lord.

The Happiest Years

KATHARINE ANTHONY

THE Concord houses along the Lexington Road were all of the same type as the Old Manse though of less imposing dimensions. Those along the Lexington Road were single-chimney houses. Someone had thought of building there against the sheltered hillside and others had followed the pioneer's example. A string of houses followed, snugly backed against the hill and looking out over the lush meadows to southward. From the front windows of these houses, one caught the last glimpse of the stage departing for Boston.

A graphic impression of this part of Concord is conveyed by the opening description in "Jo's Boys," where "a pretty brown cottage" is pictured as "nestling among the trees," while a little to the westward a "white-pillared mansion glittered in the sunshine." The white-pillared mansion was the Emerson house. The brown cottage was the home of the Alcotts.

Life in Concord in the middle of the nineteenth century was a combination of rusticity and intellectuality — plain living and high thinking. Farm people and refugees from the city formed the population. A simple social life pervaded the town. The river was a popular resort and everyone who could afford it kept a private boat. Boating parties in the summer and skating parties in the winter formed the principal social pleasures of the village. Evening parties, at which games with forfeits were played and the lancers danced, furnished a meeting-place for the simple and the great. The atmosphere of the place was distinctly creative; nor was this tone supplied entirely by the writers and artists who had settled there. The in-

ventor of the Concord grape was one of the truly representative spirits of the town and had his rightful place in the inspired community. Occasionally there are such little democracies of genius in the world and Concord in the middle of the nineteenth century was an outstanding example of the kind.

Probably this only happens in a town with a past. Concord was steeped in history. It had its revolutionary battle, its Old Manse, and its ancient names and fames. Descendants of the people who had created great traditions still lived on the spot. Concord was settled, seasoned, aged. It had an accumulated background of more than two hundred years. Its American soil was rich.

The house which the Alcotts moved into in 1845 was one of the row of brown houses on the Lexington road. They named it appropriately "Hillside." A large central chimney, a square front hall, and four large rooms — two above and two below — formed the main part of the dwelling. A wide kitchen fireplace opened in the rear into a long narrow lean-to chamber. "Before Mr. Alcott took it in hand," says Hawthorne who owned it afterwards, "from the style of its construction, it seems to have survived beyond its first century. He added a porch in front, and a central peak, and a piazza at each end, and painted it a rusty, olive hue, and invested the whole with a modest picturesqueness." Alcott did even more than this; he cut the barn in two and added it to each side of the house, he dug terraces out of the great hill, planted fruit trees, and laid out his usual fine garden. When he had completed his improvements, the place, says Hawthorne, was an attractive residence which people always noticed in passing.

In this brown house Louisa May Alcott lived from her thirteenth to her sixteenth year. She afterwards said that

she spent here "the happiest years of her life." The house itself, as it was then, before Hawthorne or even Alcott had made any changes, was immortalized as the background of "Little Women," where it lives forever in the form in which the sixteen-year-old Louisa May Alcott knew it.

Louisa would never have called her happiest years, years that were not the happiest for the whole family. But "Hillside" seems to have meant good times for all of them. Alcott was happy in his reconciliation with Emerson; Abba was vastly proud of "her house"; and the four young girls were just at the age when most union prevailed among them. The eldest was not too old nor the youngest too young to join together in a common play-group. The spirit of "Hillside" was the spirit of "Little Women," though the ages of the sisters were moved upward in the story. Louisa recalled that spirit in after years as the golden age of the Alcotts.

Louisa and Anna, thirteen and fourteen, went to the district school. It was a very susceptible age to be launched in a public school. But Bronson Alcott, true to his preference for teaching young children, had lost interest in their education about this time. There were social consequences of importance to his daughters. They met other girls of their own age. These were at first a little shy of them on account of their father's reputation and their own reputation as well, but they gradually made friends with them. At least the girls made friends with Anna. They also saw for the first time a real live young man school-teacher. They had previously met in the schoolroom only their somewhat elderly father and the equally elderly Charles Lane. The young schoolmaster, John Hosmer, was moreover tarred with the same brush which had stroked Alcott and Lane; he had been a

resident at Brook Farm if not at Fruitlands. John Hosmer and the odd Alcott girls had this unconventional background in common. It helped to make a social contact between them. This again was more useful to gentle Anna than it was to fierce Louisa.

There was still no softening or blossoming in Louisa; she remained a hoyden. She could vault a fence like a boy and did it frequently in spite of her longer skirts. Her mother called her "wild," and Louisa obediently then called herself "wild." She might do something to atone for being wild, but not to be wild would be to fly in the face of the omniscient. She took one of her younger schoolmates sleigh-riding by the simple expedient of untying a strange horse from its hitching-post, climbing into the sleigh, and driving off. The terrified little girl, hypnotized by such daring, climbed into the sleigh with her, and lived to tell the tale long afterwards. Another thing that "wild Louisa" did was to dress like a boy on all possible occasions. These were usually limited to plays and charades in the barn and at parties; but, tired of these limitations, she was once known to disguise herself as a male and stand in the road outside her gate, talking to one of her sisters. People who passed by in the twilight were properly fooled as she intended them to be. Her little extravagances were passed over by the townspeople, however, for it was obvious to all that Louisa was good-natured. To see her trundling her two small sisters in a wheelbarrow around the garden was enough to show how genuinely innocent and spontaneous her high spirits were.

The family was her world. Pa and Ma, Annie, Lizzie, and Abbie were her universe. She was jealously possessive of them, collectively and individually. It annoyed her when her sister Annie seemed to fall in with the ways of

the Concord group and become one of the crowd. Once when they were at a party, a boy kissed Annie in a game of forfeits. Louisa flew into a rage at his impertinence. She continued long afterwards to abuse him whenever his name was mentioned, never once seeming in the least to suspect any coöperation on the part of Annie. Boldness of this kind was entirely out of the range of her imagination; she could only conceive of Annie's part as timidity. The boy who had kissed Annie was a raider. Louisa, rising in her strength, came to the defense of her sister, straining her young thews and sinews for the task that was always to absorb most of her life — the defense of one Alcott or another against the onslaughts of the world.

Ten-year-old Lizzie was a real little girl who had not yet been canonized by her all-too-human sister. Lizzie, more than Annie or Louisa, made friends with the neighbors. She was a socialized child, as one sees by her journal. "Ellen and Edith Emerson came to see us. I went home with them. When I got back I walked with Abbie by Mr. Bull's to Mrs. Richardson's and drew her baby in the little wagon." A gentle spirit was Lizzie, but withal a flesh-and-blood presence who ran in and out of the houses of the neighbors.

Abbie, the youngest child, still called by her mother "the baby," had all her lessons from her father. Abbie, the future artist, left a little vignette of the family on the Fourth of July, 1848, in a letter she wrote her mother. "O Mother, it is so beautiful this morning as I sit in the schoolroom by Father; such bright sunshine all about. . . . I spelt 30 words all right. . . . Father read me some pretty stories about roses, how the little boy was impatient to see the colors, and so picked the bud open, and the leaves withered. . . . Father has your miniature on his desk where he can see it as he opens his desk every

morning. As you look stately . . . I wish you would come home soon. . . . We went to the fire-works last evening. They were before Col. Shattuck's house on the Common, and all the Concord people (to say 'folks' seems countrified) were there; some came in chaises and sat in them to see the fire-works go up. Father took us all to see them and we stood before the Court House by the wall to look. . . ." Abbie, at eight, already hated not being in a chaise like the others. "The boys cracked off powder crackers all about us. One almost hit my heel." The spoilt note of mother's "baby" in Abbie comes out.

Aside from Louisa's testimony, we know that life at "Hillside" was tolerable for the Alcotts. They had a well-built and comfortable house and it was sufficiently and gracefully furnished. Alcott's garden and orchard were productive. The family were regularly treated to little donation parties as ministers' families are in some communities. Such gifts were habitual. Emerson dropped in at crucial times and left a twenty-dollar bill under a book or a candlestick when he went away. A cheerful Dr. Winship from Roxbury, a relative of Mrs. Alcott's, frequently arrived with clothes — clothes that had to be made over, it is true, but perfectly good for that purpose. Dr. Winship was a great favorite with the Alcott sisters, for he came, said Anna, "like Santa Claus," not like one who comes to the door shouting, "Now I will do good to the poor." Besides being the sisters' master of the wardrobe, he was Louisa's literary adviser. He carried pocketfuls of her manuscripts away with him, showed them about, and spread the rumor of her talent, thus building up her first literary reputation.

The one who derived the least from this Concord life was Abba Alcott. Her old friends were in Boston and she made no friends in the town. Whenever she wanted

congenial society, she took the stage for Boston and immersed herself completely in old city associations. Coming back to her family after such interludes, she found the same difficult present always confronting her: a husband without employment and no prospect of getting any; four growing girls with their expanding needs; and a position of dependency and social isolation for herself in the village. With her intense nature, Abba could not long endure great pressure without trying to do something about it. After three years of Concord, she decided to defy fate. The others, including even her ally, Louisa, might have gone on indefinitely floating with the tide — and incidentally surviving — if Abba had not willed that life had to be different.

She was in this frame of mind when a friend from the city one day dropped in to see her. Lonely and burdened by troubles as she was, she felt too strongly the relief of seeing all at once a friendly countenance. The tears began to flow. "Abby Alcott, what does this mean?" asked her visitor. Abba poured out the tale of her woes. "Come to Boston and I will find you employment," said her friend in reply. Abba agreed to do so, and the step was taken that initiated a new cycle in the life of the family.

WHILE living at "Hillside" Louisa rounded off the last of her education. When she went away she was ready to become a wage-earner. In fact, she had already begun earning before the hegira.

The best training of this period she owed to Charles Lane. Though his work on her mathematics and music was wasted, he left a permanent imprint on her English style. He taught her to write Platonic dialogue with ease. Lane set her composition themes like the following: "A conversation between Themistocles, Aristides, and

Pericles on the proposed appropriation of the funds of the Confederacy of Delos for the ornamentation of Athens." What Louisa could not do with cube root or the piano, she could do with her pen. As long as it was a matter of writing, tasks like the above which might have struck terror to the soul of a better student only spurred Louisa on to her best effort. She did them, as she modestly admitted in after life, very well. Substitute for the Greeks a conversation between Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy on the proposed celebration of Christmas without funds, and the far-reaching influence of Mr. Lane as a teacher echoes down the ages. Conversations — written, not spoken — became a part of Louisa's equipment for life. If Charles Lane had trained her to write description during that impressionable summer, what might ultimately have happened to Louisa's fame gives grounds for speculation.

But whoever it was that tried to teach her foreign languages made a worse job of it. "I nearly died of German," she said of that tongue. She left a complete proof of her suffering in the name of one of her most famous characters, Professor Bhaer — a name which, derived from no language, has established itself nevertheless as German. Happily received by thousands, nay millions, of readers, Professor Bhaer's name, one feels, could not possibly have been spelled in any other way.

Louisa was never a student; she was too undisciplined to be a student. As an artist, she need not have regretted it, but she did anyway and was always a little envious of those she called "learned ladies." But she was almost an insensate reader, chiefly of novels. She read Dickens with the greatest enthralment, each story as it came out. The whole family read Dickens; he came to fill the place with the family once occupied by "Pilgrim's Progress." As the

girls had dramatized and acted the latter, they took on the novels of Dickens to dramatize and act in the same way. Louisa and her sisters turned themselves into Dickens characters and actually adopted their names. Louisa learned to write Dickensese so naturally she could not stop writing it when she wanted to.

Night and day Louisa dreamed her dreams. Most of them were about fame. On seeing a portrait of Jenny Lind in the paper, she wrote in her journal, "She must be a happy girl. I should like to be as famous as she is." Then she added, as a wondering afterthought, "Anna is very happy," for Anna was not famous. As for herself, Louisa hoped that she would one day be as famous as Jenny Lind and when that day came she had no doubt that she, too, would be happy. It was one of the day-dreams in which, without let or hindrance from anyone, she ceaselessly indulged herself.

At fifteen, Louisa wrote. She was at fifteen an author. Allowing for the fact that most of what she wrote consisted of trite poems and sentimental fiction which almost any bright girl of her age might have turned out, her attitude towards writing was that of a worker. She wrote her poems and stories regularly and it never occurred to her not to write them. The end of this preoccupation of hers was that she sometimes turned out something good.

She achieved then the easy touch, the professional accent, the surety and flow that ultimately mark the conscious author. A comparison of one of Louisa's poems with one of her mother's shows the difference between her work and the work of an amateur. Mrs. Alcott gave Louisa a pen on her fourteenth birthday and composed a poem to go with it. Poems were usually composed in the Alcott family for birthdays and anniversaries. Mrs. Alcott's poem for this occasion ran:

Oh, may this pen your muse inspire,
When wrapt in pure poetic fire,
To write some sweet, some thrilling verse;
A song of love or sorrow's lay,
Or duty's clear but tedious way
In brighter hope rehearse.
Oh, let your strain be soft and high,
Of crosses here, of crowns beyond the sky;
Truth guide your pen, inspire your theme
And from each note joy's music stream.

Soon afterwards Louisa wrote the verses that she eventually published unchanged in "Under the Lilacs," entitled "My Kingdom." Her poem ran:

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should —
Honest and brave — nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear!
Teach me to lean on thee, and feel
That thou art very near;
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown,
 But that which all may win;
Nor seek to conquer any world
 Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
 Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in *myself*,
 And dare to take command.

By their lilt and simplicity, the verses show that the family impulse toward literary creativeness was working out in Louisa at last. The distributed talents of the group became sharpened and focused and unified by the devotion of the one.

Louisa's sister Anna was writing fiction almost as busily and almost as well as Louisa was in those days. They both modeled their stories on those they read in the popular weekly papers — journals which represented not a high ideal, perhaps, but an actual market for that which they hoped to write. They imitated their models successfully. Anna once read aloud to her family a story of her own composing, while pretending to read it from a Boston paper; and the family never suspected the hoax. Louisa went a step further; a story that she wrote at sixteen, after lying around for a few years, was finally sold to one of the weekly journals. Both girls could write melodramatic fiction with extreme fluency and prolificness.

Their greatest skill was shown in their plays, on which they collaborated. No one knew, scarcely they themselves, where Louisa left off in these plays and Anna began, or the reverse. They wrote, produced, and acted their dramas without the aid of anyone else. As Anna afterwards testified, they "usually acted the whole play, each assuming five or six characters, and with rapid change of dress becoming in one scene a witch, a soldier, a beauteous lady, and a haughty noble." They often introduced

"into one short scene, a bandit, two cavaliers, a witch, and a fairy spirit — all enacted by two people." Sometimes the exigencies of production required them both to take the same part in different scenes of the play. But usually the author-actor-producers were able to avoid this awkwardness. "Long speeches were introduced to allow a ruffian to become a priest." They planned and executed elaborate stage effects, with thunder, lightning, towers, costumes, and music. No requirement of plot, character or scenery seemed to daunt them. Tragedy and comedy were equally undertaken. Louisa played well and Anna, Louisa said, played better, but there was no jealousy between them. Their performance was one of great promise, and the training imparted was of a highly disciplinary character.

Some of their best plays and productions belong to the "Hillside" period. The play described in "Little Women" appears to be a combination of "The Captive of Castile" and "The Witch's Curse," two of their favorites which were written at that time. The episode of the cot-bed's collapsing dates them, for it was at "Hillside," according to Fred Willis (the summer boarder) that the cot-bed collapsed and the tower fell. The rest of the whole magnificent series — "The Greek Slave," "Bianca," "The Unloved Wife; or, Woman's Faith," "The Bandit's Bride" — must also have been written then, when Anna and Louisa were respectively a little over and a little under sixteen. Commenting on their state of mind from the superior ground of maturity, one of them, Anna, afterwards said, "The children accomplished a play full of revenge, jealousy, murder, sorcery, of all of which indeed they knew nothing but the name. . . . These 'Comic Tragedies' . . . are most characteristic of the young girls whose lives were singularly free from the experiences

of many maidens of their age. Of the world they knew nothing; lovers were ideal beings, clothed with all the beauty of their innocent imaginations. Love was a blissful dream; constancy, truth, courage, and virtue quite everyday affairs of life. . . .”

It was in this life of her imagination, romantic and absurd as it was, that Louisa found her reality. Anna might let her fancy stray from phantom lovers to mundane boys once in a while, even to the point of allowing a rough lad to kiss her; but Louisa’s fancy clung fast to the noble images of her own creating, and her emotions were directed toward her own phantasies and dreams. She was most herself when she was giving them form and direction by writing or acting.

Certain overwrought phantasies fastened upon Louisa in the summer of 1848 which make one think it was best for her to be dragged off to Boston in the fall and put to work. The emotional girl was in a ferment of dreams without practical outlet or objective relief in her life.

Her life-purpose, as she envisaged it — “to give her mother the comfort and ease which she had never known in her married life” — eliminated marriage. Unconsciously she had been moving in that direction for a long time. At the age of ten she had written in her journal: “Father asked us what was God’s noblest work. Anna said *men*, but I said *babies*. Men are often bad; babies never are.” Now her unconscious motive was becoming conscious; she felt that men were objects to be avoided and that marriage was a trap in which noble women like her mother were caught and held. She was ready to become a knight-errant and rescue the fallen princess at all costs. And not at all costs either, for she wanted fame to accompany her great sacrifice; but all else she was ready to pay and to suffer for her supreme purpose in life.

Denying herself love, Louisa had to turn to worship. This she did rather easily by adoring her father's nearest friend, Emerson. "I wrote letters to him," she says, "but never sent them; sat in a tall cherry-tree at midnight, singing to the moon till the owls scared me to bed; left wildflowers on the doorstep of my 'Master.'" Her behavior, modeled on some obscure idea of herself as *Mignon*, did not last long, for it did not satisfy her. Louisa had a very hearty desire for an audience; she did not enjoy composing tributes which no one ever saw, or making presents which no one ever acknowledged. She soon transferred her devotion to Emerson's daughter Ellen, to whom she gave not anonymous gifts of wildflowers but tributes of a less private nature in a series of "Flower Fables" she wrote for her. The fables were circulated, admired and finally published. Their sentimental tenuousness was a great contrast to the vigorous romanticism of the "Comic Tragedies." But the "Flower Fables" were better suited to the taste of her sentimental time. Her soul-suffering about Emerson ended in a little published book that gave her the beginnings of a literary reputation. A kind and encouraging lady in Boston paid for its publication and it had a delicate vogue. Its chief claim to distinction was that it carried to a discreet but growing literary public the name of Louisa May Alcott. It was the acorn from which the oak through wind and storm was to grow.

Actress

LE BARON COOKE

Is it not a miracle:
This aged woman,
In appearance dull
And hollow-eyed,
And wilted as a dying flower,
Summoning, at a curtain's rise,
Such regal beauty, pride,
And power?

A Journey of Hope

PAUL HORGAN

THOUGH she wouldn't have been able to tell about it, Bess Warren was the victim of the way imagination and destiny were all mixed up with one another by the radio. Like millions of her ancestors, she was respectful of unseen powers; they moved her life, she was sure; and when such a power had a human voice, and could talk, and was a living man, though invisible, then respect gave way to a kind of passion, some love that dwelt in the background of thought, and grew and grew until its image was a genuinely beautiful thing to live with and secretly consult and add to every day. Bess listened to him every evening.

At nine-fifteen the radio shivered to the crash of a cymbal, followed by a remote piping from a mysterious flute. These sounds transformed the U-Eat Café where Bess worked, and she remembered childhood Bible classes, and camels and turbans, and also sideshows with hootchy-kootchy dancers, the materials of romance confused but fine. When the flute and cymbal died snakily away, a voice came on, and said in gloomy refinement that Pharos would once again speak to his people and bring to the solution of their problems all the magic of the East and the wisdom of the scientific world of today.

“Just write a letter, with name and address in full, to Pharos, care of your local station, enclosing twenty-five cents in stamps, for which you will receive a free reading of your destiny, by Pharos himself, and in addition, by return mail, a signed copy of the famous book, ‘How to Read Your Fate,’ by Pharos. Twenty-five cents in stamps, and full name and address.”

And then after a little pause, full of suspense and dignity, Pharos himself rode into the radio on the sound of his voice. Thousands of people, and Bess, recognized that voice every evening.

She thought it was the most beautiful voice she ever knew. It was a low voice, yet with a great range of expression, rising mildly to the pitch of hope, or affectionately warning when disaster threatened. He spoke rapidly, every now and then pausing to say, "Er . . ." which Bess thought very refined. It was so human.

"Good evening, friends. This is Pharos helping with your lives again. Tonight I have a very interesting batch of mail, folks, er, very interesting, I know we will all learn and gain from it. The first letter er, the first letter is one from Mr. Arden P. Glasswell, P. O. Box 664, Pecos, Texas. There is no use giving Pharos false names, Mr. Glasswell, I know that is an assumed name, still I will answer your inkwry, for I can see that you are very much er — upset."

Bess would listen absently, wondering what was to become of Mr. Glasswell, who should of known better than send Pharos a fake name like that. The even voice would go on with a regular pulse, like a bleeding, putting heavy influence like destiny into the air of the world, where all those people were listening for only a whisper of guidance, or a call of hope. There where people's desires pressed secretly upon fate, there lay their greatest reality. . . .

She thought without being able to project it, that Pharos must look like an angel in a natty suit, with slicked-back hair and all in the color of a photograph, a movie, and as large as the men looked on the theatre screen. She had tried to find a picture of him in the radio magazines; but never did, for he gave interviews saying

that power such as his was only a temporary possession, and he must guard it and respect it, and serve it well, and serve all his many radio friends well with it, and that he counted but for nil in this great work. . . .

"Dream lover" was a familiar title in the movies. One of the theatres even had a Dream Lover contest. People said dream lover just as habitually as they did boy friend. So Bess designated Pharos.

And she could look upon Alec, flesh and blood that came to eat in her café, and think of him with the fore part of her mind, and talk to him, and let their concerns mingle idly, in the resistant little strifes of the real world.

The place was empty, except for Bess and Alec, and the life which the music from the radio set loose.

"I'n't know whether to go back or not," declared Bess, leaning on her side of the counter and looking closely at Alec's face. He had finished his supper and was just sitting there, to talk to her, as he did so many evenings this summer, while he was lonely and not ready to go home to bed soon, and alone.

He didn't answer her, but just shrugged his shoulders a little, and leaned on his side of the counter, looking down at the floor, lost in a kind of thoughtless day-dream. It gave her a good chance to study his face and try to explain to herself why she liked him so much. She couldn't see a thing to him. He didn't seem interested in her troubles. He seemed to give no damn for anything but his wife, who was visiting her folks in California. But he didn't like to hang around alone. The trouble was, he just came in and sat.

Bess Warren looked him over carefully and decided that he resembled a little kid who resembled a monkey: with that same small, wise, wistful face and nervous movements, and that curious suggestion of animal inde-

pendence which seemed such a great strength. He wasn't big, and he certainly wasn't good looking, she thought; sometimes he said things that were awfully dumb; he wouldn't pay any attention to her, and she knew she oughtn't to think twice about him, and she was nearly in love with him. He didn't know it. She supposed he never would know it.

Thinking of it now, a prickling pride arose in her; and she straightened up, furious with herself for having spent all that time from four to five getting herself dolled up because she knew he'd be in for supper at eight, after he got through work. She was a sap to waste any time on him. Then she reflected with satisfaction that calmed her again how pretty she was and that to fix yourself up was never a waste of time, even if Alec was without eyes for her. She turned and went to the kitchen with his cup to get him some more coffee. On the way, she passed the calendar that had a small mirror pasted on its embossed cardboard front, and she saw that since five o'clock, she had lost none of her charm.

She was fairly tall, but very delicately made. Her face was pointed at the chin, yet not sharply. She had a small mouth, rouged with luscious scrolls of dark red, and her nose was thin and straight, rising to her arched brows where she had penciled dashing slender eyebrows. Her eyes were hazel, and very cold, even when she laughed and talked. Around their corners were the only mockeries of the likeness she had to a girl of twenty. She was actually thirty-two, and those little channels of wrinkle by the corners of her eyes, minutely flaked with fine powder and rouge, showed at close range that the life of a hasher in various eating houses and restaurants had left some mark upon her. Her hair was black and lustrous. She was very pretty; and she was clever at fixing her own

clothes. The result was that she had all the outward appearances of a woman, a girl of taste. That she was still a waitress in the U-Eat Café troubled her, made her think of herself as a failure in life, yet she had no ideas for changing her estate except the customary romantic ones about fascinating some man who would win her by buying her a house and a car, a fur coat, some floor lamps, and a wedding ring.

In the meantime, she had a pretty good time. She never lacked dates. She was too good looking to be left alone much. And when she was feeling good, she had content.

She came back to the lunch counter and set Alec's cup down for him. He thanked her, still staring at nothing, and looking tired, and fed, and at ease, sitting on his high stool at the counter.

He surprised her by saying, "Go back where? Where do you have to go back to?"

"Oh, you wouldn't really like to know, wouldja, mister?"

He turned and looked at her, smiling.

"Well," she said, "back to Colorado. I keep getting these letters from my family. They want me to come back."

"Why don't you want to go?"

"Oh, I dunno. Oh, I guess it's because I'm getting along all right down here. . . ."

She looked at him boldly, with her lips hotly pouting. He wrinkled his forehead like a little ape and shifted around on the lunch counter stool. He missed her signals, or if he saw them, he didn't care.

"I don't see why you want to stay here, hashing in a place like this," he said.

She leaned back and her temper started up.

"What's wrong with a place like this," she demanded, "what do you think a girl has got to do, just go and ask somebody for a living?"

The idea, she thought; wanting to slap him because she hated his being contemptuous of what she did, and because she loved him in silence; who is he to sit there and take cracks at me like that. She knew he was no great shakes himself. He was a skilled laborer, that was true; a plasterer, and he made good money, and he always had a job, for him and his wife and two small children. He was about twenty-eight, she thought. He had the muscular shape of a swimmer, thick shoulders and rising chest and small waist and thin legs. He couldn't get his mind off his wife out in California visiting her folks. He had explained often to Bess that when his wife was away he always went out to eat, because at home he hated to sit down alone. It was just such notions as that that had first made Bess Warren want to talk to him. Now, three weeks after, more or less, she was jealous of the wife she'd never seen or jeopardized.

Alec looked around at the hard room. "Well, I suppose there's nothing wrong with the place itself," he said, finally, "On'y you ought to be having a better time than this."

"You're telling me," she said.

"What do they want you to come home for, to Colorado?"

"Oh, well, mama's been sick, and Agnes, that's my sister, she thinks I ought to be living at home and helping with the bills, and all that business. Agnes don't like me at all, and she hates me being away from home, and on my own, like this; she's wanted all her life to get away, and she never has. Then my brother-in-law, LeRoy Benson, he's living there too; he went right on living there after

my other sister died, that is, the one he married. She died two years ago, and Mama hasn't been strong since then, I heard all about it at the time. So LeRoy just stayed and went right on living there at home, but started paying rent. He sure behaved keen about the whole thing. Mama used to run a boarding-house but then she took sick and had to give it up, gradually."

The radio jazz got hot in the corner. Leaning on the counter with her elbows and forearms, Bess began absent-mindedly to dance little steps sideways and back and forth, living with the rhythm of the music and paying no attention to it consciously.

Outside, the summer evening was falling darker and darker. The cars that went by now had their lights on. The ceiling of the café was low, and in the middle of it a brass fitting supported two light bulbs, unshaded and burning brightly. As the daylight faded, Bess's face became more beautiful and artificial, the white powder showing as a texture under the electric light now, and the vain purse of her rouged lips more pointed and sharp.

"Well, that sure is a shame," said Alec. He lighted a cigarette and stirred his second cup of coffee.

"A lot you care," said Bess, "whether I stay or go."

She instantly regretted saying it. He looked up at her sharply.

"So what?" he said, neither challenging her nor surprised.

"Oh, what's the use," she said. "It's just that I can't make up my mind."

Now he understood her.

"Well, I'm *sorry* sister, but if you got anything on your mind about *me*, why, that's out, see: I don't go playing around. That's all. I get nuts being alone sometimes, but that don't mean —"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," she said, "if I've managed to give you a wrong impression. All I was asking you was what you'd do if you was me. I don't see what I said that got you off on this track. It's just a matter of making up my mind whether to go back or not."

But her face was burning orange in a blush under her make-up and he saw it. It disturbed him, and he knew she was lying about her feelings. He wished he had enough whatever it took to date her and take her out on a party. But if the absence of his wife was hard to bear in that way, it also made him more virtuous in another, and he couldn't imagine betraying her with another girl, a waitress, even a pretty one like this one, though at the moment he would have liked nothing better.

They were both several moments in finding their inner calm again. She saw that he was stirred by the feelings she had been trying to make him see for weeks. She also saw that he was resentful of them. The radio saved them.

The program changed. An announcer said it was nine-fourteen and a half, and in a few seconds a brass cymbal broke its sound like a wave washing up a sandy shore into the U-Eat Café.

Pharos began his program.

In a moment, Alec said, "Well, why don't you ask him?"

She looked at him to see if he meant it. The same idea had been in her head. But he was perfectly serious, and she felt relieved, and said, "I think I will. I was thinking of that — I'm not doing any good here."

There was a pause in their words while their feelings turned inward and showed them each what to think of.

"And I never know just how far to go with my sister,

Agnes," she resumed. Her voice was weary and edged with some want beyond words.

"Go on, write him a letter," said Alec.

She straightened up, and gave him a look that resented the way he kept at the point. On the shelves behind her, among the narrow wooden boxes containing gray spoons, she found a bottle of ink and a pad of ruled writing paper, a yellow penholder with a dusty pen and some stained envelopes that had been there, she knew, as long as she had worked there. Every day when she arranged the shelves, the same articles were dusted and replaced, as if their purpose was serious.

She felt scorned and unwanted; but refused to let Alec see any such feeling. While he watched her, smoking, she began to write the letter to *Pharos*. She wrote without difficulty, for she had gone through school as far as third year high school. When she was done with the letter, she read it through, stood up again, and folded it.

"I haven't been home for seven years. I suppose I ought to go anyhow."

"Well, that'll tell you one way or the other," declared Alec, pointing his two fingers that held his cigarette at the radio.

He slid off his stool, and stretched his arms, ending his gasp with a yawn. With the tears of the yawn in his eyes, he looked her over again, and knowing what he knew about her now, he grinned at her and shook his head a little and winked. She saw how he was regarding her, but knew what his choice was, and that it was made for some reason that was right and unbearable.

"Let me know what the answer is. Maybe I'll be here when he gives it over the radio. What time does that program come on?"

They both glanced at the clock.

"It starts at nine-fifteen," she said, and gathering his dishes, she went into the kitchen where she stayed until she was sure he had gone out.

SHE was glad that by nine-fifteen the suppertime rush was over in the U-Eat Café. Alec was almost the only one ever left by that time. He would come in late and then stay on, sitting there, talking to her idly; with his talk, now, more and more treading close to the thing in her heart, so that she would wince when he began, and try to turn him off on something else. But he seemed fascinated at the feeling she had so blurtingly confessed for him; and though he kept reminding her that all that was out — he was all for his old lady — still he couldn't resist testing the survival of her love, and watching her little proofs of it, that were always so resentful now, for the capricious use he made of them. He was simply flattered and made bland; and he seemed to himself a bigger man than before, and she said to herself with fury that he went around these days like a rooster, arching his breast and cocking his eye. Their sparring in words was hardboiled in its terms; which didn't change or obscure what lay below them.

He told her one evening that if he weren't married: why then. . . .

"Save your breath, big boy," she replied.

He grinned and looked around in a mockery of discretion to see if anybody else were there, rubbing his face on his upper sleeve as he did so. He felt very complacent at this kind of game. The café was empty. The light was like the summer night outside . . . close and intimate and soft.

When Pharos answered her message, she was just coming from the kitchen with a cup of coffee for Alec.

She hastened to the counter and set down the cup and saucer and then went and leaned down to the radio. Alec watched her with grinning eyes, his lids drooped, and his mouth curled in speculation about her. He thought she was very funny to pay so close attention to all that.

"This next letter from a young lady named B. W., she has a question to ask, it is a very great problem to her, she asks shall she go home to Colorado to live with her mother. Shall she go back home and live with the old folks once again? Does her mother really need her, she asks. They keep writing and they keep writing, for her to come. Now I shall make answer, I see it all so clearly. She shall give up what she is doing now, and she shall go back home, there is very great need of her presence, er — at her home. She shall be a great help to her mother who is an invalid, I see illness, I see death unless she shall go back home and do what she can for them there."

Bess felt the childish feelings of grief in her breast and throat as she slowly stood up, and images came back, reminding her of what home had meant. She turned around slowly and came back to the counter, and leaned on it, with her chin on her palm and her fingertips against her lips. Alec cleared his throat to make some crack, but he saw that she didn't see him, and stayed quiet.

Pharos's voice went on, it rang in her ears, and she thought she would never forget it.

She saw the picture in her mind of the combination red brick and gray board house where she had grown up. She remembered vine-shaded hours on the narrow porch. She remembered the hallways downstairs and up, narrow brown wooden channels with doors opening into small square rooms. The doors had white china knobs.

Her father had been a foreman at a lumber millyard on the edge of town. He had died from an infection resulting from an accident at the mill. What she remembered most about that, was her older sister Myrtle running upstairs screaming when they brought him home from the company hospital for the funeral.

Then the house became a boarding-house.

All the work only made Mama fatter and hotter.

Agnes and she had to help in the kitchen. Myrtle had a job downtown in an office.

With delicacy in her thoughts of these relighted images, Bess stopped short of the memories that sent her away from home; one of the boys in high school; and his refusal to run away with her when they were found out.

She had gone to Denver; and after a few years was able to go home for a visit of two or three days, dressed in style and full of metropolitan ways that enraged her sister Agnes. Myrtle had been different. Myrtle was generous.

That was seven years ago.

She imagined all the changes she would find now. She was going home. She told Alec she would take the bus on Saturday night. It was a thirty-six hour trip.

On Saturday night she left the U-Eat Café for the last time.

Her going didn't strike her as strange, any more. She had simply accepted Pharos's decision.

She said goodbye to Alec at the Café. She had a half smile on her face, and they shook hands. At the last minute, he squeezed her arm and after looking around the U-Eat, he began urging her in whispers to stay over. She told him he wasn't helping matters any, and pulled her hand away and said goodbye again, and went into the kitchen, asking herself why she felt so much like cry-

ing lately. She stayed there until she heard the screen door slam up front, and then she came out, and put things in order. The boss had agreed to let her off early to go home to her room and pack up the last few things.

The bus left at midnight.

When it was time, she appeared at the bus station, which was the only lighted building in the whole block. Great slabs of sidewalk and street were whitened and yellowed by the alien light of that midnight concern.

The bus was standing out back under a corrugated tin shed with wooden walls. The engine was running. The doors were open all down the side. It was a long, fat-tired bus painted blue and yellow. The windows had stiff, pulled-back cloth curtains at each side, to look elegant. Four doors opened on each side. The seats stretched clear across the width of the bus. There was no center aisle down the car. She got in the seat behind the driver's, and took her two suitcases and her extra things in a card-board suitbox in beside her. It was too hot for her coat, and this she laid across the back of the seat. She hoped nobody would get in with her, because then she could stretch out and sleep.

There were two men in the rear seat, and nobody else. The bus was facing a graveled yard. The engine, running, shook the body with a rhythmic little sequence that shook Bess along with it. She thought of nothing and stared out at the night, where streaks of light shot across the ground at angles. She was tired and felt a little ill.

When the driver came along to bang the doors shut, she admitted to herself that her feelings were the worse because she had thought Alec might just by chance show up to see her off. But nobody came; and when the driver took his seat, and yelled goodbye to the station agent, and let the big engine take the gears, and the bus

began to move out, she felt suddenly forlorn and in despair at leaving this town; it seemed to her the only place in her life where she had ever been happy; forgetting everything else from her past but these months of working here at the U-Eat Café.

They roared through the empty streets of the sleeping town, and as she saw them go by, she gave up to her tears, and lay down on the long seat that stretched across the body of the car, and with her head filled with the rush and roar of their travel, and her body shaken and sickened by their speed over the rising and falling pattern of the road, she finally fell asleep, while the men in the back wondered who the girl was alone up there, and where she thought she was going, and what she was like, and then forgot her.

The trip took her over long slowly lifting plains, where the shadows of clouds sailed over the land and mottled it like great herds of cattle that might flow across the hot earth's contour, here making a dark hillside and there a line of blue below the horizon. Then the country changed, and the bus rose into foothills where the olive-green junipers and scrub oaks dappled the red ground, and then the pines began to show among rocks that were pale with sunlight. Mountains appeared, glassy and distant, crowned with the giant delicacies of cloud lingerings.

They paused at little towns where the bus always drew up to the leading restaurant. They took on gas at other places, remote and windy and graveled corners on out-lying streets of the board villages they went through. The long heavy body of the car sprung away from bumps in the road. It was hot; a hot Sunday in early July, and the whole countryside seemed to Bess to look like Sunday, so peaceful, so empty, so remote from human activity, so heavenly and Godly with that endless

blue sky and those vast Christian clouds on the white horizon.

She was glad when darkness fell and they went tearing on through the night, seeming to pursue with a terrific cleverness the beams of their own lights, two yellow funnels that revealed all there was of the world.

She fell asleep Sunday night thinking that the letter she had written home would have reached them yesterday afternoon. They would be ready for her. Perhaps she should have simply shown up there, she thought. Then there would be a chance for retreat.

This feeling was still on her when she awoke Monday morning. The land was greener. She began to know the little pangs of recognition that visit the returning traveler, little likenesses in the way trees stood, and barns arose, and fences wandered, and towns were laid out, likenesses to early childhood's experiences.

And at a little before noon, the bus hove across a hill and there at the end of a slowly dropping flight of tarred blue road, lay her town.

They came roaring down upon it and at the city limits slowed down and entered like a conquering engine, and drew up at the curb outside the Monarch Café, a place she remembered the name of, but not the looks. It was all changed and done over since she'd been home. She climbed out of the bus and the driver handed her bags out after her. She looked around. There was no one there to meet her. But she opened her purse and took out a quarter, remembering the taxi fare to any point in town, and signaled to the taxi that had come to meet the bus for just this purpose.

The driver came over and got her bags. She followed him. In a few moments she was riding through her town on the way to her mother's house. She couldn't help

looking out the window of the dried-up looking sedan at the changes on every hand. They rode out of the business district and passed the several corners where the rich and the powerful had had their houses years ago . . . houses that looked to her no longer magnificent and immense; but simply old-fashioned, with their red brick or their pink sandstone, their iron balconies, wooden lacework on cupolas, and narrow little painted pillars.

The thought suddenly struck her to wonder if she had changed as much as this place.

Then they turned a corner and went down an unpaved dusty street at the end of which she could see, blocks away, the white sky and the let of the road into the open country. There near that place where the town ended, and the lumber-yard spur-line of track went curving across the road, was her house.

She leaned to look for it.

She saw it soon enough. It at least had not changed.

And on the porch, in a white dress, shown by the light that bounded back in reflection from the porch floor, sat her mother. No one else could be that large, or that patient. But she too was different, Bess saw, as the car came to a stop. The driver opened the door, took her quarter, handed her the two bags, and got in and drove away. Bess left the bags on the graveled walk and went right up to the porch.

“Mama!” she called as she went. Then she looked.

“Hello Bessie, what made you so late,” said her mother in a voice that had no tone but only the effortful whistle of breath in it. Here was a changed creature. She was now just as fat as ever; but her great body had been wracked and mangled by rheumatism into the most witch-like fixture. Her old back bent at the spine, and her shoulders came forward and her arms were bent forever

in stout angles. Her head was bent down and she kept looking up. In her face, with its vestiges of pain, her eyes were still liquid and bright with interest and fretful intelligence. She put out her right hand and Bess took it and they kissed each other without the sensation of a kiss, but only anxious self-questionings as to what the other was now, and what she thought, and would do, and might demand.

"I waited and waited here, Bess. Agnes couldn't meet the bus, she has a job, and I ain't left the house for four years. Just to go around back now and then, and I have to use this cane. Help me up and get your bags. I'm real glad to see you, honey . . . I thought you were never coming home, I figured to die before you'd see me again."

"Oh, *Mama!*" said Bess with a kind of laugh. She went to get her luggage. She was horribly shocked at the old woman's crippled body.

In a moment they went into the house, and from the foot of the steps in the narrow dark hall, Mrs. Warren blew and whistled directions to Bess, upstairs, what room to take and how to put her things. Then she went off, bent forward and rocking along in a fearfully measured walk and pitching weight against her cane at every step, to the kitchen where she had lunch ready on the table for Bess.

Bess came down presently. Her fatigue hung on her like a heavy blanket.

She said to herself that she was a fool to come home. There was nothing she could do here to help them out. She would only be miserable herself. They wanted her here just to join their own misery. She smiled brightly at her mother and sat down to eat.

Her mother looked at her closely, peering and breathing with a breathy little grunt, and then said, in tones of

rebuke, "You're looking mighty pretty."

Bess smiled with mock gaiety.

"Thank you."

"— I'd hate to know what you been doing all these years, Bessie."

This had such eager bitterness in it that Bess could only ignore it.

"Well, you're home now; and Agnes has to find something for you to do. Wait till LeRoy sees you."

"What do you mean."

"You'll have to get rid of some of that paint and the like. He sure has made Agnes toe the mark. I expect they'll be married now or then. You won't know Agnes. She's quite a swell now. She goes to a bridge club. She belongs to a business woman's club. She does real well."

If her words were those of satisfaction, Mrs. Warren's voice would never betray the fact. It was a hollow sound of forced breath, a huge whisper, a paralytic effect of her poisonous rheumatism on her throat.

Bess kept thinking that this couldn't be her mother. Yet subtracting the terrible changes, the rest of her was there.

"I can't do for myself much any more," said the old woman. She was trying to rise from her chair. When she finally stood, after strivings that cost her huge old body many pains, she looked like a shelled bug, a beetle, as she began to crawl forward to the door.

Bess followed her and helped her to sit down in a nest of quilts and cushions in the parlor morris chair, which had assumed an enclosing shape to fit the tortured back. There she declared she would take her afternoon's rest. Bess went upstairs to her room and fell across her bed. Her thoughts clouded in and made her drowsy. She fell asleep. When she awoke, she felt the wetness of tears

under her cheek, and she sat up. The light in the room was changed. It was late afternoon.

While she was dressing, she heard steps coming up the stairs, and then her door opened, and her sister Agnes came in.

"Hello Bessie, my dear," she said and embraced Bess. Then she stood back and made her appraisal. Agnes wore gold-rimmed glasses behind which her eyes were still pretty, pale blue with brunette lashes. Her cheekbones were high and threw a smiling sort of shadow down on her cheeks. Her mouth was thin. When she wasn't carefully smiling or speaking, it drooped and drew two long furrows from her nose to her chin. Her clothes were simple and modish. She made Bess feel, to look at her, that this sister would always be more like a customer to her now than a blood relative.

They couldn't hide what they felt from each other. Agnes was still jealous of the long independence Bess had had. Now that Bess was home at last, her work was clearly cut out for her: to take care of their mother and the house.

Bess understood this though nothing had been said.

She envied Agnes her superior qualities of propriety. Her job was evidently a responsible one. She was moving in town society. She was going to get married, probably.

While they talked of idle things, questions and answers designed to share their intervening years, the two women were making secret and dramatic stands for their individual points of vantage over each other.

At last they went down to get supper. There was LeRoy Benson, sitting in the hall on the lowest step of the stairs, reading the evening paper. He was in his shirt-sleeves. He heard them coming. But until he was spoken to by Agnes he gave no sign. Then he turned and dropped

the paper and took Bess's hand and shook it heartily, squinting his eyes at her face.

"My, my, another of the beautiful Warren girls!"

Then he winked at Agnes, to indicate what he thought of Bess's chalk white powder, her peony rouge, and her thick lipsalve, and the shiny hard waves she had managed to restore to her black hair.

"I'm pleased to meet you," said Bess, and followed Agnes to the kitchen.

Her last hope was gone. She could tell in a minute what sort of a man Benson was. It heaved her heart to discover that he was past middle age, that he had the false merriment and the nervous eye of so many cruel men she had known; and that his air of occupancy in this house carried with it an authority even more hopelessly over her than that of her mother and sister.

Sometimes things had happened to Bess Warren with the curious effect of being foreseen by her; as if when they finally occurred she had always known they would; and remembering that prescience, she sometimes felt that what she was undergoing was taking place for the second time.

Her first week at home was like that.

The nagging that very soon came out in the open; the little ways in which it was made clear that here in town she must never refer to her past; the fact that if she had once been a hasher, she was now Agnes Warren's sister, and that stood for something; the tradition that Mama was a miracle to be living at all, a wonder of survival, that she would be much better off dead, and that anybody who ever put that into words would at once be quoted to Mama, in tones of horror; and worst of all, the half-foreseen and only too easily recognized ideas and thrusts that were animating LeRoy these evenings, when he

would sit talking to the sisters, and looking at Bess.

Agnes was no fool, Bess remembered.

She saw it all too.

Perhaps she even heard.

Agnes's bedroom was downstairs, next to her mother's, and LeRoy had the big double room at the front of the house on the second floor. At the other end of the hall, looking down on the backyard where the grass grew tall and thin, was Bess's room.

Down that hall after midnight he had already come twice. She didn't dare lock her door or refuse him entry, for fear the noises would creak down the stairwell.

Once behind her closed door, in the bland light of her ceiling bulb that hung by its green cord, she had to look and listen to him while he said he had just remembered something to tell her and he wanted to tell her right now because by morning he'd have forgotten. Then his lips would maunder with some senseless drivel of opinion or anecdote.

He visited her like this with the tone of privilege.

She found that out when on his second creeping to her through the darkness he found her also in the dark. She threw him off but he fell against her.

She went to the wall and turned on the light.

His sparse hair was messed. His eyes were puffy looking and his pale fleshy face had swollen lines to it and his mouth was drawn aside showing his darkened teeth.

She remembered that he had impressed her mother as a prig who hated women to make their faces up. She rubbed her mouth with her fingers. She told him to get out.

Then he relaxed.

He became genial and gentle.

He assured her that she was right; he was wrong; he

would be perfectly charming from now on. She turned and opened the door and went downstairs in the dark.

Her head was full of pity for the memories she had of her favorite sister Myrtle. This had been her husband!

He paused upstairs a moment at the banister, and then hurried in an oldening man's skip down the hall to his room, where he would be in case Bess roused Agnes, and made accusations.

But Bess went to the kitchen and drank some water and sat at the table in the dark, looking out the window to the rich and scented darkness over the summer mesa.

What is to become of me, she thought. Then she impatiently threw off such an attitude, and feeling stronger than all the cripples in this house put together, she went back upstairs and locked her door and went to bed, to sleep on her resolve.

In the morning she asked Agnes what kind of a job they could get for her. Agnes laughed bleakly and lifted and dropped her glasses at their place on her nose, and said there was to be no job.

"You're supposed to take care of Mama. I can't do both, God knows. LeRoy does his part and more than his share."

It was left at that for a while.

But the old woman actually enjoyed her infinitely slow progress around the first floor of the house. Bess trying to wait on her and help would be refused and sulked at; and out of the sulking would come a long and bitter chronicle of the years Bess had been away from home, scoldings and recriminations, all full of fanciful ideas that only an old and dying woman could think of, conceptions of evil and sly malice that had an innocent and fearful appositeness to the very sort of life Bess had struggled independently with. It was at last too much.

One night just before going to bed, she turned on the light, and with her other hand, not looking, swung the door to behind her. Then she saw LeRoy in the mirror. He had been hiding there, and he locked her to him as they stood, both their faces staring in the mirror. She swung her arms and knocked off the things on the bureau. She cried out and kicked and raged. But though they heard the steps coming, he was still there when Agnes threw open the door and found them.

So for an hour the house was draughty with the winds of fury and jealousy and despair. Throughout the quarrel that blew on and on in the upstairs hall, came the piteous and hungry cry from Mrs. Warren marooned down at the foot of the stairs, crying in her huge whisper "What did she do; what did she do?" while Agnes wept and raged at LeRoy and Bess alternately, and was comforted by him and told bitter truths by her.

At last Bess said,

"I'm going down tomorrow and get a job hashing. I'm clearing out of this house."

She went to her room and slammed the door and locked it. Then she started to pack. She packed in half an hour, and fully dressed, she sat down on her bed to watch for the dawn.

But Agnes was waiting when she opened her door carefully at five o'clock.

"You can't do that, Bess. It's not fair to any of us. LeRoy won't — again. It's taken me twelve years to get my position where I've got it, and the girls in the club, and all." She started to whimper and then cry, fearing to lose the precious and inadequate substitutes she had for the rich materials of womanly life. "They'd all know about it. Oh, Bess!"

This weakness and its motive sickened Bess, and she

went down the stairs with her own eyes glazed and wav-
ered by tears of emotion and fatigue. At her mother's
door, she hesitated a second; but she could hear the
windy breathing of the old woman in sleep; and opening
the front door, she went out and started walking to
town with her suitbox, her two suitcases, and her life.

IT WAS brightening quickly, and before she had gone
far the sun lifted through the trees in the street. Some
early cars were moving downtown. For the first time
since her return, she was aware of this as her town.

When she hit the business district, she walked a little
slower, and looked into windows as she went. Her walk-
ing was difficult, and she was exhausted after the night
of unresolved strife at home; but when she approached
the Monarch Café, she smartened her stride, and walked
a little taller. Her face was thin but she smiled and it was
pretty, with her make-up carefully applied. She wore a
little hat over one eye and a blue suit with a white ruffle
at the breast.

A boy was hosing the sidewalk in front of the Monarch
as she came there; he stepped aside for her and smiled at
her thoughtlessly and frankly. She smiled back and went
into the restaurant.

They were evidently just opening up for the morning.
The early sunlight made a golden fire against the great
plate-glass windows of the café, behind which pyramids
of oranges and grapefruits stood like mounds of little suns.
The doors to the kitchen were still open, because it was so
early and no customers present. Some man was singing
while making a rhythmic noise of work somewhere back
there. Bess set her baggage down and looked around at
the walls tiled waist high, and the gleaming black and
chromium eating-counter, and the great steam vats for

coffee shining black and white with light, and the oaken framed refrigerator with glass sides where fruit and perishables were kept. She had never had a job in a café as new and gleaming as this one. When the man came out of the kitchen and let the swinging door slam soundlessly to and fro behind him, her legs began to tremble, but she went toward him with her hands clasped in front of her with her purse and asked him if he needed a hasher.

He was a youngish fellow in a white shirt, and he was drying his hands and arms with a large towel while he stood and listened to her. He looked her over very carefully, and when she was finished, he said he didn't know.

"We're trying to keep our overhead down. I don't know. We just had this place done over, and it took a lot of money."

"I've worked in cafés in Amarillo, and Denver," she said. "El Paso, Sweetwater; once I worked in a Harvey House for six months, till they closed out the meal time trains on that branch line. I'd sure like to work here. It sure is a pretty place. You've sure fixed it up nice."

She looked around to avoid seeing the expression of refusal on his face.

"What are you doing out so early?" he asked, with a quality of interest instead of curiosity.

"Well, my folks . . . I decided suddenly to get a job, and thought if I got here around opening time, I'd stand a better chance."

"Have you had breakfast?"

"No."

"O.K. You can have breakfast and give me a chance to think it over. My name is Spud Mallory. You just order what you like, the other girl'll be here in a few minutes. What's your name?"

"Bess Warren," she said, deciding against giving a false

name that might have spared Agnes some embarrassment.

"O.K. — I'll be back in a little while. Now mind, don't expect a job right off. I'll have to think it over."

He nodded to her and she sat down at one of the swivel chairs with the red leather and chromium back to its seat. Mallory went out the café at the front, rolling down his shirtsleeves. She watched him. She saw him glance at himself in the brightly shined windows of his restaurant, and duck his head a little, and smooth down his hair as if before a mirror. He thought comfortably well of himself. She liked his looks. He had a healthy looking face with black hair and a big mouth. In a moment he was out of sight beyond the windows, walking up the street to the corner. He had now to make the decision that he had been courting ever since the beginning of summer. The tourist traffic was getting heavier, he thought. Some days they were rushed at the Monarch, with only him, and Flora, the other girl, and Albert, the boy who helped. He could afford to take another girl on if the trade kept up, at least till fall. He liked the looks of the girl who came in this morning.

Bess was still eating when he got back. She was talking to Flora, the red-headed hasher who had been with him four years now. Flora had a face like one of the dolls in a Punch and Judy show, that kind of nose and mouth, and small eye and permanent smile between her great beak and her up-pointed chin. She was wearing the lemon-yellow and brown uniform he had got for her. When she saw Spud coming back, she went across to the opposite side of the horseshoe-shaped counter and began to fold fresh napkins.

Bess was afraid to look up.

But Spud came back of the counter through the lift-

door beside the cash register up front, and stood in front of her. She saw his blue serge trousers, and that was all.

"Well," he said finally, "what have you been getting."

Without looking up, she kept her fingers on her coffee cup, and said,

"Fifteen a week and tips."

"I'll give you twelve-fifty to start. If the trade keeps up, I'll raise you to fifteen. I'll get you a uniform like Flora's. I see you girls got together all right."

Now Bess looked up.

"All right, that'll be fine; can I start today?"

He said yes, she could. Then he smiled at her in a very friendly way, and she wondered if she'd have any trouble with him, and then she thought it wouldn't matter much, he wasn't so bad. And thoughts of Alec recurred to her, and she felt free again to think of him, now that she was alone again; and she could even think about going back there one day, except that she'd be a cock-eyed fool to think that would do her any good.

Spud went back to the kitchen and Flora turned around across the way and without words, interrogated Bess like a red-crested bird, with an eye cocked for caution, saying silently, "Well, did he? Didja?"

And Bess replied the same way, with a vigorous nod, "Yes, I got the job."

Flora closed her eyes and flapped her chin in a violently expressive satisfaction. It would be much pleasanter for her to have another girl to work with her, and with this tourist rush on, it would be easier on all of them, too.

When she was done with breakfast, Bess took her dishes to the kitchen, and there met the cook, a tremendous negro with a white cap and pink rayon underwear shirt showing above his vast bellied apron. Spud was talking to him, and he motioned her to wait.

The kitchen was dark and had little windows high up in the walls. But it was scrubbed, and the sink boards and the baking table, all showed the velvety nap of scrubbed unpainted wood, a pale sand color that felt soft when you touched it. The stove was a long iron-hooded box on which great kettles were already boiling.

Presently Spud left the cook and came and gave her instructions. She was to help right away serving the breakfast customers that began to come in. It was now about six-thirty. After that, mid-morning, she could go with Flora to buy her uniform. Flora would show her how to get along. She could arrange with Flora about who was to stay from two until four. There was not much point having them both there then. It was the slackest time every day. She listened to these plans with some eagerness. She even reflected that to get back to what you were used to was all that mattered in being happy.

She may have looked tired, as Flora told her she did, but she felt happier than she had for weeks.

She knew Spud was watching her that first day, from his place at the cash register. She was pretty and she was on to the routine. He saw how customers acted pleased about something they couldn't have specified when she served them. It was just that she had an agreeable way of coming into touch with them.

At noon there was a heavy rush. Several cars drew up, and from the back of the café, they could all see through the wide windows that they were tourist cars, with licenses from Indiana. Presently the tourist party came in, the women in khaki riding pants, black stockings, shirtwaists and caps or eyeshades; the men in white linen golf knickers and sweaters. The town rush was on, too, and Flora and Bess were helped at the serving by Spud. The Monarch was running like a machine, with everybody

knowing just what to do at the right time and place. The thick glasses of ice-water were never more than half empty. The squares of iced butter piled up and overlapped on the plate edges. The customers looked around, and in their various ways, declared to each other that this certainly was an attractive place to strike in the middle of a long hot day's motoring.

After lunch, Spud said he was going to be gone till five.

When he disappeared, Flora said she had a headache, and if it was all right with Bess, she was going home at two and be back at four. Bess could go the next day, and so on, after that.

"All right," said Bess. She was almost trembling from tiredness; but this was her first day; she could make a friend or enemy of Flora right now. She saw that Flora was vain and selfish, but also, like a child, liable to be affectionately grateful for favors. Flora went out saying, "Goodbye, dear: see you after my nap:" and Bess was left in the hot mid-afternoon and sleepy hours of the Monarch's day.

She saw that the counters were all clean and ordered. Then she folded a dozen more napkins and had them ready. Then she looked into the coffee urn and found plenty on hand. Then she went and sat down to rest a moment behind the big oak and glass refrigerator. Her feet were smarting and she felt aches in her shoulders and neck. But she considered herself lucky to have a job in such an agreeable place; to have got it so easily; and to know that regardless of what forces tried from the outside to affect her life, she was still able to cherish her independence and make the best of whatever came along.

After all, he had told her to come.

The only difference now was that though she still had her dream lover, she didn't have a boy friend.

She shuddered recalling LeRoy.

How tired she was she only began to realize when she almost fell asleep, sitting right there at the counter, with her eyes open, but the bright cloudy images of dreams moving behind them. Her heart settled a little with content and peace at the beautiful likeness of Pharos there.

It must have been some time after three when she heard a car squeal slowly to a stop in front of the Monarch. She looked awake with a jerk, and caught a glimpse of some tourist-looking people getting slowly out and stretching. Then they turned and looked over the front of the Monarch. She stood up, and as she heard them enter the restaurant, she went back to the kitchen to ask the cook if they had any or all of the items on the special luncheon still available. He told her there was only the Spanish omelette still available; and she went back to the serving table by the coffee urn to pick up the menu cards.

The tourists had come in and were sitting at the counter up front.

She heard one of them speak, and then be answered.

The answer was in a voice that she swore to herself she could never forget. She waited and listened a second before turning to look; not that the look would prove anything. But the voice spoke again, and she said to herself, "That *is* Pharos, what in the world, how could he be here, what does he look like!"

She was overcome by diffidence and panic. She fumbled at the cards and napkins longer than necessary; but her heart was beating fast, and she didn't want to turn to see him, she was shy and scared before the man who had had so much to do with changing her whole life, and she

felt that right now, she had no secrets from him, who sat there speaking in that fateful voice of his about the mileage they had made since leaving Kansas.

But at last she turned and walked up the aisle toward them, and set down the three glasses of ice-water and the three napkins.

Then she looked at them, handing them the menu cards.

In the middle was a stout woman about thirty-six, with blonde hair like yellow hard candy. Her face was made of a series of low mounds of flesh, highly rouged. She was wearing a yellow linen coat. She seemed to be holding a pose of excessive refinement and to be irritated by something.

On each side of her sat a fairly small man. One of these had a heavy looking head, with black hair that grew far back from his brow and was brushed flat. His face was a cream-white, and his pale blue eyes had thick furry black lashes. His eyelids were sleepy looking and swollen. His jaws were powder-blue from shaving his heavy beard. His upper lip stuck out over his lower one. He had a thin beaked nose, which he was now rubbing with one of his plump short fingers. He wore no coat; only a white silk shirt with the collar open. His shoulders and stomach sagged forward and heavy from fat. He looked tired and either like an old man miraculously young, or a man of thirty degenerated in body long before his time.

The other man was a younger and more positive person, with black kinky hair and a look of discontent. He scowled and pulled at one ear and his thick oiled-looking eyes glared from his menu to Bess and back several times.

Outside, beyond the window, was their car.

It was a bright yellow Packard sedan with black lettering on the rear door. It read:

(PHAROS
Prophet of the Air
RADIO
STATION
WBBZ

“All right, Minnie, what’ll it be?” demanded the younger man.

No, Bess thought, that wasn’t the voice.

The woman threw down her menu, and smoothed her eyelids with her fingers that had scarlet varnished nails.

“I can’t eat a thing, you wouldn’t stop, and you wouldn’t stop, and now I’m not hungry any more.— Make it some dry toast and an order of mayonnaise and some tea. — And make it snappy.”

“Yes ma’am,” said Bess.

“How about it, Doc?” said the same man, leaning and slapping the other man behind Minnie’s back to get his mind made up.

“I’ll have the Spanish omelette,” was the reply, in that voice. It was Pharos himself. His voice was just the same, furred along the edges, it seemed, and now in life, full of a special inquiring kind of elegance missing on the radio. “What’ll you have, Frank?”

“Bring me a hamburger and coffee,” said Frank, and sat back, and looked around the room with unseeing disapproval.

There was no one else in the café.

They got their food and ate it, talking loudly.

Bess served them dumbly, gazing whenever she could at Pharos, who sat with a dumped sort of look on his swivel chair, eating his food like a starving muskrat, biting, and looking up, his lips engaging the flavor of the food with eagerness, his hands like soft paws meeting at his mouth, his shoulders sloping down to his sag-flowing

body. Bess saw that he had two diamond rings on, one on each little finger. He made little extra flourishes with his hands when he moved them in eating or talking.

She caught his eyes looking at her several times. It was not ever a look of interest or all-seeing; it was rather a look of wondering whether she knew who he was. Once or twice he bridled with a vaudeville actor's kind of charm when she set something down before him.

She could hear what they were talking about.

They were talking about going to California.

They were on their way to Hollywood.

Pharos was to appear in a moving picture.

The big yellow Packard stood outside advertising the journey.

Bess would serve them as they needed her and then go back and stand waiting.

She felt cheated.

She watched them eating, and their attitudes with each other were those of long association, boredom and unceasing quarrel. They looked hot.

Pharos had to cover his mouth with his napkin several times because his food wasn't exactly agreeing with him. He would look sad and surprised, and then attack his food again, his narrow little mouth feeling for the food on his fork with enthusiasm and unwisdom.

The big blonde woman finished long before the two men, and she leaned back and lighted a cigarette.

"If you two don't quit this wrangling, I'll go nuts," she declared. "I've heard nothing *but* since we left home. I'd of taken the train if I'd known."

"Listen, you're lucky to be along, and you know it," said Frank.

"Don't chou pay any attenchun to him, Minn," said Pharos. "I can't travel without my secatary."

He raised his voice a trifle on the last sentence so Bess could hear it. He watched her for the scrap of interest he might expect her to show at this.

"Well, you certny can't travel without me," said Frank. "What if we let you drive; where'd you be then?"

Pharos waved to Bess. She came down the aisle.

"Have you any banana cream pie?" he asked.

As she answered, both the others began objecting.

"Now, Doc, remember what it did to you in Dodge City; if I have to sit up all night tonight in some hotel just to keep your indigestion com'pny; honest, listen, lay off will you?"

But Pharos didn't heed them, and allowed Bess to bring him the pie.

With disgust they watched him eat it, shrugging off any responsibility for what might follow.

Bess stood there up the aisle, watching too.

If life could hold anything stranger than this for her, she couldn't imagine what it was.

Was this the man who had put her where she was today?

Yes, she felt cheated.

She was ashamed that she had ever listened to him. She wondered at first why he looked at her so curiously, and she had some start like guilt in her that he was reading her through and through, even perhaps destroying her destiny and substituting something else for it. But her better sense told her as a woman that he was looking at her with the kind of vanity she had seen in other men, much of the same type; a vanity that demanded as its due the knowledge of what other people thought about him. She kept her face grave and avoided his easily turning stare.

"All right," said Frank, at last, "as soon as we get to

Hollywood and I arrange the percentage cuts the way they go, as your manager, I'm through. I'll see to your contrac'. And that'll let me out. I'll go back to WBBZ and run the studio while you *make* your sappy pitcha. — I ben against it from the first."

"Oh, shut up, Frank," said the blonde Minnie, leaning her head on her hands. "Cantcha see I got a headache? — Don't carry on like this with that girl standing there!"

Pharos finished his pie, and gestured for the check with his fingers tapered and closed, like the hands of the women who danced the hootchy-kootchy in sideshows.

Bess brought the check.

Frank reached over and grabbed it, and spotted it with exactly the right change, not including any tip.

Bess watched them impassively.

They started to the door. Then Pharos turned and came back.

"I forgot to get a cigar."

He moved to the cigar counter and picked out one and she brought out the box.

He smiled at her and she said to herself that it gave her the creeps.

He stood there. Outside, Minnie had climbed into the yellow car, and Frank made a lavish despairing gesture about Pharos.

"Do you ever listen to the radio?" asked Pharos.

Bess blushed and her powdery make-up deepened as the blood veiled to her cheeks.

She nodded.

"You listen to WBBZ," he said. "At nine-fifteen every night, your time, you can hear my programs. — Here is my name."

He took a pencil from beside the cash register and picked up a menu card and turned it over.

With the flourish of one who bestows what only he can bestow, Pharos autographed the menu and put the date.

Then, having done what he had waited for her to ask him to do, he smiled at her with his strange ageless face and stroking his stomach with memories of feeding, he went out to the car and climbed into the back seat and slammed the door.

He leaned down out of sight for a second, and then came up, holding a purple bundle that he put on his head and nodded at Bess, through the windows as if to say, "You see?" It was his turban.

She saw Frank, the driver, talk angrily to Pharos for the delay.

Then the big yellow car backed into the street, and flapping with wind in the exhaust pipe, went off on the highway.

Before it was gone, she had torn the autographed menu into little bits.

Even though she was alone, she was embarrassed by the dry searing shame that blushed so red on her cheeks. It was like being discovered in some dishonesty or evil to have the secret joy of life destroyed so cruelly. After the shame, came bewilderment, and if she was wrong to come here and put so much faith in Pharos, her dream lover, what could she do now? What could she believe in?

When Flora came back after four, Bess said she had to go out for a few minutes; so urgently and drily that Flora stared at her and questioned silently with her huge mouth. But Bess was gone.

At the bus station they gave her the information she needed. The southbound bus came through at eleven, and took on passengers.

To go back! to undo! was her instinct.

So when she left that night, Mr. Mallory and Flora said to each other that she certainly was a queer one; and Bess thought so, too, herself; not knowing if Alec would ever look at her again; or whether she could get her job back; or whether you should ever try to start over in a place you never done no good in; but when the bus left, she was inside, peering ahead through the dark with the light of the front lamps. As the engine gained speed, to conquer distance, its mechanical want, her own hope of the future came alive in her, and she sat leaning forward in the rushing bus.

Book Reviews

THE LAST PURITAN. By George Santayana. Scribner's, \$2.75.
OBITER SCRIPTA. By George Santayana. Scribner's, \$2.50.

THE success of this beautiful novel gives a satisfying pleasure to the admirers of George Santayana's work, a group of devotees steadily growing in number during the last twenty-five years. That so thoughtful and fastidious a writer should suddenly reach what seems a nation-wide audience encourages one to believe that the art of good writing is coming into its own, and substance and fineness of thought are appreciated.

For some time those of us who have the privilege of knowing Mr. Santayana only through his books have guessed that he would sooner or later write a novel. In his finest philosophical writing there was always the accent of living speech, a tendency toward the dramatic. His recent experiments in dialogue confirmed our impression that he would eventually attempt more than the socratic form, and portray characters for their own sake. This is what he has done in this long and leisured story reserving, of course, the rights of his temperament to philosophize, indulging in long soliloquies when he chooses, departing from the strict mold of the novel when it suits him to wander, but at other times matching himself with the most vigorous and economical story-tellers in living portraits and unforgettable scenes.

It is no discrediting of the book to suspect that many of its readers were attracted by the title. Any novelist of experience would recognize the almost malicious adroitness which named the story "The Last Puritan." Some of us would be sorry if puritanism came to an end; others would be relieved; and still others would have an amiable curiosity to learn what it looked like as it departed, if indeed it has gone out. The title has caught us all.

It is also no discrediting of the book to say that there is little in it about puritanism. The story is of dislocated spirits who cannot recover a natural attitude to the world in which they were born, but it was not puritanism which dislocated

them. In essence they are fine spirits, but with a better equipment to philosophize than to live. They try to convince themselves that the best way to live is to philosophize, but they are not convinced, and neither is the reader. They happen to be born in New England but they would have been dislocated spirits even though they had been born in Europe. They make their experiments in living on both sides of the Atlantic, but find themselves a little ghostly everywhere.

The picture of the Boston and the Cambridge which Mr. Santayana knew is remarkably vivid, with the biting truth of actual memories, and the characters he describes seem to be people he has known. It would be aside from the mark to complain that they are not typical. Which of our friends and acquaintances is remembered for being typical? Whatever is dramatic in our memory is likely to be exceptional. Those readers of the book who are distressed because they find here little to match their conception of yesterday's New England or today's, have forgotten what art is, and particularly what autobiography must be.

The universal note in the book, the truth that lifts it above the interest of merely personal recollections, is the problem which Mr. Santayana assigns to Oliver, his hero, and to Oliver's father, Peter, who throughout the story has an equal share in our interest. The father in his youth was fairly on the way to a full and happy life, but a tragic accident in college days crippled his soul. Engaged in an undergraduate prank, he was the cause of a man's death, and though no one doubted his innocence, he had to live with the memory. It took the heart out of him. For the rest of his days his keen and energetic mind could be active in study, in scientific research, in analysis of human beings beginning with himself, but the blood on his hands made him sensitive and cynical. How, with such a start, could he lead a good life?

He had an elder brother, Nathaniel, portrayed by Mr. Santayana with wicked delight, a conventional and stupid man of affairs, a pillar of society to whom the real humanities were a closed book. Nathaniel represents all that is vicious in the settled and the successful. He can make money and preserve the family fortune, even for his less worldly relatives. Thanks largely to him, Peter and Oliver are so well provided

for that they can float through life in a sort of economic vacuum. The little matter of earning their living never interrupts their quest of a good life. Yet though they owe this soft privilege to Nathaniel, we like Nathaniel none the better, and should be glad to blame him and his influence for any insufficiencies in their career.

In fairness, however, we must observe that the novelist did not lay at Nathaniel's door the troubles of Peter and Oliver. Until that unlucky homicide, Peter was more than a match for his elder brother, and Oliver, we suspect, would have found the same difficulties in living well even though he had had a different kind of uncle.

In a weary cynical moment when his youth was gone Peter married an admirable efficient woman, a cold-blooded creature full of virtues but without a soul. If we conclude that she represents puritanism we are hasty. Like Nathaniel or Peter or Oliver, she occurs under all philosophies. She is an eternal liability of any long established world. Being without vision, she admires and reinforces the local code of etiquette rather than the moral universe, and she is sustained not by dreams nor by faith, but by self-respect.

Of both his parents Oliver is aware, and though he loves his father he can take neither father nor mother for a model. As he grows into manhood he embarks on his own quest for perfection, trying to do only what is right, what is true, what is beautiful. Because his standard is so high he finds it possible to do little. He is not a prig; inheriting his father's charm and his father's essential love of life, he becomes dear to all his friends. Moreover, he is not what some of us would call a puritan, unless all artists and philosophers are puritans. The desire for perfection is in him less a compulsion to obey a moral code than an urge to achieve beauty. We suspect as we finish the book that his problem is Mr. Santayana's, and it has not occurred to any of us to call Mr. Santayana a puritan.

The element of plot in the novel is not strong, and Mr. Santayana seems unwilling to make the ordinary usage of what plot he has. The killing of the janitor in the college chapel, for example, a potential scene of great importance, is not dramatized. A few lines sum up the incident for us. All the ordinary collisions of human conduct involving love or hate

are omitted or merely glanced at. But when the author has a chance to show intelligence or stupidity in action, he gives us the scene in full.

We ought to qualify the phrase, "in action." It would be better to say "in conversation." When Uncle Nathaniel, for example, is perplexed about young Peter's education — in boyhood, before the janitor-killing — he calls in Dr. Hand, a witty and irreverent physician, who talks more sense than you'll meet in a decade of novels. The resulting scene of friendly counsel is of course pure conversation, and the doctor at one point makes quite a speech, a small essay on the bringing up of the natural male, but it is drama of the truest kind, exciting and revealing. You know that the doctor agrees with Nathaniel as little as Nathaniel agrees with him, yet each allows the other's place in the world, as gentlemen will.

Dr. Hand is perhaps the most attractive character in the book. Close to him comes Mark Lowe, who conducts the Wyoming Camp for Backward Lads, to which Peter is sent. Mr. Lowe has the habit of talking informally to his boys, a lay kind of preaching from which the quotations in the novel seem altogether too few.

Just as a woman is quite as good as a man, if she doesn't try to be like him, so a backward lad is quite as good as a forward lad, or even better, if his backwardness convinces him that a man can be as near to God in the last and hindermost pew in church as in the first stall in the choir. Therefore don't be offended if this camp is called the backward lads' camp: it is a term of affection, and there is a sacred text which I rejoice to repeat in secret: "The last shall be first."

The third character we are sure to like is the English steward whom Peter in his later years employs on his yacht, and who teaches Oliver at least to observe some of the crude wisdom of men who have gone in for immediate experience. "Lord Jim," as Peter calls him, was like Peter himself well born, and like Peter dislocated, at least socially, by an unhappy incident, but Lord Jim has blood in his veins and becomes a philosopher while taking part in the human struggle instead of maintaining an ivory tower, or a sea-going yacht. Oliver recognizes the validity of Lord Jim's kind of wisdom, though the emulation of it is beyond him.

These characters are notable in the story because they are men of action and they are beautifully portrayed. The least philosophical of novelists would be proud to have produced them. They give balance to the anæmic careers of Oliver and his father, and prove, if we needed proof, that Mr. Santayana observes the complete world.

To speak of this book and not mention its admirable style would be unforgivable. One must at least say that here Mr. Santayana writes as he has always written, with a brilliance born not of rhetoric but of a faithful matching of speech to the perceptions of an exquisite mind. The style is as good as it has always been; heaven knows how it could be better.

“Obiter Scripta” is a welcome assemblage of various papers published by Mr. Santayana during the last thirty years. There is no formal unity in the collection, but each of the items is a favorite of some Santayana enthusiast, and we have wanted them all in accessible publication. Several of the chapters are slight, but none the less important. Now that the novel is in our hands, we are glad to read again the little dramas entitled “Overheard in Seville,” which disclose the philosopher on the way to becoming a direct portrayer of life.

The present reviewer prizes most in this volume the essay on Hamlet, long hidden away in a limited edition, and the address on Herbert Spencer entitled “The Unknowable.” One would hardly expect new light on Shakespeare’s much studied play, and Mr. Santayana offers no discoveries of the historical or textual kind dear to professors of literature, but he gives us a lesson in inspired reading. His careful comments on the characters or the scenes draw their illumination from life rather than from books, and they do the play the great but unusual compliment of treating it like a living thing, noticing the manner of the persons as they enter or leave the stage, measuring their silences and reticences as well as their words and actions, guessing at their motives, as though they were our universal contemporaries in an adjoining room, and we gazing at them through the window. Few critical writings in our time illustrate a more natural or a more admirable approach to a work of art.

The address on Spencer may or may not be acceptable to the professional philosopher; the present reviewer, not being a

professional philosopher, doesn't much care. It is enough for him to rejoice in these astounding pages of felicitous wit. Some passages cling to the memory like happy music.

Of course this epic movement, as Spencer describes it, is but a human perspective; he instinctively imposes his grandiloquent rhythms on things as he does his ponderous Latin vocabulary, or as Empedocles or Lucretius imposed their hexameters; but that is the case with every human system; it is and can be nothing but human discourse. Science and philosophy cast a net of words into the sea of being, happy in the end if they draw anything out besides the net itself, with some holes in it. The meshes of Spencer's net were not subtle; a thousand amiable human things slipped through them like water, and compared with the studied entanglements of more critical systems, his seem scandalously coarse and wide: yet they caught the big fish.

JOHN ERSKINE

I WRITE AS I PLEASE. By Walter Duranty. Simon and Schuster, \$3.50.

THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR. By Negley Farson. Harcourt Brace, \$3.00.

FARSON traveled and observed. Duranty traveled and penetrated. The one was always successfully escaping from dullness or defeat. The other doesn't seem to have realized the existence of either.

Farson has written a tale of personal adventure at the pace of a Sabatini, with occasional and surprising lingerings by the pools of sentiment and nature described in rainbow prose. Duranty has written the story of a fifteen-year newspaper assignment, in personal terms, with the gifts of a humanistic thinker and a literary man. Both of them deal largely with Russia: Farson with the pre-Lenin surface, Duranty with the surface, soil and subsoil of 1921-1935. If, by the appearance of this review, any reader has neglected to collect both books, he should do so at once, for the sake of his mind, his soul and his body.

The books come together to this reviewer, and there is reason. Not because Russia and the Russians fill so many of their numerous pages. Not because both men saw things and

lived in times and places which invest our fireside dreams. They do not belong together, moreover, because Farson and Durany have worked as foreign correspondents for newspapers. Their real affinity lies in the fact that, one because of temperament, the other because of a philosophic evolution, determined to live as they pleased.

Duranty's bargain with destiny is the key to him and to what he has done — a major person and a major achievement. When he was lying in a French hospital with a gangrenous foot in 1924 he said to himself: "If I get back, I shall do as I please and think as I please and write as I please, without fear or favor." From the moment, soon after the World War, when Duranty became familiar with William Ryall (Bolitho) — that creature, half Hermes, half Mercutius, who blazed through contemporary journalism like a comet and vanished as quickly into the dark — Bolitho had urged Duranty to do just that. But not until the hand of death reached hard for him did he come to the strength of that purpose. The results were: a life worth the telling, a book in which the telling is worthily done, the making of an unusual man, a supreme achievement in journalism.

Bolitho was then a roving correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* and not yet the guest columnist of *The World* in New York who dazzled its readers with his brilliance and shook them with his penetration. He used to say to Duranty: "Never analyze events in history without first analyzing yourself. Think with your mind, not with your hopes or fears or wishes." Until he went to Russia in 1921, Duranty had not succeeded in that. He was a good reporter and a brilliant writer. But not yet had he developed that indifference to "blood, squalor, fear and pity" which the great reporter must find. The great reporter must sense and indicate the drift of events in observing the happenings of the day. Subjectiveness is the bar to that achievement. When Duranty, as he tells in his book, put that as far aside as most people are able to do, and sat down to watch the Soviet experiment, he was equipped for his task and for his achievement.

What was the achievement, to be pieced out in the Moscow correspondence of the *New York Times* over fifteen years? It was to write the best and truest and most prescient account of

the rise and triumph of the Soviet State against the predictions of all the world. It was, among other specifications, to see that Stalin would contest with and triumph over Trotzky when Lenin was dead. It was to realize that NEP was not a surrender of communism to capitalism, but the development of the Soviet theory into practical state collectivism — the only complete human one, as Duranty says, since the time of the Incas, but well-known always to the ants and the bees. It was to understand Russia (which he says he never did until he went to China) and to fathom the workings of a social experiment by people who did not put human life "at the top of the list of sacred things." It was, finally, to write the best account of a newspaper job that this reviewer has seen.

To accomplish his task Duranty wrote what he calls "interpretative news articles," a form of journalism essential to distant understanding of a confused scene, as every Washington correspondent under the New Deal well realizes. This is often assailed as "editorializing" in the news columns — a journalistic crime if done with stealth and with the intent to deceive, a journalistic virtue if performed openly and with the intent to inform. This is the type of writing which President Roosevelt especially dislikes — from Washington — but which, from Moscow, as he has repeatedly indicated to Duranty, he views with enthusiastic praise. The very fact the President welcomes interpretative news despatches from a confused and distant scene is the best testimony in their favor.

The survey above has failed to dwell upon the charm of Duranty's style, the color and variety of his adventures and experiences, and their narrative skill and interest. All are present. It is a book for everyone, as the continued size and scope of the sales attest.

Farson does not look inward at himself or at his experiences. His philosophy is light, personal and scantily indicated. The things he saw he sings, and does not dig for reasons. Almost everything happened to him that befalls a living man. Experiences bright and painful lay in wait for him. He knew everybody, saw everything, and evaluated nothing. He would not live a conventional life, and he did not. His youth was incident, upset and change, and his life so continued. People he found wholly explainable, as he finds himself, their variances

depending upon the degree in which they possess or lack the human components.

He was a bad salesmen of small things, a remarkable salesman of large ones. He was a college athlete who never lost the consciousness of his tall, strong body and its well-being, of the love for the sports of wave, stream and field. His tall, strong body flashes on almost every page in his awareness of it. After he had passed through a series of *Gil Blas* adventures, been a man-about-town and a man-about-women in the bedlam that was Petrograd in 1915-1917, crashed in Egypt as a British army aviator, lived a trapper's life with his wife in British Columbia, and sailed across Europe in a small boat from the North to the Black Sea (his first newspaper assignment), he was a foreign correspondent in the more formal sense for eleven years. He lost his job (he always lost them) and so he wrote a book about what he had seen and done. It is a yarn for the bed lamp, the hayloft, the wind-swept deck. More than six hundred pages, it does not run out of the stuff of fascination.

To read Farson's picture of czarist, then Kerensky Russia, and to follow this with Duranty's picture of the rise of Lenin's state, is to be translated on a magic carpet to the amphitheatre of history. If Duranty is more deftly literary, Farson has his inspirations too: "Egypt, a colored strip of yellow camps along the blue Mediterranean, burning nights and cool dawns of the desert, the unsatisfying mockery of our own lives!" One is the body, the other the spirit of rich experience. *Genus homo* demonstrates that each has its necessary function.

Farson expresses all manner of opinions which come from himself and from the more than six feet of corporate being which, without offense, so suffuse his account. He likes England to live in better than his own land. He despises the corruption of czarist Russia and the state tyranny of Soviet Russia. He admires John Reed and pays homage to Victor Lawson, his Chicago editor, men whose journalistic ideals were as unlike as fire and skim-milk. From New Jersey, where he was born in the house of the insurgent Union general and debt-despiser who was his grandfather, to England, Scandinavia, Russia, Egypt, India and Afghanistan, Farson muscled his impatient way, observing and taking nothing apart. Of

this he has written so extraordinarily well as to excuse the one or two lapses into proudful carnality provoked by that same consciousness of that same tall, strong body.

His grandfather (who leaves the book too early for this reviewer), court-martialed for defiant brilliance at Chattanooga, is the true sire of these adventures.

ARTHUR KROCK

NO VILLAIN NEED BE. By Vardis Fisher. Doubleday Doran, \$2.50.

A TETRALOGY concerned with present-day life in the United States which remains to the end a puzzling combination of obvious talent for fiction, extreme egocentricity, an honest search for the meaning of life and loose thinking, comes to an end with Vardis Fisher's "No Villain Need Be." Like its three predecessors, "In Tragic Life," "Passions Spin the Plot," and "We Are Betrayed," it takes its title from a poem of George Meredith's, quoted here for the light it throws upon Mr. Fisher's theme:

" 'Tis morning: but no morning can restore
What we have forfeited. I see no sin:
The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within."

Mr. Fisher received many warm and unrestrained compliments for the earlier parts of his autobiographical attempt to write himself out of his inner difficulties, and while there has never been a time during the progress of the book when I should not have had my reservations about its merits, I am sure that not even its most ardent proponents would now insist that it is a well-rounded piece of work.

As I see it, the first two parts, dealing with the earlier years of the central figure, Vridar Hunter, were the closest to sound fiction, and while nobody would have chosen to read either for pleasure, they both had much genuine power and originality. The suffering of Vridar in his efforts to break through his sexual frustrations was at times almost unbearable, but there was an underlying honesty of purpose behind it all that helped

to overcome its defects and made one willing to bear with everything else.

With "We Are Betrayed," however, in which Neloa, Vridar's wife, killed herself after her discovery that Vridar had been untrue to her with Athene, the book began definitely to go to pieces artistically, and this process is completed in volume four. There is no justification whatever for the loose and scattered ending of the work; no good reason for the introduction of a series of perfectly sophomoric letters about Europe at the culminating point of the novel when Vridar is about to reveal to his readers the result of his long and desperate search.

Mr. Fisher might answer to this criticism that art is less important than life, which is one of the many statements concerning art that are to be found in the present volume. It is really no answer at all; nothing could be more fatal to an author's attempt to communicate his meaning to others than this deliberate failure to take into account the obligation to give his work as much coherence as possible, to use form as a means of communication, and not to deceive himself into thinking that he is being more honest than anybody else merely by discarding the conventions of the novel. It is a school of thinking, I know, but its fundamental assumptions seem to me wholly false.

The present novel follows Vridar through his period of adjustment after the death of Neloa, who remains the outstanding character in the book to me, and why she didn't kill herself sooner as an escape from having to listen to Vridar's interminable conversations about himself and the universe, remains somewhat of a mystery. It tells us about his adventures as a professor in a Mormon college, with an abundance of comment on the hypocrisies of the American educational system, and it follows him to New York and the Bohemian literary scene, even allowing him a brief experiment at psycho-analyzing people in trouble and setting them on the right track with an uncanny, even incredible, success.

Then follow the letters from Europe, and a long letter to an Irish friend of Vridar's, in which Vridar explains why he is not a communist and really sets the stage for a revelation a little later of what he considers the Great Truth he has come upon

in his seven solid years of investigating himself. The conclusions he reaches are that he is "a completely selfish and vain and greedy animal" and that there can never be any real peace in the world for the individual and the mass until all men are equally honest with themselves and equally willing to discard the ancient hypocrisies.

Back home in his own western country again with his two children, Lincoln and Keats — only a supreme egotism could be responsible for such names — Vridar reveals his plan for a better world, the philosophy of which I have already suggested. It is that when we have at last abandoned self-pity, we shall learn "to love life simply and fully, with neither self-contempt nor self-glorification," and embracing truth, at last reach a "splendid fellowship," which means very little to me, except that our troubled Vridar has written himself around to a point where he can see the potential good in the human race as well as its actual evil.

Throughout this last book Vridar is working toward a sensible adjustment, trying to clear up the lingering traces of sexual difficulties by following in the footsteps of D. H. Lawrence and acquiring a complete ease in the use of the four-letter words, but there is never a moment when he is not taking himself and his problems with a seriousness that will allow no trace of humor to enter either his life or his work. Since he regards the grace-notes of life as mere symptoms of man's dishonesty, there are none in his human relations, and the very earnestness of his search for truth shows that in his opinion it matters to the world whether or not he finds it; which is at least open to serious doubt. A recognition of this possibility might have eased some of the unnecessary tension in the book.

There are scattered through the pages of "No Villain Need Be" scores of keys to what is wrong with it as a novel besides the intense preoccupation of the author with his hunt for a new formula for living. Proust, he says, "never once dug to the real important truth about himself," and "when an author like Dickens or Hardy broods in vast and tearful grief over his characters, it means nothing in the world but a vast and tearful pity for himself." By the latter test, at least, Mr. Hunter is the equal of Dickens or Hardy, because under the guise of

being wholly honest about himself, he is guilty of a degree of direct self-interest that would be hard to match in literature.

Then there is another quotation about art — I trust I am doing Mr. Fisher no injustice in suggesting that there is an apparent relation between what he writes and what Vridar Hunter says — which throws a good deal of light upon the formlessness of "No Villain Need Be." It is:

"They did not seem to realize, certainly, that art had always been and still was the most evasive of all escapes; defeated vanity building its empires in fancy; the frustrated ego scanning its pentameters and trying to give meaning to regret and loss. Persons who faced life and lived it cared nothing about art, at least in its stiff and formal patterns, and had no need of it."

The simple answer to this in Vridar's life is, of course, that he was so intensely preoccupied with his own ego that nothing outside it could touch him at all. He really had no need of art, but Mr. Fisher certainly needed more of it to make his ambitious effort as good as it first promised to be. It remains, aside from its frequently tiresome egocentricity, exasperating and vexing both in its doubtful philosophy and the distinct unevenness of its presentation.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE SOUND WAGON. By T. S. Stribling. *Doubleday Doran*, \$2.50.

IT MUST be regarded as a significant event in contemporary American letters when two of our leading novelists, Sinclair Lewis and Thomas Sigismund Stribling, become preoccupied with current social problems. In his "It Can't Happen Here" Mr. Lewis took occasion to warn the man on Main Street of the possible and even likely danger of the appearance of fascism in America. Within a few months has appeared Mr. Stribling's "The Sound Wagon" which, unlike Mr. Lewis's earlier work, does not treat of hypothetical situations rising from tendencies already apparent in our national life, but which is concerned with portraying the present realities of the unholy alliance between economics and politics, or between financiers and corporations on the one hand, and politicians and government on the other.

Despite the difference between the future tense of Mr. Lewis's work and the present tense of Mr. Stribling's, both of these novels betray the same basic concern for preserving a cherished *conception* or *way of life* which each fears is being destroyed in this country, and that *conception* or *way of life* is democracy itself. The kind of democracy both novelists would preserve is the sort taken for granted by the man on Main Street — life, liberty, and the enjoyment of a happiness that is the reward of honest toil for a reasonable security, unthreatened by the encroachments of either governments or corporations — in short, the type designated in the prolific terminology of Marxism as a "bourgeois" democracy.

In "The Sound Wagon" Mr. Stribling has, like Sinclair Lewis, placed his hopes in the hands of a representative of the great American middle class. His bearer of "the torch of light" is one Henry Caridius, unsuccessful lawyer and citizen of the city of Megapolis. This Caridius, bent upon reforming the corrupt local government, has entered the race for Congress as the candidate of an Independent Voters' Alliance against the incumbent Andrew Blanke, who is backed by the "big boss" Krausemann, head of the local political machine. By one o'clock on election day Caridius has polled 986 votes, the Socialist candidate 2,832 and Congressman Blanke 52,765. Called into conference by Krausemann during the afternoon, Caridius explains, in answer to the boss's mysterious questions as to the shade of his political beliefs, that "money might be more equally distributed."

"More equally distributed," [satirizes Krausemann] "If money could not be accumulated the whole color of our civilization would change. Men would then focus their ambition on direct power, unmitigated by the convention of money. No, the real object of money has never been its trade value, as most people think it is; its real object has always been in the nature of a ransom; a tax which the people of a country pay to its strong men in exchange for their personal freedom. That is why people can't use their votes to take the money back again. The whole arrangement would be canceled and the people would fall into direct slavery again, just as Germany and Italy and Russia have done."

Following his conversation with Krausemann, Caridius is

surprised (and so is the reader) to discover that by a coincidence nothing short of miraculous Congressman Blanke has died in Washington and that, *mirabile dictu*, he himself has been elevated to Congress by Krausemann, who secured his election by the simple expedient of having Blanke's followers return to the polls and vote again, this time for Caridius.

In Washington Caridius finds it impossible to carry out his preëlection platform of helping the middle class, which he had previously described to a close friend:

Why, we middle-class people are the nation. . . . Or at least we think we are. We feel that labor is working for us and that capital is arranging things for us, while as a matter of fact neither one of those groups is interested in us at all. They are working for themselves, of course. Every tiniest divisible part of America is working for itself and for nobody else. That's the way we do; it's our rule; it's what America is.

Instead of furthering the cause of reform in the interests of the middle class, Caridius soon discovers that his conversation is limited to the monosyllabic affirmative, "yes," whenever he is spoken to by Krausemann, who in turn takes his orders from the multi-millionnaire, Littenham, president of the Westover Trust Company and of the Rumbourg-Nordensk Munitions and Arms Company.

Later Caridius becomes embroiled in the battle between Joe Canarelli, racketeer ordinary (evidently patterned after Al Capone) and Littenham, racketeer extraordinary. Caught between two fires — the brutal directness of Canarelli and the subtle indirectness of Littenham, who has the law on his side, Caridius awakes to find himself a mere cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of both fires. Finally, backed by Canarelli, Caridius bucks the "ring" in his race for a seat in the Senate, and although he wins the race on a program of exposure and reform, he is debarred from the Senate and sent to prison at Atlanta because of election irregularities.

To have traced these few incidents is to have pointed out only a few asides in Mr. Stribling's volume. It is so intensely dramatic that one not infrequently looks, as in reading a play, for the familiar author's directions for acting. Indeed, this ability to construct rapidly moving plots is at once Mr. Stribling's strength and weakness. As usual, his story is a labyrinth

of situations through which one is guided only by a thread of common interest, a thread which grows thin and tenuous at times, but which eventually leads one to the end. Each of Mr. Stribling's novels is a sort of drama festival — a playwright was lost to Broadway when T. S. Stribling became a novelist.

In the hands of a lesser artist than Mr. Stribling, such a gift for simple tale-telling would be fatal to the drawing of well-rounded characters. While in the present work the characters are nothing more than types, there was no need for the author to make them creatures of blood and bone. To have done so would have slowed up the tempo of the action and detracted from the author's thesis that something is seriously wrong with our present system of democracy.

Mr. Stribling is too much the artist to content himself with mere exposition. He has presented "The Sound Wagon" as an extended exercise in irony. In the final analysis, the ironist is interested in seeing life as a whole, and must take the long term perspective. Measuring the part against the whole, most usually the current reality against the historical past, the ironist finds life as he sees it incomplete, and takes a sardonic delight in portraying its inadequacies and frustrations. This T. S. Stribling does in "The Sound Wagon."

WILLIAM AND KATHRYN CORDELL

THE LIVING JEFFERSON. By James Truslow Adams.
Scribner's, \$3.00.

MR. ADAMS has done as much as anyone of his generation to popularize American history, but nothing that he has accomplished along these lines stands out as vividly as the coining of the phrase "The American Dream." Mr. Adams has conferred upon American history the perfect emblem of Americanism: he has given it a slogan.

Every dream has its dreamer. A vision cannot spring into existence in a crowd: it must, by its nature, appear to a single individual. Realizing this, Mr. Adams has identified the dreamer of his dream as Thomas Jefferson.

The American dream, reduced to its simplest terms, is liberalism, and Jefferson was the most perfect, the greatest of all liberals. Mr. Adams explains, ". . . Liberalism is rather

an attitude than a program. It is less a solution of governmental problems than it is a way of looking at them. It is based on the doctrine of live and let live. A liberal is bound to insist upon freedom — freedom as far as possible for the individual to manage his own affairs, freedom of thought, speech and of the press, toleration of both the possession and expression of other points of view in religion, politics and modes of life. These the liberal considers to be values without which a full and humane life cannot be achieved.

“All freedom involves responsibility, and responsibility involves risks. For the sake of enjoying the above rights the liberal is willing to take risks feared by both conservatives and socialists. Not being a fool, he realizes, as do the others, that society must have a structure; but he is more concerned with the freedom and fullness of the life of the citizen within that structure than with the structure itself.”

“The Living Jefferson” (perhaps it is only a memory today) is the love of liberalism, the recurring demand for freedom and popular government. “About once every generation, or on an average of every thirty years, what we may call Americanism in the sense of a desire to free one’s self from the trammels of being governed or exploited (which is much the same thing) by others, has risen like a tide to high-water mark, resulting in loud protests, political upheavals, and even wars, depending on the severity of the crisis.” The time is ripe for one of these periodic eruptions of liberalism (just thirty years ago Bryan was agonizing the reactionaries, and roughly thirty years before that Lincoln produced the Gettysburg address), but at the moment the people seem to be clamoring for bread and automobiles, rather than for freedom. Perhaps liberalism, like a swarm of locusts, will sweep across the country at the most unexpected moment — as Mr. Adams obviously hopes.

Like all of his books, this one is very readable; though it adds nothing to our knowledge of Jefferson, it will doubtless increase the public’s interest in and appreciation of him. The book would be stronger if the last chapter, dealing entirely with the current political situation, had been omitted; but this can be easily remedied by the reader — all he has to do is to lay the book down without reading it.

JOHN PELL

ROGER B. TANEY: Jacksonian Jurist. By Charles W. Smith, Jr.
University of North Carolina Press, \$3.00.

ROGER B. TANEY. By Carl Brent Swisher. Macmillan, \$5.00.

THE book by Carl Brent Swisher is a long biography, or history, of Roger B. Taney; Charles W. Smith, Jr.'s is a concentrated analysis of his legal, and more especially, his constitutional career. Dr. Smith examines the "Jacksonian jurist" logically, starting out, after a short biographical introduction, with a discussion of sovereignty which takes the reader ambitiously close to the problem of the one and the many. Dr. Smith believes that, in his idea of the American community, Taney closely followed Rousseau. Sovereignty resided unalterably in the people. Taney had two social compacts — the state and national constitutions — formed and accepted by "common consent." These compacts, unlike Rousseau's, were binding on the sovereign people, embodying as they did, methods of revision acceptable to Taney. By judging this difference between Rousseau and Taney slight, and by making no great point of the tangible, historical character of the American constitutions as contrasted to Rousseau's social compact, although he discusses these differences, the author makes Taney a closer disciple than many might admit. He emphasizes, also, Rousseau's statist rather than his romantic and revolutionary and anarchistic attitudes. Dr. Smith is pleased to find that Taney never appealed beyond the sovereign people to higher laws or natural rights, and implies that that was basically Rousseauian; but the very irresponsibility of Rousseau's sovereign, under its own constitution, can be interpreted as an appeal to a higher, or at least a different law than Taney's.

Dr. Smith elucidates brilliantly the divided sovereignty of the American system — or rather, the dual establishment and delegation from the single people, the conception of which Chief Justice Taney expressed with a clarity and persuasiveness that are a basis of much of his renown.

Believing in the highly sovereign power of the people as their will is constitutionally established, he sought to allow free expression to their will whether in the delegated powers of the national government or in the reserved powers of the states.

Considered as a grant of power to the national government he construed the Constitution liberally; considered as a limitation on the power of the states he construed it strictly.

It was through this interpretation that the Jacksonian revolution came to the Supreme Court when Marshall died and Justice Story was in a minority. Taney was happy to conserve for the Federal government all the positive power that Marshall had given it, and he followed Marshall in making the Supreme Court the judge of where the sovereign power lay, whether in the states or in the national government, and in what branch of the national government, but he did not exert the negative power of the Court. The states could do what they pleased, even foolish things, whenever the Constitution didn't explicitly forbid it. During twenty-eight years on the Supreme Court Taney ruled just one act of Congress unconstitutional: in the Dred Scott decision of 1857 the Court declared the repealed Missouri Compromise of 1820 had been illegal.

Taney did not identify the government with the sovereign people. It was the agent of a people which expressed itself directly only through constitutions. The question of whether the government was acting for the good, and the Constitution working for the bad, was beside the point. The Constitution declared negroes incapable of citizenship, according to Taney, so when the government made them citizens, it exceeded its powers and the question of whether or not it was good to have them citizens did not enter.

Dr. Smith considers Taney's liberal interpretation of the police power of states a very important contribution. This, the traditional view, is contradicted by Professor Swisher. It is largely a matter of definition. Dr. Smith notes that Taney defined police power as "nothing more nor less" than the reserved sovereignty of the states. In any case, it was something to use to enforce the general welfare in the face of groups within the state, corporate groups with liquid wealth whose power Jacksonians feared and condemned. Swisher believes "Taney's position, essentially, was that the sanctifying label of 'police power' was not needed to justify the exercise of powers possessed by sovereign states and never surrendered."

According to Dr. Smith's interpretation, Taney had a full

democratic faith that the sovereign people should express their will with complete freedom so long as they do not contradict themselves by breaking their own constitutions. He was bitter when both North and South constantly disregarded the Constitution in the Civil War — but because the Constitution remained while the individual rights it protected were overlooked by the government, he did not challenge popular sovereignty but condemned the government. Dr. Smith ends his book with a speculation about what Taney would have thought of his supposedly democratic and Rousseauian principles if the sovereign people, acting constitutionally, had expressed themselves against such private rights as *habeas corpus* and freedom of speech, in some such way as Lincoln's administration did. Would he have been consistent in accepting the authoritarian idea, or would he have embraced pluralism, with its rejection of a single popular sovereignty? The analytical method of this book furnishes no great clue to the answer.

The Swisher biography is the history of the man and times that created the material for the other study. It is organic and not so theoretic; it dwells not so much on a judgment as on the evidence for one. It does not try the discipline of Dr. Smith's integration, but it is a full interpretation, scholarly, altogether interesting, and, one can't help but feel, a better book to make one understand the subject. Taney was, both authors declare, a man of action; and the whole course of his activity is obviously most important if we are to understand the reasoning that went along with it. Carl Brent Swisher projects the astoundingly full career of Taney, and the sweep of his long life, with a regard for and insistence upon sources, an unprejudiced sympathy and a naturalness of style that make a very good biography. It is almost the grand manner.

It falls short, it seems to me, because the author hasn't quite full confidence in the importance of his subject. He is conscious of a cynicism, which does not seem to be his own, which deflates not only the virtue, but also the importance of any old days. The vitality of a past time is too much measured by the clear influence it has on us. The remarkable parallelism of Jacksonian democracy to New Deal democracy is somewhat over-explicit, and too much of a parable is made out of dead

men's lives. There does not seem to be an acceptance, but there is at least a bow for the theory that the past is interesting only as it helps to solve our present practical problems. The grand manner requires more complete allegiances.

Taney was born with "the heritage of a southern gentleman." This heritage, the biographer maintains, he always worked to retain, but his definition of gentleman was better than most. The association of his Maryland, landholding group with the Federalist party is not altogether elucidated. However, the loyal tendencies which made Taney "King Coodie" of the opposition wing of the party during the War of 1812, and the democratic and agrarian influences that led him to Jackson at the end of the "era of good feeling," are clearer. He believed in democracy, and automatically associated himself with the leaders of democracy. Tangible property in productive land was a decent means to personal eminence. Taney's personal income was professional, honorable, and only barely adequate. The mercantile man and banker were to him parasitic and obnoxious. Taney is not pictured simple enough for absolute, theoretic Jacksonianism, but "Nick Biddle's marble palace" was distasteful to him, as a fact and as a symbol of big and anonymous corporations.

The "bank war" is the epic of Mr. Swisher's biography. Taney, as Attorney-General and Secretary of the Treasury, is shown no "pliant instrument" of Jackson but a co-leader, capable of downing men with great names in American history books. The bank war was considered by Jacksonians as the center of "the great struggle to redeem our Republic from the corrupting domination of a great moneyed power" — corporate wealth careless of public welfare. It appears that they recognized the enemy, but overestimated their counter-attack. In the ranks of the enemy were lined up Nationalists and Whigs and Know Nothings, represented and defended by Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, for a long time Calhoun, the heroic banker, Nicholas Biddle, and many others. It was what went then as big and progressive capitalism. The antidote was little capitalism, southern and western agriculture, and a recognition of public welfare, but it did not have the most progressive elements.

The evidence Mr. Swisher gives shows that it would be

dangerous to dismiss Taney as a representative of the southern slave culture which the Civil War and industrialism swept out. This impression is created in spite of the fact that that is practically the final position the author leaves for him after the tragic Dred Scott decision. In a way, he represented an even narrower interest group — between northern industrialism and southern slave agrarianism. Taney thought he stood for principles. It is difficult to conceive of a property system or material culture under which many of his principles would not be valuable. Taney did not talk about natural rights and higher laws, but he undoubtedly believed in them. He could not imagine the sovereign people deliberately contradicting them. He exhibited a faith, these books would indicate, declaring that citizens are to have equal rights and privileges, which rights and privileges are to be determined by themselves, and which will always include those that permit a good life. Taney was not the sort of man to list the ones he believed to be in the last category, but he certainly did not die feeling they had become irretrievably obsolete.

PHILIP BURNHAM

THE EXILE. By Pearl Buck. A John Day Book, Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2.50.

IN A RECENT paper on fiction, Mrs. Buck says that "in choosing a life about which to write, the novelist does not choose only one life. In that one he chooses all of humanity." As Mrs. Buck's first excursion outside fiction, and as a portrait of an exiled American mother, "The Exile" exhibits just that universality. It does more, besides, of what her first and present publisher has said of all her writings — that they further the common understanding of the human heart. The biography is no carefully tabulated and documented affair concerning a life-history which was never front-page news anyway. Rather, the author has written an impressionistic sketch within the loose confines of a cinematic narrative. The result is as loving and almost as objective a study as Daphne Du Maurier's contemporary portrait of her actor father, Gerald. Viewed as such, if less artistic, it is as absorbing as any of her novels. This reviewer generally dislikes fictionalized biography in

literary art, regarding it as bastard progeny. But the medium is to be pardoned in this instance — perhaps because of the warmth and sincerity, perhaps because of the explanations through background and influences, of that feminine counterpart of Mr. Galsworthy in letters, Mrs. Buck herself.

This combined life-story and portrait of an American mother, Carie, divides itself roughly into two component parts. The first paints with a big brush, in a few strokes, her family inheritance and girlhood. The author's great-grandfather was a thriving merchant in Utrecht. Thus, on one side, Carie came of independent, well-to-do Dutch stock, three generations of which sailed away from their country to America for freedom, impelled by an ideal of God and man. On the other side, she was of French extraction, having a dainty Huguenot mother who had dared to go to America with a Dutchman she knew hardly at all, and who made a marvelous pioneer in West Virginia farmlands. There Carie grew up in a house European in its etchings and fine furniture, while her parents "set themselves resolutely to build their lives into the life of the American nation." She enjoyed a gracious sort of living with music and books and flowers and ordered landscape, even in periods of hardship. Years later, broken and homesick in China, an oval teakwood table she had bought from a Chinese dealer served as one of many manufactured links to bind her children, bit by bit to their country.

From her father, Hermanus, dandified and fastidious jeweler and clockmaker, spoiled by all the rest of his family, Carie inherited a sensuous love of beauty, likewise that churchly sense of duty, stern daughter of the voice of God. Her mother bequeathed her a Gallic gaiety and practicality that stood her in good stead on missionary pay in interior Asia. As non-slave-owners, caught on the borderland between north and south, they had endured trials in plenty; and as Carie said, "I have done every kind of work needed to maintain life and I am glad of it." She did much, as well, as this book testifies, to nourish the spirit — in prayer, but mainly in service. For despite her Victorian conscience, she did not allow herself for a moment ever to be introverted. In its beginning, the book harks back to the disappearing America of certainties and puritanical faiths — the home, the church, book-learning, domestic art,

not science — and this with a wistful sincerity if not exactly nostalgia. This section while it has the more abundant charm seems more removed from reality, being second-hand and coming from oft repeated hearsay.

Just why Carie chose a man she admired but did not love, and took up a missionary's lot with him, abandoning her beloved America, is not entirely clear to twentieth century eyes. Perhaps she feared her pagan tendencies, as she thought them, perhaps her mother's death, or the puritan preoccupation of a sensitive woman with what was then termed her eternal soul, influenced her to take this step. Married to a Saint Paul who never saw her as a woman, and robbed his wife of that "tiny margin between bitter poverty and small comfort" for the translation of his New Testament, Carie tried desperately to take root in China. The Chinese called her the "American woman of good works." Her existence kaleidoscoped from Shanghai up river to Hangchow to primitive Cheefoo, up the treacherous Yangtze — devoted always to the double effort of healing some segment of the diseased and poverty-ridden people, and shielding her children from the oriental jungle of life about them, "too beautiful as it was and too sad for childish hearts."

Shocking experiences fill the pages like the episode of the young missionary doctor rendered dangerously insane by the enormity of his task in an inland city, or the flight from the cholera epidemic, or the incident of midnight hospitality to the Chinese rabble in time of drought which saved their "white devil" lives. Four children (who would doubtless have survived elsewhere) this Kwanyin, goddess of mercy, lost to this alien land. Yet there were happy intervals: an economical holiday in Europe, a visit to Virginia, the little stone house above the sea where she could garden even in China, the fruits of her kindnesses to the downtrodden of her sex and of understanding towards Eurasians. She was in all probability a domineering woman, being high-tempered and rebellious. Nevertheless she endured unspeakable loneliness save for her children, suffered rigid economy and a marriage that was a travesty with cheerfulness and courage, where another would have been crushed by it. She possessed one of those natures that is at its best when sorely tried, mentally and physically,

and challenged spiritually. The Chinese environment, except for its certain phases of beauty, was distasteful to her, but she conquered and accepted it gladly at the last. Out of that acceptance, probably, grew her daughter's ability to interpret so remarkably and in such universal language the Chinese character in her books, "The Good Earth" and "The House Divided." Her tormented search for God never ended nor succeeded during a full and most incredibly useful life. Through her children and her good works she found fulfilment — a fulfilment the modern woman tends to scorn.

Mrs. Buck writes always with an emotional upsurge that may lack reserve to some readers. They may resent so much pathos and feel that even in this labor of love, she could possibly have been more restrained and critical. They could scarcely require of her, however, a testament of greater honesty.

ELEANOR L. VAN ALEN

INNOCENT SUMMER. By Frances Frost. *Farrar and Rinehart*, \$2.50.

PARENTS fare badly in Frances Frost's first novel, "Innocent Summer." This of course is entirely in accord with fiction conventions of the present day. However, the reader cannot help wondering how it happens that each of the six children whose fortunes we follow throughout one summer should be devoid of anything like real viciousness, while of their twelve parents scarcely one is a normally decent human being, and several are very bad indeed. Paul Hagar's pa is a drunken brute; so is Sam Evans's; Mart O'Brien's father is depicted as worse than brutal with his incestuous pawings. Fern Denoyier's daddy is a pretty tolerable individual, but her mother's mind is filthy, and the scene wherein she tells the "facts of life" to her shrinking daughter is the more hideous because photographically true. Dorothy Burke's parents quarrel incessantly over her theological upbringing, and her stupid mother makes her the victim, not only of innumerable spankings, but of much half unintentional cruelty. Consumptive Donald Moffat's parents are dead when the book begins, and he expires long before it is ended.

Miss Frost possesses the novelist's most important gift, the ability to portray character. These children of hers, children of from five years of age to thirteen or fourteen, are neither mature nor infantile, but ignorant, eager, puzzled, pitiful in their awkward efforts to adjust themselves to those about them and to their physical environment. Each is different from the others. The childlike idyll of Fern and poor Don's short and innocent romance is so exquisite you rather wonder how Miss Frost could endure to make Fern a protagonist in the very far from exquisite episode which closes the book. But the entire novel possesses something of the spirit of refined cruelty which belonged to the Renaissance.

The construction is unusual; Miss Frost has portrayed the life of a New England township during the four summer months as it appears in the eyes of each of six children. This method makes the book a trifle jerky and episodic, annoying too, at times, when the interest is suddenly switched from one character to another. Yet on the whole Miss Frost has woven her various threads with surprising skill, so that the pattern of the township's daily life takes shape before your eyes. The only real story in the book is that of Paul Hagar, whose suicide is so little comprehensible to the neighbors. He was a trifle older than the other children and since most of them scarcely knew him their lives were little affected by his death. Only Mart, for whom he had carved the little cow, was deeply affected.

As readers of the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* already know, Miss Frost is a poet, and this fact is evident in her novel. The descriptions are of unusual beauty, painted with sureness and strength and grace. When September came, "the hyacinth mountains were slashed with crimson and sorrel; the air smoked from the leaf fires, blue fog brushed the coral of hawthorn and rose-haws, lifted to bathe the boughs in the acrid fragrance of disaster." Our author seems to care deeply for the New England landscape she draws with an effortless loveliness. Sam Evans, staring up at the maple-tree noticed that: "the outer end of each branch was tipped with a single scarlet leaf . . . they were fully opened, fully shaped, smaller than the other leaves on the boughs and already blighted with brilliant fiery death. And it was only June." Those maple

leaves are symbolic; it is with the blighting of beauty rather than with its survival or its rebirth that Miss Frost is concerned, and this so affects the book that you close it foreseeing frustration if not disaster for the young things whose childhood and adolescence it paints.

Not only is life hard and dreary in the poverty-stricken village where most of the women are spiritless drudges, old and worn out long before their time; where the men find their principal pleasure in getting drunk and hanging about the poolroom; where scandal is rife, and actions which might easily be taken for the results of neighborly kindness are shown to be motivated, for the most part, solely by curiosity. The terrible narrowness of these lives — so closely circumscribed that they can find mental sustenance only in feeding on each other — cramps all natural growth. Only by getting away from the environment into which they were born can any one of them hope to escape, and for strong-willed, independent Dorothy alone does one see any faintest prospect of broken bars. The rest are doomed as those maple leaves were doomed, in the June of their lives. Very beautifully written, excellent in characterization, interesting, unmarred by amateurishness, Frances Frost's first novel is arresting — and very painful.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

KING JASPER. A Posthumous Poem. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan, \$2.00.

WHAT the readers of Robinson's posthumous poem will long remember is not so much the poem as the Introduction by Robert Frost. Indeed, this is much more than an Introduction — though it is that too. It is, in effect, a valedictory, a noble and eloquent hail and farewell to a friend and a fellow craftsman. Like everything Frost writes or says, it is very quiet and very simple; it moves like brave and starry talk; it is at once a generous and penetrating tribute and an important contemporary testament of poetic faith.

No one who relishes Robinson can afford to miss it. No one who loves Frost will. It is not merely good editorial judgment that applauds the happy choice of Frost as Robinson's eulogist. It is a rare case, as well, of poetic justice. For no two men

were ever more congenial, geographically and spiritually, than Robinson and Frost. But that is beside the point of this particular review.

We do not feel that "King Jasper" adds a cubit to Robinson's stature as a philosopher or a poet. By the same token we are pleased to feel that it does not subtract from that stature. True, there are flashes now and again of the old familiar clairvoyance, clouded, as it were, in luminous allegory; unforgettable illuminations in that pungent, half-elfin, half-rabbinical idiom peculiar to the cosmic yankee; those instantaneous bolts of passionate perception that streak a livid furrow of splendor across the eyeballs of the mind.

Frankly, however, the poem as a whole is suspect of weariness. The delineation blurs; the action lags; the situations return upon themselves in fatigued ellipses and repetitious tropes; the language misses fire, grows wordy.

And yet, when all is said and done, there remains something that is of the poem and above it: a tremendous integrity as clear and confident and remote as a mountain; a wisdom the drollest and the saddest and the most compassionate in the world of English poetry since Shakespeare; an astringent and stubborn affection, almost talmudical in its tenacity, for the world's failures and near failures, its misfits and maladjustments and frustrations, and its human follies in general, not to be found elsewhere in the entire body of our literature.

Salve atque vale!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE? By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt Brace, \$3.00.

PAUL DE KRUIF'S thesis in "Why Keep Them Alive?" is that the children of America should not be allowed to die where science provides the knowledge for saving them. He says it is futile to advise mothers on the necessity for more food and balanced diet for their children when they do not have what he continually refers to as the "wherewithal" to buy enough. His argument is well taken, his objective worthy, his spirit right, but he labors his point unbelievably with pages and pages of unnecessary words and phrases.

The author's medical facts are sound and interesting. He selects certain diseases, such as tuberculosis, rheumatic heart disease, rickets, and diphtheria, ascribing them largely to poverty. He is trying, as in his other books, to lend glamor to the lives of the most realistic of all people — the scientists — who are plodding along in mathematics, themselves unaware they are being turned into romantic figures.

The reader's heart will be torn over the story of particular children whose fate de Kruif has observed at first hand. The most moving thing in the book, perhaps, is his description of the Cincinnati slums. Less moving but more dramatic is his report of how tuberculosis was handled surgically in Detroit by operations to collapse the chest. He relates his conversation with the principal health officials of Detroit. When he asked how much it would take to wipe out tuberculosis from that city by surgical means, they replied, "Two hundred thousand dollars a year," and howled with derision at his suggestion that they get it; Detroit was almost bankrupt. De Kruif endeavors to prove that the expenditure of this sum would allow these operations to be performed at once instead of resorting to long and infinitely expensive cures, thereby saving the tax-payers a million dollars a year.

The author lays great emphasis upon the causes of rheumatic heart disease in children. But his mistake lies in accepting the unproved theory that poverty is the sole cause. So often in the past scientists have been disappointed when such widely heralded discoveries failed to materialize. And in this case the medical profession is still skeptical, nor is it willing, under such circumstances, to urge the whole nation to revamp its economic system.

De Kruif's most interesting medical description concerns Dr. Dafoe and what he did to save the lives of the Dionne quintuplets. He combats the idea it was a matter of luck to preserve the five premature babies whose weight was hardly more than ten pounds at birth. Dr. Dafoe brought both science and common sense to his problem. This chapter, however, is outside his thesis, and is added to the book merely for the sake of its inherent drama.

The author has obviously been reading books on economics and has arrived thereby at certain conclusions, poured out in a

torrent of emotion, like the indignant ideas of an adolescent when he first learns that all is not right with the world. He fails to realize his outpourings will not right the wrong; only sober study and analysis can, in time, correct the evil. De Kruif himself finally gives it all up, and intimates that the best thing for him to do is sit at home and write articles about it. He believes in this way he may be able to arouse popular indignation against the sacrifice of children.

Up to a certain point the de Kruif conclusions are undoubtedly sound, but afterwards, to apply his own terminology to himself, he goes "haywire." In a few instances he apparently advocates revolution, the storming of Washington, the deposition of our "head men." He fails to take into account that violence of this sort is one cause of economic distress, and would inevitably perpetuate the very wrong he would like to see righted.

The pages of this volume are full of diatribes, sometimes aimed at individuals, sometimes at the economic structure of society. De Kruif blames Secretary of Agriculture Wallace severely for advocacy of crop control, and the killing of animals. He contends there never was enough milk, and the crime of getting the farmers to slaughter cattle was responsible for infinite suffering among children. He attacks Dr. Haven Emerson who, at the Child Health Recovery Conference in Washington, said there was no evidence that the depression had brought about deterioration in health, and we were shooting at an imaginary ill. De Kruif shows real starvation existed; he keeps saying more food, more food, more food, but neither here nor elsewhere is he specific in his remedies.

De Kruif claims, as others have done, that killing off cattle and not raising crops is no real solution. He took the figures of Circular 296 of the Department of Agriculture as to a liberal diet for each individual, and multiplied this by the population of the United States. He found the amount of food available at the time of the destruction was startlingly inadequate to meet requirements. He blames the bankers and the economists, classes according to him more interested in the safety of dividends and investments than in safeguarding the human race.

The author's intentions are good, but by bombast, conscious seeking after effect, hitting at the emotions, he has

weakened his own arguments. He has picked out salient statistics here and there which will prove the results of his economic studies, ignoring all other factors that enter into this complicated problem. He forgets that the present system is a product of the past, and the economic mill, as well as that of medical science, grinds exceeding slow.

Almost no section out of the book would stand by itself. But in all justice, the emotional power behind it, confused as it is, must be admitted. This will undoubtedly accomplish something of the result the author had in mind of at least making people take thought. However, the price of his book, I fear, will keep it safely out of the hands of those whom he most desires to inspire to revolt.

VICTOR G. HEISER, M.D.

MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE. By Stanley Walker. Stokes, \$3.00.
FATHER STRUCK IT RICH. By Evalyn Walsh McLean (with Boyden Sparkes). Little Brown, \$3.00.

SINCE Mark Twain preëmpted that useful phrase, "the gilded age," for the state of the republic *consule Grant*, we have lacked a useful term to describe subsequent decades devoted to conspicuous expenditure. I modestly suggest for the country, *duce Harding*, "the gaudy era." The gaudy we have always with us, as the erudite pages of Mr. Stanley Walker testify, but after the World War they seem to have taken charge of the nation. The documentary history of the Neronian twenties is now immensely enriched by the genius of Mrs. McLean (with Boyden Sparkes) and the researches which have led to "Mrs. Astor's Horse." "Mrs. Astor's plush horse," by the by, is a richer variant of this lyrical comparison.

"Father Struck It Rich" is, as the title-page informs us, a joint production. The "Foreword," however, is signed by the owner of the blue Hope diamond, and something in the literary style of this portion of the book leads me to conjecture that it is solely the product of a feminine pen. Mrs. McLean's capacity for succinct statement of moral truths surpasses anything else of the kind in either book. "Human nature," she has observed, "is such a wonderful thing." She has remarked that "anyone with a little money can write a check, sit back, and

tell someone how to spend it; but the real joy in life is the personal touch." Money, it seems, "is lovely to have and I have loved having it, but it does not really bring the big things of life — friends, health, respect — and it is so apt to make one soft and selfish." The authoress is not discouraged despite this handicap. "Personally, I have so much faith in goodness and right working out in the end that it never worries me." Mrs. McLean's "Foreword" should be required reading among those in charge of unemployment relief. It will cheer and lighten their darker hours.

Mrs. McLean (with Boyden Sparkes) has achieved a book well-nigh unique in literary history. The McLean millions were necessarily a powerful force in the history of the nation, especially since they controlled the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and the *Washington Post*, but in the three hundred and sixteen pages of the book there is not the slightest single trace of economic thinking, of social responsibility, of political thought other than that Warren Harding became "a weary, heartsick man" and that "thanks to a childlike manner" and "a squad of high-priced lawyers," Edward McLean "succeeded in avoiding punishment" when the relentless Senator Walsh uncovered the fact that he had not, as he said he had, loaned Albert Fall a hundred thousand dollars. There is only one exception to this general rule. Mrs. McLean bought a thousand sandwiches and a thousand packages of cigarettes for the bonus army, got them a tent, and allowed their leader to recuperate in her million-dollar home; and turned "raging mad" when she saw motion pictures of Mr. Hoover's prætorian guard "running those wretched Americans out of the Capital." Once, when Senator Borah attended a ball at the McLean mansion, "stood there in the ballroom in his sombre evening clothes" and "surveyed our guests, our servants, and the rich furnishings of the I Street House," he said, loud enough to be overheard, "This sort of thing is what brings on a revolution." "I made up my mind," says the book, "that, for a while at least, I would not subject Senator Borah to such a hazard," and so the hostess wrote a note to Mrs. Borah saying that "I knew her husband did not like dinner parties and evening clothes!"

"Father Struck It Rich" falls into two sections. The first describes the rise to wealth of that salty Irishman, Tom

Walsh, who dug the original millions out of the Colorado hills; and whatever one's economic judgment may be on this form of exploitation, there is something firm and admirable about this indomitable prospector. He was part of the gilded age and necessarily shared its *mores*. When, however, the chronicle passes into the twentieth century, it passes into an existence as fantastic and unreal as that comic strip of the era, the dream adventures of Little Nemo. Tom Walsh knew mines and he knew men; what he apparently didn't know was how to bring up children. The second portion of the volume is the story of a spoiled child's adventures among the idle rich. A honeymoon costing two hundred thousand dollars is merely an incident in this "gay social whirl." Mr. McLean, according to his wife, was never given any "taste of discipline" because his parents "could not bear to see his tears or hear him wail."

Mr. Walker has collected some twenty-three examples of what irresponsible publicity can do by way of making the gaudy era still more gaudy. The Valentino funeral, the Dillinger case, the Hauptmann trial, the interior decorating racket, and the Byzantine opulence of Mr. Earl Carroll's exploitation of the nude are characteristic offerings. Mr. Walker is deft, amusing, determined not to be emotionally upset by these *curiosas*, so that his rapier thrust is the more deadly by reason of his Olympian calm. Doubtless there are those who will wag their heads over "Mrs. Astor's Horse" and dolefully inquire what we are morally come to. I can not, however, escape the conviction that these phenomena are on the surface only. Few civilizations escape their daffy days. Miss Sally Rand is, for example, at once an eternal and a transitory type. Even Jimmy Walker in himself will not bring on a revolution. But the possession of limitless wealth by the family pictured with naïve candor in "Father Struck It Rich" is a graver matter. One can not even comment on the sense of values displayed in that autobiography for the simple reason that they are too rudimentary for analysis.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

This department is devoted, in the main, to reviews of books by American authors, or books dealing with some aspect of American life.

Contributors' Column

Olin Downes ("And after Toscanini — What?") The resignation of Arturo Toscanini forces America's oldest symphony orchestra to face a new crisis, and perhaps a new epoch in its history. Mr. Downes, music critic of *The New York Times*, considers the implications of forthcoming changes in the Philharmonic-Symphony significant not only for this orchestra, but for the future of orchestral music throughout the country.

William Saroyan ("School") has been a focus for controversy ever since the publication of "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." What he calls a short story, may not be, but he writes with prodigious fluency and ease. Mr. Saroyan admits to having bombarded editors, after acceptance of his first stories, with one story every day for a year. His new book "Inhale and Exhale" contains one year's output — seventy-seven pieces.

Walter Duranty ("The Bogey of Moscow") is the Pulitzer Prize foreign correspondent, and author of the current best-seller, "I Write as I Please." He has just returned to Russia and is in the process of writing a book which will probably be called "One Life, One Kopek."

Joseph Auslander ("To Elinor Wylie") is one of our foremost poets and a lecturer in poetry at Columbia University. He has written several books of verse and is well-known for his brilliant translations.

Schuyler C. Wallace ("Political Imponderables") is a member of the department of Public Law at Columbia University, and is the author of "The New Deal in Action" and several other books dealing with politics.

Sir Malcolm Campbell ("Automobile Transport of the Future") is an outstanding personality to motor enthusiasts, having established the world's record land speed of 301 miles an hour at Bonneville, Utah in September 1935. He is the author of "My Thirty Years of Speed" and other books.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb ("Pastel for the Month of Roses") is familiar to readers of the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* as a writer of verse, short stories and book reviews.

Thomas Riggs, Jr. ("We Call Upon America") is the National Treasurer of the Veterans of Future Wars, an organization that has made the spring lively for Congressmen, Legionnaires and Daughters of the American Revolution. Founded in March by students of Prince-

ton, the Veterans of Future Wars has quickly spread to other colleges throughout the country.

Lloyd Morris ("Some Recent American Fiction") is a distinguished writer and lecturer. Formerly a magazine editor, he now spends all of his time writing. He is the author of "The Rebellious Puritan," "This Circle of Flesh," and other books. At the present time he is writing a novel depicting life in New York since the Civil War.

James Henry ("The Wealth of Childhood") is a sportsman and former student of law whose activities have kept him far from the field of poetry. A great angler and hunter, he has spent most of his life in the open. This is his first published poem. Even in poetry he hunts only big game, being, it would appear, out for the laurels of A. A. Milne.

Fairfax Downey ("Catastrophe of the Trophies") is a former newspaper man, familiar to readers of the *Kansas City Star*, the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Sun*. He is the author of a number of successful books and is at present writing a biography of Charles Dana Gibson.

Katharine Anthony ("The Happiest Years") Before publishing her widely read biographies of Catherine the Great and Marie Antoinette, Miss Anthony had won literary recognition with a life of Margaret Fuller, friend to the erudite Emerson. In her article published in this issue she returns to the Concord of Transcendental days. Here is the family circle, later immortalized by "Little Women," in which Louisa M. Alcott passed her childhood.

Le Baron Cooke ("Actress") is a Boston poet. He is a contributor of verse to many current periodicals.

Paul Horgan ("A Journey of Hope") was unknown until his novel "The Fault of Angels," won the biennial Harper prize three years ago. Now his name is familiar to readers of contemporary fiction. He is considered one of the most gifted of the younger American novelists. A resident of New Mexico, Mr. Horgan teaches English in a military school. "Main Line West," his latest book, was published some weeks ago.

BOOK REVIEWERS

John Erskine taught and lectured at Columbia for many years. A successful novelist, journalist and critic, he is now Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the Juilliard School of Music.

Arthur Krock, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for journalism last year, writes a column in *The New York Times* on American politics.

Herschel Brickell is the book columnist of the *New York Post* and has been known to readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW over a long period.

William and Kathryn Cordell together edit a yearly anthology of American magazine articles. They are familiar to readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for their joint articles and book reviews.

Philip Burnham is an assistant editor of *The Commonwealth* and has served on the Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel.

Eleanor L. Van Alen, has reviewed books for the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the *New York Herald Tribune*. She is now Book Review Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Louise Maunsell Field has done book reviewing for *The New York Times* and current magazines for many years.

Victor G. Heiser is the author of the forthcoming book "An American Doctor's Odyssey." Dr. Heiser has practiced in forty-five countries. He has been called "a doctor to nations."

Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English at the University of Michigan, and has written several volumes of criticism. He is one of our wittiest reviewers.

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